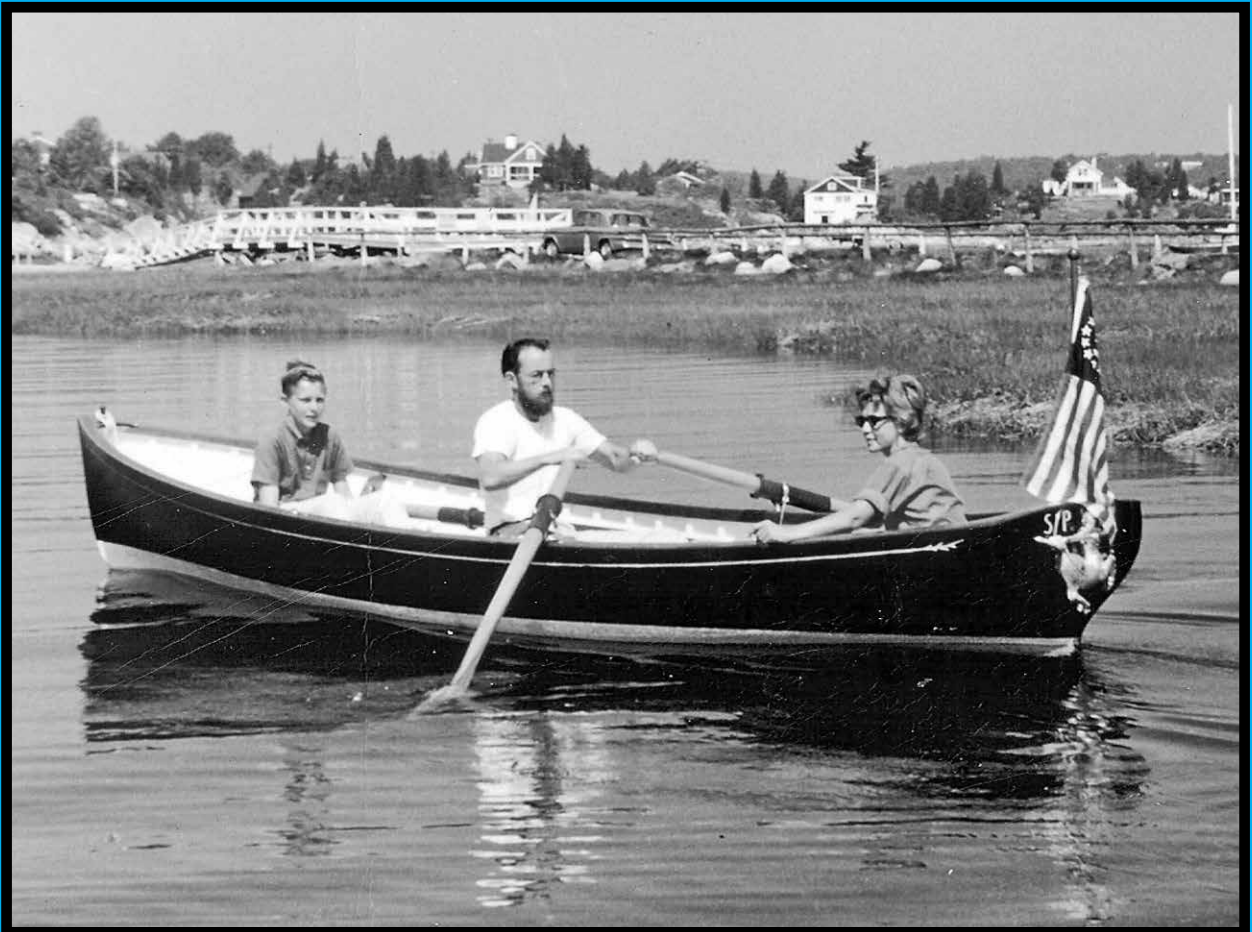




# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 39 – Number 5

January/February 2022



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Lotsa reading about rowing in this issue. From time to time one of the many ways that messing about in boats can be enjoyed turns up in such numbers on our pages as to dominate a particular issue. In this issue rowing is it. We had a hint of this coming attraction in our last issue with Dick Sleeper's "Dick's Dad's Dorries." Now we offer here no less than ten articles totaling 29 pages involving rowing.

When I looked over all the potential rowing tales, I decided to kick it off with "Row Hard, No Excuses," Lawrence Ruttman's 1998 dramatic tale of a New England rowing club's adventures racing six oared 32' pilot gigs in Great Britain's Scilly Isles and in Holland. It was a stirring tale and takes up nine pages (6-14) to do it justice.

On page 21 we have a report on a current rowing outing nearer to home, the "8th Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous," a non competitive day off a Cape Cod beach organized by Cape Cod boat builder, Walter Baron (Old Wharf Dory).

Page 26 finds a follow up to an earlier issue feature on Hudson River bateaux rowing, this one all about the "Bateaux Rowing Commands" used to coordinate the efforts if those manning (and womanning) those long oars (sweeps?) in tight maneuvering.

Next up, on page 27 we read of the 2021 Bay and Islands World Rowing Tour pre run of last September, opening event leading up to the 2022 World Rowing Tour in Ontario, the chosen craft, sliding seat cruising shells.

Our centerspread pages 38 and 39 feature a panoramic view of the Scilly Isles gig racing featured in the introductory "Row Hard, No Excuses" feature. I thought it set off the wide range of going rowing when compared to Phil Bolger's leisurely outing on the front cover.

Coming right behind on pages 40 and 41, the John Gardner TSCA pages feature their "September Oar & Sail Outing" and "The White Dory Progress Report, the latter bringing up a look at how we enjoy working on these boats as well as rowing them.

Moving right along we come to pages 50 and 51 on which I rhetorically ask, "So,

Whatabout My Old Town Rowboat Project?" Started now four years ago, it's been "dead in the shop" (nowhere near the water yet). But it did lead to a diversion into the subject of forward facing rowing, leading in turn to a reprint on page 51 of a 1988 article I did, "How to go rowing and see where you're going!", a subject that has interested me since I first tried rowing. The question came to my mind then, "what other recreational activity do we carry out going backward?" Any suggestions?

On page 56 we have a glimpse of a unique use put to rowing sweeps by a group of youthful British merchant marine cadets about 150 years ago.

John Gardner returns to the pages of a maritime publication on pages 58 and 59 with a "Herreshoff Rowboat Was Ahead Of Its Time," which first appeared on the pages of *National Fisherman* many years ago and is shared with us today by his daughter from her father's archives.

Wrapping it all up on pages 60-64 are Phil Bolger's views on rowing and his designs, organized and commented upon by Susanne Altenburger from Phil's *Small Boats*, published in 1973.

Amazing isn't it, how much has been, and can be, done with a pair of shafts fashioned in their simplest form from ordinary lengths of lumber to propel what can be amongst the simplest of our small craft.

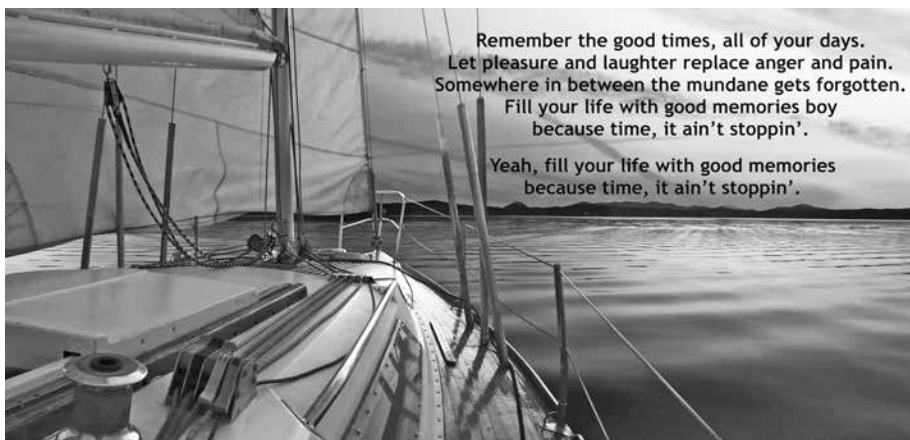


## In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Time It Ain't Stoppin'
- 4 You write to us about...
- 5 So Long, Dick Winslow
- 6 Row Hard, No Excuses
- 9 The Cornish Gig
- 10 Row Hard No Excuses II
- 14 The Atlantic Challenge Contest of Seamanship
- 15 *Dinghy Cruising*: Remembering Len Wingfield
- 21 8th Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous
- 22 *Tidings'* Great Adventure
- 25 The View from AlmostCanada
- 26 Bateaux Rowing Commands
- 27 Dry Run for Bays and Islands 2022 World Rowing Tour
- 28 Late Fall Steaming
- 30 Meandering the Texas Coast
- 32 Our Coast Guard in Action
- 35 Over the Horizon
- 38 Row Hard... No Excuses!
- 40 JGTSCA
- 41 Lapstrake Repair
- 42 A Marvelous Mystery
- 47 A Stalled Project
- 48 From the Tiki Hut
- 50 So, Whatabout my Old Town Rowboat Project?
- 51 How to go rowing and see where you're going!
- 52 Harper's Round Table
- 57 The Rudder Nautical Library
- 58 Herreshoff Rowboat was Ahead Of It's Time
- 60 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design
- 65 Ship's Log
- 68 From the Lee Rail
- 69 Trade Directory
- 73 Classified Marketplace
- 74 Shiver Me Timbers

## On the Cover...

A youthful Phil Bolger rows his 1963 Design #167, Spur-1, with niece and nephew aboard, out of Montgomery's Boatyard on Gloucester's Annisquam River in June 1964. This is Bolger going ultra conservative, expensive, quite heavy and demanding of a fair bit to maintain as an owner... all of which persuaded him to create his easier to build and live with designs later.



## Time It Ain't Stoppin'

By David Galka

A while back I had a few occasions to visit with my old friends and their families. We all go way back to high school in the '70s. Two of us attended the same college. Naturally, there was a lot to catch up on and plenty of talk about the "Good Ole Days."

Growing up, my friends didn't share my enthusiasm for boats. However, they were around during the construction of my Folbot Super 17 and later on a Glen-L TNT. They usually showed up with beer and pizza to help with construction. Boat progress slowed down quite a bit once everyone piled into the garage with refreshments but that's OK. You don't want sawdust in your beer.

Well, those recent visits stayed with me and worked their way into this song. The boat scene is fictional but that's the way the lyrics hit me. Two friends get together on a boat to remember good times, days gone by and long lost friends. The song takes a serious note as my friend remembers a girl who isn't around anymore. Alas, the day is saved by the discovery of a pirate flag in an old cask. Once again, all is right with the world.

Enjoy the song my friends! It's all free to listen and download on Facebook and YouTube. All the songs that have been featured on these pages of *MAIB* are now on Spotify, iTunes and a bunch of others. Just look up David Sherri. Thanks for listening,

<https://www.facebook.com/davidsherri>



**David Galka ~ Songwriter**

Free to listen on Facebook & YouTube  
On Spotify & iTunes

<https://www.facebook.com/davidsherri>

Remember the good times, all of your days.  
Let pleasure and laughter replace anger and pain.  
Somewhere in between the mundane gets forgotten.  
Fill your life with good memories boy  
because time, it ain't stoppin'.

Yeah, fill your life with good memories  
because time, it ain't stoppin'.

Bring my ship to shore. Drop anchor in a  
friendly port,  
Where a good friend climbs aboard and we  
uncork the good ol' days.  
We're mighty sure, them sailors in the days  
of yore,  
Would laugh at our sailing lore. Anymore,  
we hardly leave the bay.

Well the day sailed on, tall tales and  
off key songs.  
A toast to those that were gone and those we  
let slip away.  
A salty breeze was blowin' through the  
Cypress trees.  
Looking off toward the sea my friend raised  
his glass to say.


Remember the good times, all of your days.  
Let pleasure and laughter replace anger  
and pain.  
Somewhere in between the mundane  
gets forgotten.  
Fill your life with good memories boy  
because time, it ain't stoppin'.

An evening chill set in, he talked of what  
might have been.  
A girl from way back when, he might never  
see again.  
She lives on in his dreams, soft touch and  
smiling sweet.  
And no day is complete that she don't stir  
his memory.

Well by chance we found a pirate flag in an  
old wooden chest.  
Laughed at our good fortune and ran that  
sucker up the mast.  
Admiring our handiwork we poured  
another round.  
Content to watch the world go by as the sun  
went down.

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## You write to us about...

### Activities & Events...

#### Annual Raffle Party

Our East End Classic Boat Society Annual Raffle was scheduled to take place on December 4. We had spruced up the shop in preparation for announcing who the winner of the Joel White skiff would be. As this took place just after this issue of *MAIB* went to press, the winner will be introduced in the March/April issue.

To see our current boats on craigslist go to <https://longisland.craigslist.org> and enter *eechs.org* in their search box.

### Designs & Projects...

#### Likes Michael Beebe's Widgeon

I have always enjoyed Michael Beebe's articles. Like Michael, I seem to always be modifying my boats. In high school I built a Lugar Leeward 16 kit. I designed and built my own 16' daysailer after sending my plans to Phil Bolger with a list of questions that he graciously answered. I have done several canoe sailing rigs, including using a Hobie 14 hull as an outrigger, and now have a pair of CLC's outriggers. I added oarlocks to a Barnett Butterfly and it rowed great.

I will ask Michael about the O'Day Widgeon. In high school in the late '70s our neighbors had a 1968 Widgeon that I sailed a few times. That same boat has been upside down in their woods for years and is available to me. It seems in decent shape for its age and the centerboard pivots freely. All parts are there except the sails. I am thinking of using a freestanding mast with a 75sf Bolger type sail with a sprit boom.

I will be asking what Michael is doing for mods to his Widgeon, has he ever capsized it? Its general sailing qualities, etc.

I live and sail on Minnesota lakes so I don't deal with big water like Michael, but I do deal with cold water in the spring and fall.

Joe Pouliot, White Bear Lake, MN

#### A Boat I am Building

I have an article to write about the boat I am building. Way back in 1790 a fellow named John Fitch built the first steamboat in this country which I intend to duplicate. It was propelled by four paddles at the stern. For the hull I found this designer in California, Jeff Spira of Spira International, and chose his dory similar to the Banks Dories so well used in fishing on the Grand Banks. I actually owned one while at Maine Maritime Academy.

It took some years to build the hull which I finally finished (almost) last winter. It's wood consisting of fir construction lumber, some plywood and planked with ordinary pine. We (my wife and I) finished the bottom with West System Epoxy and glass. Then I began building the "Propulsor" (I

haven't found that word in the dictionary so I think I coined it!) I bought a trailer from a friend (Kent Lacey), made repairs and soon I will be able to load the boat on!

I had hoped that I would be able to complete it to bring it to the Lees Mill meet last September but it was not ready so I will use *Messing About in Boats and Smokestack* to introduce her to our small boat community.

Timothy A. Lynch, Oxford, CT

### Information of Interest...

#### West Florida Cruising in 1912-15 Book

I am a longtime subscriber to your magazine and would like to alert you to a very interesting book which was published "locally" many years ago. The book is called *The Log of the PeepODay, Summer Cruises on West Florida Waters 1912-1915*, written by a Mr Bingham, a local West Florida businessman, and concerns his large family, including dogs, cruising in their converted fishing smack named *PeepODay*, so named because in order to get anywhere you had to get started by the "peep o day."

It is quite interesting as well as entertaining and a good history lesson as well. The book was published by Patagonia Press, PO Box 284, Bagdad, FL 32530. It is no longer available (having checked online). We have a friend with a copy and have thoroughly enjoyed reading the log of these cruises taken by Mr Bingham with his family.

These logs were printed by the *Pensacola Journal* from 1912-1915 and were well received. I think your readership would be fascinated to read them, although those like myself who are personally acquainted with the area are even more involved in reading of the places loved so much and of which he wrote in detail. It is a shame this book is out of print as it would be a souvenir for local gift shops and boating enthusiasts on the Gulf Coast of Florida. It is a good fit for those who enjoy *Messing About in Boats* and I am sure you would love reading it also.

Rick Rankin, Pensacola, FL

### Opinions...

#### America's Cup Races

I have always enjoyed reading Boyd Meferd's articles but I believe that his "New Zealand Retains the Cup" earlier last year missed the point. If you want to watch a sailing race that really tests the abilities of the crew and designer, try watching a class boat race with one or two crew. It doesn't really matter if the design is fast or slow, or what is the strength of the wind, or how much the boat cost, the races are fun to watch and the competitors are skilled. The latest America's Cup contest featured very expensive, very fast competitors. The crews needed skills very different from those of the 12-meter racers.

But the two America's Cup races have a lot in common. The 2021 race in New Zealand was financed by very wealthy back-

ers, both corporate and international, hence we watched expensive examples of state of the art machines competing with each other with up to the minute technology, replete with corporate logos and names plastered for all to admire.

On the other hand, the 12-meters were financed by very wealthy captains of industry and finance who were too "refined" to plaster their names on their boats. Everyone knew their names, after all. And the fact that they weren't very fast (ask any multihull aficionado) didn't matter. Sit back and enjoy the spectacle. I love watching Formula 1 races but I don't understand much of the technology involved, it's only entertainment for me.

Carol Jones, Jones Boats, Tuckahoe, NJ

### This Magazine...

#### Goodbye After 20-Some Years

I wanted to let you know why I'm leaving the fold after 20-some years as a subscriber. The quality and quantity of your publication aren't at issue but rather the deterioration of our mail service during the covid thing.

I'm not sure how many issues failed to find us in the past 12 months but it was enough to make me reevaluate all my magazine subscriptions. I realize you are willing to "eat" the costs and replace these on your dime but I never get through all the reading material I have on hand. I'm married to a USPS retiree who shakes her head at the cost cutting measures which would have been grounds for dismissal when she walked a city route.

We downsized and moved to Erie two years ago and are enjoying the recreational opportunities in northwest Pennsylvania. Presque Isle Bay and Pymatuning Lake are two of my favorite spots to sail my little Swifty 12 and putt around in my first outboard powered stinkpot, a Sea Nymph 14 with a side console and anemic 10hp OEM Evinrude. I'm spending some time volunteering at the very fine Erie Maritime Museum and doing some training at our local YMCA in hopes of passing muster for some Flagship Niagara League opportunities, too.

Thanks again for all the great entertainment over the years. I built a couple of Jim Michalak's designs, attended the CBMM's fall messabouts, traveled to Camden Harbor to ride a Friendship Sloop, visited Lunenburg's museum and sailed on a replica of Slocum's *Spray* in Meat Cove, Nova Scotia, all inspired in some part by *MAIB*.

**I will miss your fine publication and still enjoy keeping up with some of your contributors through online boat groups and websites.**

Al Tilley, Erie, PA

**Editor Comments:** Note the paragraph above that I have highlighted, there succinctly is why *MAIB* is slowly shrinking as we approach our 40th year, the internet is there in real time, color and mostly at no cost. Hard to contend with that with a plain black and white print publication that costs \$40 to receive only six times a year.



In early November, sad news came my way in the form of an obituary celebrating the life of Dick Winslow, whose reports on his canoeing and rafting expeditions, chiefly in the far north, have graced our pages for 29 years since his first report, "The Baker River Bunch" in the January 1, 1992 issue to his final contribution in the September 2020 issue, "Look, a Muskoxen."

The first chronicled a 12-mile paddle with 13 friends in New Hampshire in the fall of 1991 on the little known Baker River, the last a 12-day canoe paddle 99 miles above and across the Northwest Passage in Canada's Northwest Territory with three guides and four friends in mid June 2019.

The obit by a long time friend of Dick's is focused mainly on Dick's professional achievements in his chosen field as a writer, historian and research librarian. Its following introductory remarks establishes the extent of these:

## A Tribute to Historian Richard Winslow A New Hampshire Original

By Michael J. Birkner

"Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has lost one of its most valuable citizens: maritime historian, library answer man, canoe enthusiast, nature writer, Seacoast New Hampshire booster, indefatigable researcher Richard E. Winslow, who passed away on Wednesday, October 20, at age 86.

Soft spoken, earnest and unpretentious, Dick was a lifelong learner and adventurer. Well credentialed in academia, earning both a PhD in history and a master's degree in library science, Dick was best known as an independent scholar who published a raft of vivid histories focused on the Piscataqua and its environs."

Among these histories were: *Wealth and Honour: Portsmouth During the Golden Age of Privateering, 1775-1815*, books exploring the Piscataqua gundalow's history, submarines built at the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, and a history of the Portsmouth Naval



## So Long, Dick Winslow

By Bob Hicks

Shipyard. Also outstanding was his *A Race of Shipbuilders: The Hanscoms of Eliot, Maine*.

"Dick's was not a one track persona. He was as passionate about nature walks and canoe adventures (often in remote locales) as he was about naval history. Dick wrote numerous articles about canoeing for *Messing About in Boats* and other nautical publications, many of these pieces personal essays focused on the challenges and joys of exploring wilderness areas in northern climes."

And it was in this aspect of Dick's life that we came to know him. Jane and I were on that first "Baker River Bunch" outing but never were to join him on what became his major outings over those many years led by professional guides experiencing the vast wilderness of the far north country up to and beyond the Arctic Circle to the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

In The "Baker River Bunch" Dick extolled the pleasures of sharing "the essence of rural New England, all splendidly there on an autumn day..." We shared this with Dick.

Twenty-nine years later he described his last adventure as "Canoeing Canada's Thomson River, a Land of Cold, Snow and Wind." He went in to marvel at the muskoxen of his title and the environment in which they have survived. He dedicated the six page article, replete with historical background about mankind's presence in the vast empty bleak, beautiful land to, "The Inuit People, Pioneering Explorers of the Far North."

Failing health as his years mounted up brought an end to his adventures at age 84. In his last few trips his guides had increas-

ingly made it possible for him to continue to take part in these physically challenging outings. Dick never failed to praise these men and women who made it possible for him to visit these places on our earth so appealing to him.

I have always been honored that Dick chose to share his writing (and photos) with all of you on our pages over these many years, they added a unique and broadening outlook to the magazine. Having never been able to enjoy such experiences first hand, I valued the opportunity to do so vicariously because if his sharing his with us all. Paddle on Dick...





"Tous ensemble, tous ensemble, oui, out," "altogether, altogether, yes, yes!" reported the *Boston Globe* on July 13, the day after France was the unlikely winner of the World Soccer crown. Indeed, that team victory pulled together a fractious French population in a way that nothing else has done in years. Could one imagine that even if France came out of its economic doldrums, the effect on the disparate French populace would be such a spirit of camaraderie? But, oui, oui, say the French to their team The tie that binds us all, whether you call it camaraderie or team-manship in the collective sense, or "love" as it applies to each of us, defines the highest aspirations of all men as well as Frenchmen, and always will, despite the clamor today and every day over money and material wealth.

Whether in France, or right here at home, now, or in the past, human nature knows no boundaries, and the best values we hold can be shown at any time or place by the confluence of ordinary people expressing their love and respect for others. A vivid example was suggested by a seemingly ordinary obituary in the *Brockton Enterprise* in June of this year. It recites the usual facts of a man's life, but masks how the kernel of an idea in this man's mind expanded to infuse the lives of others around him with camaraderie, and, in a larger sense, fused a small core of men whose actions and attitudes exemplify life lived for love rather than lucre.

That man was Russell A. "Mike" Jenness, Sr., who died recently at age 68, a resident of Hanson, and retired after 36 years as a crew chief for Eastern Edison. The obituary relates that Mike, known to all as "Pa", was survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters, and had served in the US Marine Corps during the Korean War, receiving a Purple Heart. The obituary also tells us that Pa was "a wooden boat builder," and "... achieved a lifelong goal of building a boat to beat all others, for which he assembled an award winning crew ..."

Only days before Pa's passing, that crew, known as "Team Saquish", short for "Saquish Seafarer's Rowing Club of Plymouth", was the only American crew to compete on May 2nd and 3rd in the World

## Row Hard, No Excuses

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Pilot Gig Racing Championships in the Scilly Isles (part of Prince Charles' Duchy of Cornwall), a granitic archipelago of 140 tiny islands, twenty eight miles southwest of Land's End, off England's Cornish coast, only five of which are inhabited. But the obituary says nothing of the camaraderie, love and spirit shared by that crew in their quest, or of what broader implications can be drawn from their makeup and experience.

Pilot gig racing (in which each 32' gig has a crew of six oarsmen, each sitting singly and manning a single 14' oar, and a coxswain) originated around 1790 in the days of sail, when ships approaching port would require local pilots to help steer them there through unmarked shoals and reefs. Speedy, seaworthy, shallow draft gigs were developed to transport the pilots from shore to ship, since the first out got the job. Better charts and the advent of steam has virtually ended the use of gigs for the purpose of such guidance, but the tradition of gig rowing has survived, and now prospers, after decades of decline.

In this most recent event, which has now become a yearly international spectacle, 54 gigs and 111 crews, both male and female, mostly from the Scilly Isles, Cornwall, and Devon, but also from as far away as Holland, Australia, and the USA, competed before thousands of onlookers, who watched both from the shore and observer boats, lending the excitement of their thronged voices to the colorful scene of the gigs dashing at an amazing speed of close to 10 miles per hour, through seas made choppy by a stiff northeast breeze under a brilliant blue sky. The weather shortened 2-1/2 mile course ran between

the fabled island of Tresco (where millenia ago prehistoric people who migrated from Brittany and beyond raised thrusting men-hirs on the moor to their Gods, and lately Diana sought refuge from the paparazzi), and the main island of St. Mary's whose star-shaped castle with cannons built against the Spanish Armada rises high above the finish line.

Indeed, open boat gig racing is a spectacle, where precise timing and team-manship is required among the coxswain and six oarsman, each oarsman's whole body swaying in a long and arduous arc to gain maximum power from each stroke, bowing low to far front, and pulling to the rear with back fully arched and mien turned skyward, as if in prayer, at a punishing 40 to 44 strokes a minute, in the team's attempt to prevail against current, tide, wind, swell and the competing gigs.

One might think that for Team Saquish, whose members had trained hard and often for months to compete, winning would be the name of the game. After all, isn't winning, getting ahead, making your bundle, what it's all about? Perhaps surprisingly, but most certainly, in a most forceful and convincing way, this observer learned that to the members of Team Saquish, that's not what it's all about. Sure, they wanted to do well in the competition, but win or lose, the essence of something bigger and more important had filtered down to them from "Pa", too ill to attend, which was at the center of each man's thinking during the competition. In speaking with this writer, out of the hearing of the other members, to a man and almost to a word, each expressed the very same view of what the competition meant chiefly to him. Almost to a man, the word "camaraderie" was used. To a man, that idea came first, with winning a distant second, to all these hard working, mostly over 40 family men, all hailing from the towns around Plymouth, Massachusetts.

One of the best expressions of how the crew feels about what they do and each other was expressed by Steve Woll, a kindly and empathetic 45 year old woodworker from Pembroke, Mass., who said, "I love not only the rowing but I love my comrades who I row with, it's the spirit of it all that's most important to us. It's that

experience of a team pulling together and learning to be great friends."

Or listen to the oldest of the team members, coxswain Bernie Smith, a calm and dignified 55 year old papergoods salesman, who says that "...the camaraderie is certainly great, and the general spirit, and I think everyone in the crew agrees with this, that there is only one way to lose, and that's not to give it everything you have."

Dave Siereveld, 41, a self-employed lobsterman from Hanson, Massachusetts, whose smile lines belie his solitary occupation, puts it this way: "I do it for the comradeship, just being with the other guys. It's a team spirit and you need everybody on the team pulling to accomplish your goal."

And always the team draws its inspiration from "Pa". Jon Daley, a bewhiskered and seafaring appearing 45 year old boat builder from Plympton, Massachusetts, not only talks of his "camaraderie with teammates", but adds, "we're rowing for Pa" and, "it's behind him we stand."

Burly Burt Jenness, the only under 40 on the team, a chef by trade who cooked for the team on this trip, and one of Pa's sons, tells how the team is able to muster extra effort in a pinch, saying that, "... to get more power, somebody always yells out, do it for Pa!" But Burt, like the others, sees it as a team effort, remarking, "I'm in awe of being here. I mean six or seven guys just doing this together is unreal." And as steady and steely blue eyed team member Tim Snow, a 43 year old electrician and corrections officer from Plympton, Massachusetts puts it, "... we work as one, just like an engine."

This spirit of camaraderie and respect among the team members became readily apparent in a short time to everyone with them for the pub parties, town hall dance, hikes on the moors of Tresco, and the awards dinner, in the five days and nights before, during and after the competition in the Scillies.

A concrete example of this spirit, one that, in fact, reduced Team Saquish's chances of prevailing, is the generosity they showed to the ten members of the young crew from the far North Faroe Islands, only six of whom would be allowed to race in the main competition on Saturday. Having made friends with the Faroe Island crew in the course of socializing that goes on before the competition, Team Saquish learned the Faroe boys' plight. With no prodding from any quarter, Burt Jenness and Dave Siereveld volunteered to crew with the four excluded Faroe members in a noncompetitive but just as strenuous pre-competition race at dusk on Friday evening. It is probable that those exertions reduced the effectiveness of Burt and Dave in the four races in which they participated with Team Saquish in the next two days, but their wish that the four young men from The Faroes should not have travelled all that distance without having a chance to row in competition, guided their offer to participate. An example of how true camaraderie spills over to benefit others, even those against whom you are competing! Compare this unselfishness with today's attitude of super paid



Mike Jenness, Jr.



Steve Woll



Jon Daley



Dave Siereveld



Tim Snow



John Thompson



Burt Jenness



Bernie Smith



Gordon "Guy" Jenness

athletes the world over. Certainly Team Saquish does not subscribe to the tenets of the "me" generation, nor to the Vince Lombardi code of "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

This observer was drawn to the event by the allure of a spectacle in a far away location known to have a romantic maritime history. The Scilly Isles, enchanting in themselves, are famous equally for the cultivation of early Spring flowers sent overnight for sale in Covent Garden and white seas roiling against craggy and de-ranged headlands weathered into massive and fantastical forms within a scant few feet of swaying palms and colorful tropical vegetation, a phenomenon created in this northerly latitude by the beneficence of the Gulf Stream. But knowing in advance something of Team Saquish's reputation for being able to submerge individual ambition to team effort, there was the hope of participating, even on the periphery, in an atmosphere of love and good fellowship. Indeed, that was the way it turned out. Perhaps that idea is best expressed by Pa's surviving only brother, Gordon "Guy" Jenness, also known as "Uncle", a grizzled and hearty 62 year old retired tree surgeon from Pembroke, Massachusetts, along with Team Saquish (as he puts it), as their mascot, he saying that "the biggest value is the camaraderie. It's a fact, you've got to be there to see it, they are like one. Seven people are just like that, like a ma-

chine, a well oiled machine."

In fact, the spirit of Pa comes to Team Saquish not only through son Burt, and brother Guy, but also through the team's leader, his son Russell "Mike" Jenness, Jr., 42, from East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, a gentle broadly smiling giant of a man, formerly an all eastern lineman at Northeastern University, now a Police Officer in Pembroke, Massachusetts. As Steve Woll (whom the others also look to for his good judgment and good sense) puts it, "Mike Jenness is a real leader. He was the one that got us involved with the Saquish just after the building started. We've rowed against Mike in many of the races, and always found him to be someone that we always wanted to go over and talk to because of his similar interests as our own, and we were excited about the opportunity to row with him because he sets the standard in so many ways. He deals well with people he doesn't know, and he's just a real positive fellow like all the rest. Mike put together a group of guys that really enjoy each other's company. An easy going group."

Mike might just as well have been speaking of the spirit of Team Saquish when he said of the Scillonians on his return from the Team's first visit in 1997, "the attitude, the spirit of the people over here is unbelievable, something you don't find much anymore in the States. There's a sense of community that made me think





Team Saquish, friends and *Socoa* on the beach at St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.



Launching *Socoa* for one of the races.

that this is what a place like Martha's Vineyard was like 90 or 100 years ago."

Team Saquish's camaraderie is plain to native Scillonians as well. Muscular and merry Trevor Marks, a 30 year old butcher in St. Mary's of combined Irish/Scillonian ancestry, who helped out Team Saquish with logistical and moral support, says about Team Saquish, "I mean, yes, of course you always want to win your races, but with them I think if they win that's good for them, but I don't think they are too worried if they win or not, as long as they got a good team together."

This was the second time Team Saquish had competed in the Scilly races, the first time in 1997, finishing then 38th in a field of 50, considered terrific by the Scillonians and Cornwallians who realize that for the Americans this was unfamiliar territory, gig racing being done very little in the USA, awarding them a trophy for sportsmanship in appreciation. One might liken that feat to an accomplished English cricket team coming over here and competing creditably in a major league playoff series, the wild card of all wild cards. This year Team Saquish did even better, finishing 30th in a field of 53, competing again in a borrowed English gig called *Socoa*, and using borrowed oars heavier than the ones they were used to, sort of like trying to hit Pedro Martinez with a cricket bat. The fact is that Team Saquish lacked funds to bring over their own gig and equipment, funding the trip with contributions, a team raffle, and personal funds, a bind which continues.

The Team's own gig, the *Saquish*, was built by Pa and Mike over two years and 2,000 plus hours to slightly inaccurate specifications of an English gig drawn from American John Gardner's well known book *Building Classic Small Craft*. It probably would not have carried the day even if the team could have afforded to transport it, since only a gig constructed to accurate specs can hope to prevail.

Mike, wanting to build a traditional Cornish gig to correct specifications in which to compete, sought such specs from the Scillonians and Cornwallians. Perhaps the English powers that be saw an ill wind blowing, as it were, in the ability of the Americans to compete and perhaps win at the English game, and dissembled for a while in the time honed tradition of smugglers, salvors and mooncussers who for a century or more used gigs in the Scillies to ply their trades, to delay the upstart American team from winning, by withholding the valuable specs. Suffice to say that after the Dutch girls won the women's races this year, the Scillonians and the Cornwallians now seem to have accepted the fates, and are wooing Team Saquish not only with the precise specifications, but forthcoming proposals to have some of their expenses paid to travel to race in the Scillies or off the Cornwall mainland, a rescue also in the tradition of the gigs, which often were used to save lives and cargo from ships foundering on the shoals surrounding the Scillies.

The struggle of Pa and Team Saquish to build here a boat fit to compete in the

English competitions is a story in itself. Late in 1995, Pa and son Mike, amateurs only, began the building of their first gig, following John Gardner's plans. After spending many hours and making plenty of mistakes along the way, they finally had to scrap the project, and restart. The second time around, Pa and Mike were successful in building the *Saquish* on those plans, and it was launched (perhaps appropriately) on July 4, 1996. After that, Mike carefully assembled the crew, now known as "Team Saquish", wanting to race *Saquish* in local competitions. They started very successfully, winning the Row to the Rock in Plymouth Harbor, and then were undefeated in ten major races on the New England open water circuit. Word of that got over to the Scillies, where John Thompson, a piratical looking but obliging islander, interested in the gig racing competition, contacted Mike with an invitation to compete in the next championship there in May, 1997. That challenge was accepted.

Meanwhile, Pa was not satisfied with the *Saquish*, and though by now gravely ill, his wish was to start and complete a gig made to match and compete with the English gigs. The construction began in January of this year, the craft slated to be called, colorfully, *The Herringchoker*. Pa himself worked on the gig during the early months of the year with son Mike and other members of Team Saquish, until he was too ill to continue. Chances are it will be a fine gig, although again, not quite an English gig, since only now will the exact specs be coming from the English. Hence, it is likely that a third gig will have to be built. Team members launched the second gig this Fall, and named it after "Pa".

Well they might, not only because of Pa's inspiration all down the line, but for how he used his last strength to reach the backwoods of Virginia in March (with his wife and daughter doing the driving) to find and purchase, at an affordable price, more of the very special oak required for the construction of the boat. Pa found the wood and brought it back, but shortly after he was reduced by his illness to watching the construction. And as much as he wanted to go to the Scilly Isles this last May, his health made that impossible. By the time of the competition, Pa was pretty much bedridden, but Mike and Burt called him daily with reports from the Scillies on how Team Saquish was doing in the races.

So the future may yet see an American victory by this overage and sole American entry, inspired by Pa to build and crew its own boat in an international and famous competition far from home waters, rowing under the team motto of "Row hard. No excuses."

But whether or not anything like that comes to pass, victory will remain secondary to the teammanship and camaraderie shared not only by these hard-working, family oriented, mostly blue collar men from Boston's South Shore, but also by those folks, both English and American, lucky enough to come in close contact with them. For that contact, combined with the event itself, allows one to stand back for a short while and gain perspective on the shout and din of the sellers and buy-



ers clamoring daily for our attention in our centrifugal and whirling society. Doing that, the confusing becomes clear, the complex becomes simpler, and one sees once again or anew, what has value and what has not.

So the men of *Saquish* stand for and teach us something beyond themselves, by their simple act of faith in following a plain man's lead, and cohering into a whole greater than its parts, bound together by a spirit that, could we borrow it, would give us greater hope for survival in a dangerous and explosive world.

Nor does acting as a team negate the respect for individual expression which lies at the core of American values. After all, once the race is over, Team *Saquish* disbands until the next practice and the next race, and each man goes about his individual Scillies as he sees fit. But one might conjecture, can the rights of the individual run amok, and undermine society by a too free license, without the counterbalance of family, community, camaraderie, and love, so forcefully (and ironically) demonstrated to us in recent days by Mark McGwire, and Sammy Sosa and friends.

So perhaps the friends on Team *Saquish*, none of whom are ever likely to



Wives and friends of Team *Saquish* cheering them on.

be rich, not looking at the stock market quotes very often (it at all), but yet able to always provide nicely for their wives, children and families, speak to us more clearly than more bookish thinkers about our own society, by showing us in a simple but perhaps profound way, how clear

vision, simple virtues, and combined action may serve to preserve a great society from its worst impulses.

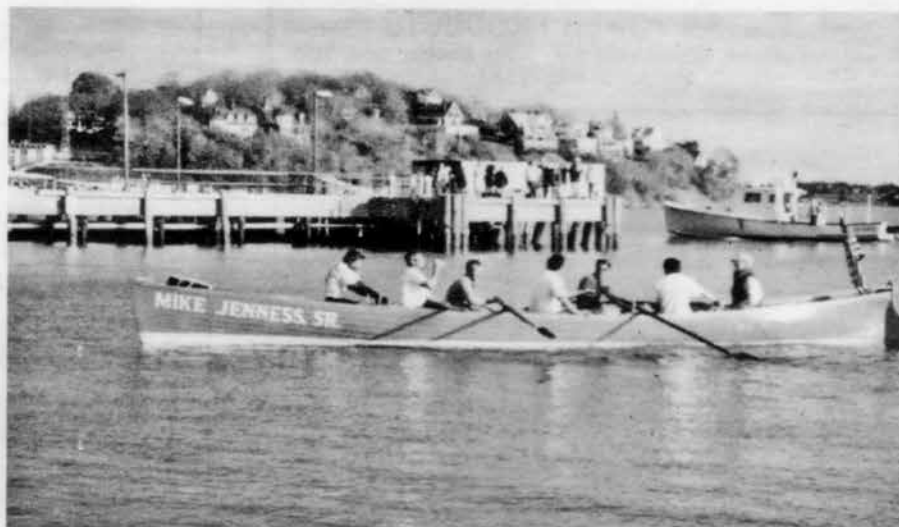
So as the French say, Team *Saquish* says, and so might we all say, "Tous ensemble, tous ensemble, oui, out," "altogether, altogether, yes, yes."

### *Mike Jenness Sr. Debuts at the Head of the Weir Race.*



Michael Jenness, Jr. and his father began building their 32' Cornish pilot gig boat together. But tragedy struck last November when "Pa" (Mike Sr.) was diagnosed with cancer. When "Pa" died in May, Jenness decided to finish the boat and name it after him.

Working from his father's plans, Mike began a five-month project which



ended with the official launch of the boat at the Head of the Weir race in Hull, Massachusetts in November.

"This is very emotional and everything is perfect except for the fact that "Pa" is not here," Jenness was quoted in a local newspaper article. Team *Saquish* and the *Mike Jenness Sr.* went on to win its

According to the same newspaper report, the younger Jenness is approaching high schools in coastal communities to see whether there is interest in rowing as a team sport. "There is a great feeling of camaraderie and a great love for the ocean and boats," he said. "You don't feel like an outcast when everyone is together."

The Cornish pilot gig is a six oared rowing boat, clinker built, 32' (9.8m) long with a beam of 4' 10" (1.47m). It is recognized as one of the first shore based lifeboats that went to vessels in distress, with recorded rescues going back as far as the late 17th century. The original purpose of the Cornish pilot gig was as a general work boat and the craft is used as a pilot boat, taking pilots out to incoming vessels off the Atlantic Coast. At the time pilots would compete between each other for work, the fastest gig crew who got their pilot on

### The Cornish Gig

board a vessel first would get the job and hence the payment.

Today, pilot gigs are used primarily for sport with around 100 clubs across the globe. The main concentration is within Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly, however, clubs exist in Sussex, Somerset, Devon, Dorset, Wales and London. Internationally, there are pilot gig clubs in France, the Netherlands, the Faroe Islands, Australia, Bermuda and the United States.

In the United States pilot gig racing is becoming increasingly more popular, especially on the New England coastline where fishing was a major industry. These boats, however, are less regulated than their British counterparts. While modern rowing technology is considered inappropriate, there are no strict rules as to what can and cannot be raced. Boats are classed by number of rowers and their approximate age. The rules are also different during the race, generally "fisherman's rules" apply, meaning that there are no rules.

(Credit to Wikipedia)



Team Saquish in the *Ann Glanville* nearing the finish line for their third place finish.

## Row Hard No Excuses II

### Delight and Disappointment For Team Saquish Dutch Open Gig Championships Muiden, Holland November 6 & 7, 1999

A fierce North Sea storm that resulted in the Team Saquish womens' team having to be ordered off their boat in the middle of the Saturday race for fear of exhaustion and hypothermia, proved not to be a harbinger of the thrilling third place finish of Team Saquish's mens' team on Sunday at the fourth running of the Dutch Open Gig Championships, demonstrating that the camaraderie that this observer celebrated in "Row Hard, No Excuses" (Vol. 16, No. 19, Feb. 15 1999) has very naturally flowed and fused into something close to winning over time.

And who is to say that Team Saquish won't take it all in international competition sometime soon? Indeed, they are returning this coming May, for the first time in two years, to the World Pilot Gig Racing Championships on the Scilly Isles off England's Cornwall coast. With the dramatic way in which things have unfolded for Team Saquish, it is natural that on that occasion they will be thinking that the big payoff for their hard work, strenuous practices, assiduous learning of new techniques, and yes, camaraderie, can be the American flag being flown over them as victors on those isles?

This is hardly as far fetched as it might once have seemed. In an earlier issue this writer interviewed Martin Langdon, long time rower with perennially winning Caradon Pilot Gig Club, Saltash, England (Vol. 16, No. 24, May 1, 1999) who was invited last March to the USA by Captain Mike Jenness and the rest of Team Saquish, to instruct Team Saquish in advanced methods of rowing. Martin, arriving only a few days before the Snow Row at Hull, instructed the team intensively in the days preceding the race, resulting not only in a win, but a win by what was the widest margin in the history of that race, despite high winds and seas.

But Mike Jenness and Team Saquish were not resting on their laurels, and now committed to expanding their knowledge of every facet of gig rowing practice and equipment. Shortly after the Snow Row victory, Team Saquish commissioned oars to be made for them by the master of the trade, Leon Pezzack of Mousehole, Cornwall, England, for many years a rower, coxswain and craftsman. Both

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Martin Langdon and Leon Pezzack were at Muiden, Holland for the November competition, Langdon again rowing for the winning Caradon team in the *Mary Newman*, and Pezzack lending his abilities as coxswain for Team Saquish in these races, not to mention toting the oars he had recently crafted from Cornwall to Muiden and personally delivering them to Team Saquish for their use there.

The third place finish was so encouraging that Mike Jenness extended an invitation then and there to Kees Harschel, the master coach and father of gig racing in Holland, to come to Massachusetts to teach rowing and coxing practice to the men and women of Team Saquish. Kees did come in early December for a week, with his wife and two children, staying with Mike and Cathy Jenness and their children. In his no nonsense way, Kees stressed to Team Saquish, not only rowing techniques, but the primary importance of the coxswain, who might be likened to the playing manager of a baseball team, in the tradition of Joe Cronin and Lou Boudreau.

Kees believes that the coxswain is the only one with an all encompassing view, both literally and figuratively; literally in the sense that he is the only one looking in the direction the gig is racing, and figuratively, in his understanding of the psychology of those he commands. If the coxswain understands the sea around him and the rowers in his crew, and has the intelligence and judgment to quickly synthesize all this data, and instantaneously transmit it as his decisions to the crew from second to second during the rowing of the race, then the goal of victory can be realized.

As Kees said in his slightly accented English while here in the USA, "The coxswain feels what is going on better than the football coach outside of the lines. He feels everything that is happening in the boat, so he can make corrections and decisions by which the team

can win or lose, decisions about making turns, the turning around the buoy, sprinting in between other boats, or choosing positions in the field."

So what Mike "Pa" Jenness, Sr. began as an adventure in building a boat to beat all others, may yet result in exactly that, as Team Saquish goes beyond the camaraderie it always has had (and still does), to advanced refinements of technique and equipment, which bid fair to take it to victory, here and abroad.

In fact, what might be described as Team Saquish's underestimation of the importance of the coxswain may well have been the major factor in the predicament of the womens' team during the dangerous Saturday storm, which steadily worsened, reaching winds of forty-one knots and building four to five foot waves in the middle of the race. With the maelstrom around them, the womens' team was not able to move their boat forward, becoming increasingly exhausted under the watchful eyes of Kees Harschel and the assigned doctor in the nearby lifeboat of the sponsor Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, who were charged with the responsibility of whether to allow a team in trouble to continue in the race.

By necessity, Kees' decision was to bring the Team Saquish women off their boat, but his extended and close observance of their plight, and the reasons for it, have very likely corrected their problem with his teaching during his recent visit here, so that there is every reason to believe that the Saquish womens' team will continue on competitively.

With a little poetic license, the experiences of both Team Saquish teams in Holland may be summed up by the old ABC cliché, "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat".

Team Saquish came to Holland to compete and have a good time. They competed well, had a great time, learned a lot, are taking steps to continue to learn and improve, and now the realistic goal is to win. The lesson may be that while camaraderie alone has great value, its presence is a powerful and probably indispensable ingredient in attaining the dedication, improvement and, finally, the skill required to take it all.

The twenty or so people in Team Saquish's entourage, despite Saturday's dis



appointment, had a grand time, not only from the thrill of competition, but also as a result of the natural hospitality, friendliness and joviality of the Dutch people. The level of happy satisfaction was enhanced by the picturesque-ness of Muiden, lying as it does between the shore of the IJsselmeer (the Netherlands' famous inland bay, formerly called the Zuiderzee until diked in 1932 against the North Sea in order to reclaim land for industry, agriculture, and housing; the age old story of the aptly named Netherlands) and the bucolic farmlands of Holland's tidal plain reclaimed from the sea by a nationwide network of dikes and marked by the Muiderslot, its famous old castle, guarding the harbor.

Perhaps there was a surfeit of satisfac-



The Muiderslot, Muiden, Holland.

tion having close at hand the charms of Amsterdam, its inner city encircled and entwined by its famous web of old canals enclosed everywhere by houses in differing gabled styles, appearing now just as they had to Rembrandt over three hundred years ago. It was from the quays along these canals that Dutch sailors embarked for the ships which took them around the world, establishing for a time Holland's supremacy of the seas, a supremacy appearing in our own history with Peter Stuyvesant's crafty purchase of Manhattan island for a paltry sum almost four hundred years ago.

Before the racing took place, the weekend began on a high note of nautical exhilaration when Captain Laurens Sinaasappel of the *Johanna Cathalina*, a recently accidentally dismantled 19th century barge on which Team *Saquis* was quartered in close quarters, graciously offered to dispel any darkness those quarters might have imposed by skippering Team *Saquis* onto the broad, bright and open waters of the IJsselmeer. Slowly and cautiously under power, Laurens guided the more than one hundred foot borrowed 1882 barge *Broedertrouw* out of the narrow Muiden harbor, with the help of his able second, Arno van Aatijk, and crew members Jacqueline and Sandra. Then the fun started!

Laurens, enlisting the aid of most of the twenty or more people comprising Team *Saquis*, gave the order to raise the almost three hundred fifty square meters of sail of the venerable three master, which soon were billowing majestically above us in the stiff breeze under a cloudless azure sky. What an anodyne for any jet lagged, sleep deprived or depressed spirits; soon all of us were moving about, taking it all in, talking excitedly, some taking the wheel under Laurens' watchful eye, others cooking and eating the comestibles proffered



Team *Saquis* and friends before the barge sail on the IJsselmeer.

by the friendly crew, all of us thanking our lucky stars that we were at that spot on the planet at this time.

Even for a landlubber, a good part of the answer to the question of why men go down to the sea in ships was answered during those moments. How quickly your briefly known shipmate can become your good friend, when the city and land are behind, and the sea, birds, wind and sky are close at hand. Smiles reflecting pleasure and conviviality were shown fore and aft, port and starboard. Kisses too, as Jessica and Sean McKenna, not long married, embraced mostly for love, a little against the sharp wind, as they told of their interesting occupations; Jessica a historian for the Massachusetts State Historical Commission, and Sean an oceanographer studying global warming at Woods Hole while studying for an advanced degree at MIT.

Is there something about Team *Saquis* and the lure of the sea that attracts pleasant, outgoing, and interesting people with fascinating backgrounds and the ability to mesh easily with their mates, at ease with themselves? Of course, the evidence is only anecdotal, berthed in these three or four intense days spent on or close to the sea with Team *Saquis*, but the answer seems to be a resounding "yes", an impression which reinforces the notion that the men and women of Team *Saquis* will draw closer and closer, leading them ultimately to victory! By the time Laurens gave the order for most of those aboard to help in furling and stowing the great sails, a sense of rejuvenation had been infused in all aboard, priming Team *Saquis* for the contests soon to follow.

Not unexpectedly for Holland at that time of year, the next day which dawned bright quickly changed to gloomy under a gray sky with scudding clouds, and steadily grew worse, forcing a change in the route of the races. The Muiden-Pampus-Muiden races for 1999 were originally projected as a massive three race event for all kinds of fixed bench rowing boats, including the gigs, six and up to twelve oared whalers, lifeboats, navy training and other kinds of boats.

Each race was planned to start next to the Muiderslot, rowing out to and around the

very small island of Pampus, a 102 year old fortress built on a man-made island to defend the city of Amsterdam far out on the broad IJsselmeer, thence back to the Muiderslot. Under normal conditions, that projected race would have covered a distance of 7.5 miles, taking about 40 minutes. However, because of the bad and worsening weather, the experienced hands of the host Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, wisely decided to shorten the course, plotting it closer to the shore.

1. Accordingly, the coxes were advised of the new route, but by the time the races began the power of the wind overbore the power of gravity, sweeping the rain horizontally against the rowers. Although around 1,000 rowers and 110 boats arrived to compete in this four year old and growing competition, only 64 of the 104 boats starting the first race were allowed to finish by their coxswains. This was the setting in which the drama of Team *Saquis*'s doughty women's team unfolded. Jessica McKenna tells of their plight in the middle of the race: "Donna, who sits in the bow, got splashed full frontal at least three or four times. It was rough, and we just could not gain control. The wind was turning us around, and blowing us into the island. That was part of the problem, we were getting blown off course and having to completely turn ourselves around to try to get out further to continue on our course, but would get steadily pushed and blown." What happened next is told by Kees Harschel, standing by in the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club lifeboat:

"I was hesitating about half an hour standing on the lifeboat looking at the team. Finally I took the decision because they were not making progress and their body temperature was getting too low, they were getting too cold. We arrived at their boat, and they said, 'No, we don't want to be rescued, we don't want to get out of the boat.' I think they thought we have the American flag standing up and if you have the American flag up, you don't give up. That's not said, but I think they thought like that.

2. Then I gave the skipper of the rescue boat, a friend of mine, the order to sail so close by that they couldn't row. I jumped in at the back of the gig, and my mate, Jeroen Weibenga, jumped in at the front of the gig, and then we

turned the boat around 100 degrees so that the rowers could get into the lifeboat. Soon the gig was empty of the women, away with the lifeboat to warmer places. Jeroen and I stayed in the gig in the open water and prepared for towing by tying the oars together and emptying some of the water." This outcome

was disappointing to all of the women for reasons both personal and global. As Jessica said, "I was upset, disappointed, but also partially relieved because we were tackling something that we knew we couldn't handle. I don't really know how to explain it. It was tough. I cried. We want to do well for our country, we want to do well for our team, we want to do well for ourselves."

3. Jessica's feelings were mirrored by the remarks of another member of the team, Pine DuBois, an environmentalist who is the Director of the Jones River Watershed Association in Kingston, Massachusetts, saying, "It was frustrating not to be able to get around the island, so you know, we kept trying to do that, and to surrender, to admit defeat, is never a very pleasant experience." The question remained, why couldn't Team *Saquish* "get around the island? Kees Harschel put his finger on that, analyzing the problem, and hopefully correcting it when he later came to this country. Listen to Kees:

"... they rounded the island and it was one hour that they rowed at that position in the open water, not able to progress in the direction of the finish. I think a coxswain makes a lot of mistakes at that moment. He rounds the island, he should realize that it is not making progress, he has to try something else. There is something you can do on the boat, you can take another course, you can go back to the shore, to shallow waters, and then into the harbor again. Then you are out of the race, but you have saved your team. The coxswain should realize what his responsibilities are, he is responsible for what is happening in the boat, and for the crew.

One of the members of the womens' team came to me and asked whether it was me who stopped them rowing, and ordered them into the lifeboat. I said yes. Then every piece of the puzzle came together for her. The idea of

Jessica and Sean McKenna just after she stepped off the Coast Guard boat that rescued her at sea on Saturday.



the coxswain making a decision and not acting like a sack of beans in the back of the boat. Right or wrong, but no discussion aboard, ashore we can have a discussion. Waiting for the weather to change, that's the worse thing you can do as a coxswain. And what happened to these women is an example of wrong coaching, wrong coxing."

While the womens' quest for team and country was being aborted amidst wild wind and wave, ashore the rest of Team *Saquish* was thinking more about the safety of the women, than the winning of the race. Sean McKenna stood at the finish line with the American flag that he had hoped to wave as a victory salute, wearing a wondering and worried expression, reflected in his later words, "... I knew they were just having an awful time because it didn't look good out there, and they just weren't having any fun, you just want to be out there helping them, but obviously you can't. You just hope they come back. You hope they are not completely devastated, and that their spirits aren't totally broken, but they're champs, that's all I can say."

There was great relief when the rescue boat was spied at a distance entering the harbor, the Team *Saquish* women huddled aboard. A few minutes later, those of us on the wharf shared the womens' frustration as we watched them filing from the boat onto the wharf, some wearing brave but forced smiles, and others openly showing their disappointment, Jessica unable to contain her tears.

Having to be plucked from the IJsselmeer may have been a low point, but the spirits of Jessica were revived over the next twenty-four hours, that experience standing as a metaphor for the experience of the rest of her crew, and all Team *Saquish*.

First of all, there was Jessica's warm reunion with Sean when she stepped off the rescue boat. Then came the wild, but strangely soothing, stormy day party later in the huge tent set up near the finish line by the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club for the thousand or more rowers and their attendants. Let Jessica tell about that:

"Well, we walked into the tent and realized everybody was standing on the tables and chairs, not figuratively, but literally standing on the tables dancing, clapping, cheering, they were saying stuff in Dutch, I had no idea what was going on in Dutch, but it was wild, and then eventually the band started playing music. Well, they were playing music throughout this cheering and announcing session. They were bringing up different teams, I don't really know why, but then the band started playing music for people to dance to, and people were dancing, sort of. Some of the organizers stealthily removed benches and tables. Everybody was dancing.

The beer cups were being tossed, anything was just tossed, your garbage was just thrown over your shoulder. It was the most bizarre thing, coming from recycling heaven! It started like 5 o'clock. We left at 10 o'clock. I mean we're standing there going, my God it's 7 o'clock, look what's going on. It was a lot of fun. Apparently the Dutch like to spit and throw beer which was amusing. They literally take a gulp and spit it out onto other people in the crowd. They were singing, and at one point it was sort of like name that tune, trying to figure out what song it was. They were singing in Dutch, but it was one we knew, like "I Will Survive", but in Dutch. We tossed,

we didn't spit, but we did toss. It was a ball, we were dancing up a storm. It was a lot of fun!" Plainly, Jessica's spirits had been somewhat lifted by the time she and Sean went to sleep in the deep of the barge late Saturday evening.

Sunday, the last day of the races, was a reprise of Friday, a bright sun rising high in a blue sky, cool temperatures, and a moderate wind and sea, perfect for racing. And race is what both crews of Team *Saquish* did, the men to a third place finish, and the women finding redemption and a further lift in their spirits in staying the course to finish to the cheers of the crowd. Jessica and Pine were of a mind about that. Jessica, "Not disappointed! Today I was happy we crossed the finish line." Pine, "Today we had a pretty good race. Yeah, I mean we finished the race. It felt like we could hold our heads up again..."

Jessica's spirits, indeed the spirits of all members of Team *Saquish* and their friends, reached their apogee at the award ceremony on Sunday afternoon, at which the festive goodwill even surpassed the party the previous evening. Not only were spirits at the apogee, but so was the American flag, passed from hand to hand among Team *Saquish*, and borne proudly aloft above the heads of the swirling mass. The men and women of Team *Saquish* celebrated both themselves and their country in one long and sustained fell swoop of the stars and stripes!

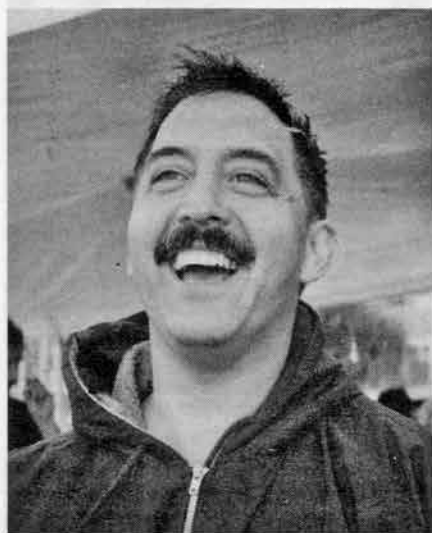
Perhaps the award ceremony was the outward manifestation of several things happening simultaneously; the camaraderie that exists among rowers of both sexes and all nationalities, the hospitality of the Dutch, the patriotism, the natural exuberance of youth; all of that, and more. Everybody was having a fantastic time, people jumping up and down, myself becoming a participant and moved to dance, to hoist the flag above, and walk around with it. Although the beer was flowing and being thrown, some landing on my head, I never had the feeling that things were out of control, good feeling was everywhere, nobody got angry, and everybody was having a good time.

Perhaps there is some truth in the impression of Team *Saquish* rower Don Linde, a soft spoken woodworker from coastal Duxbury, Massachusetts, who said the type of aggression and nastiness he encounters in our own country does not seem to exist in Holland, accounting for why a party so wild was so unthreatening. Perhaps it is that those who emerge from the cloistered cities to compete in the unlimited spaces of the land and sea, cast off tension and hostility with every deep breath of clear air.

How did the Team *Saquish* mens' crew advance from their middle of the pack finishes at the international championships on the Isles of Scilly off England's Cornwall coast in 1997 and 1998, to their surprising and gratifying third place finish here at Muiden? Perhaps a certain Yankee ingenuity and resourcefulness lies behind the open and smiling countenance of its leader, Pembroke Police Sargent, Mike Jenness. While in the Scillies, Mike made a friend out of erstwhile foe Martin Langdon, last March inviting Martin to the USA to instruct the *Saquish* men and women, housing and entertaining him in his East Bridgewater home. Friend Martin remains a foe too. Indeed, Langdon once again won at Muiden, rowing for Caradon in the *Mary Newman*.



Mike and Cathy hosted Langdon assiduously and bountifully, moving him to agree to portage the very fine Caradon gig, Ann Glanville, all the way from Saltash, Cornwall,



Mike Jenness, Captain of Team Saquish, happy at finishing third.

to Holland, for Team Saquish's use in the races at Muiden, Team Saquish being without funds to transport its own gig across the Atlantic. During his visit, Langdon told Mike that Caradon's superior oars were crafted by Cornish master craftsman Leon Pezzack. Mike wasted no time contacting Pezzack, and commissioned him to make six oars for Team Saquish, which Leon completed only three weeks before the Muiden competition, stowing them in the Caradon gigs, and brought them that way from England to Muiden to be delivered to the Americans. Pezzack came too, and being experienced on the land and sea as a craftsman and coxswain, volunteered his services as coxswain for Team Saquish at Muiden.

Pezzack's crafting and coxing aided and abetted Team Saquish's third place finish, as did Langdon's prior instruction. Never satisfied, at Muiden Mike Jenness extended his Leon Pezzack and Dave Litchfield, coxes for Team Saquish.



invitation to the USA to Kees Harschel, resulting in Kees' later visit in December to Mike and Cathy's home, and his extended instruction to the men and women of Team Saquish. What will Mike Jenness' cartographic mind come up with next to put Team Saquish on the gig racing map of the world?

As Leon Pezzack said a few minutes after he came ashore after Sunday's finish, "Yesterday there were very strong winds, desperately difficult conditions, but today we had much better conditions. It was twice as long a race, probably forty minutes, I would guess. The boys did good. They are fighters, I can see that. Your sixteen boys have got one or two very good techniques. Get a little more togetherness with the crew, get them all getting the exact same body angle, that crew can go places."

Add what Pezzack thinks about Team Saquish and what he thinks about his own oars, and you have a potent combination. Pezzack thinks that the oars he makes are faster, and points to the unblemished (so far) record of Caradon to prove it. Asked about the speed of his oars, Pezzack says, "Without any doubt faster. Every crew is different, individuals are different, their ability, their mental attitude, but I have supplied three sets to Caradon Club for which Martin Langdon rows, and they have never lost in five years. They won the World Championships, Cornwall Championships, and other races throughout Cornwall. They are quite a dedicated bunch and get down to the finer points of technique."

Dedication and technique, camaraderie and craft, Mike Jenness is seeking to coalesce these into victory for his team, and glory to his flag, first at the upcoming championships on the Scilly Isles, and then at Sail 2000 this coming summer in Boston Harbor, when the Dutch men and women will be bringing over their colorful and colorfully named gigs such as *Neptunus*, *Jubilee*, *Gold Rush*, to compete with Team Saquish.

Kees Harschel expressed similar opinions on these subjects on his visit a few months ago. As to dedication, Kees remarks, "...now they have a lot of work to do, and they are eager to improve, and they are improving already. I think they will improve a lot this year, and they will be a big surprise this coming year at the Scillies."

As to technique, Kees expressed this, "I think that when Team Saquish chooses one



Dutchman Kees Harschel, who came across the Atlantic later on to coach Team Saquish.

person as a coxswain in whom they believe, that is a first step. If the coxswain has enough information, and gives that information to each rower so that each can improve on his own, that will make a unity. You need a coxswain who can translate that ideal movement you can put on paper to what happens on the water. I think that's what a coxswain has to do. To translate the idea to every rower individually. He has to be a special person. To find that special man or woman, I instructed Team Saquish that every person should try every position, try port, try starboard, change positions in the boat, change position from rower to coxswain, maybe one of the rowers, never having coxed, will turn out to be a very good coxswain ..."

As to the question of the relationship of camaraderie to winning, Kees does not think that camaraderie alone brings winning, but believes combining it with the leadership of the coxswain, the dedication of the crew, and the excellence of the boat and its equipment, can do it. Kees believes that the crew's camaraderie sticks in the mind, and pulls the team through in times of trouble. He puts it this way, recalling affectionately the joyous Christmas party Team Saquish threw during his visit to the USA, "I call it the social side of rowing that I've experienced here at the Sinterklaas/Christmas celebration. That was marvelous! I think that when you are in that cold water in Muiden again, and you think about the heart warming moments in the Christmas celebra

Team Saquish following their third place finish in the Ann Glanville.



tion, then I think you come out of that trouble."

It might be ventured that the social side of rowing, the camaraderie, on which Kees remarks, extends beyond the natural world of sea, sky and air in which the races take place, to a concern for the preservation of that natural world. Pine DuBois, asked by this writer whether in some way rowing is a metaphor for her love of the environment generally, put it this way, "Yes, in the sense that you have to be able to enjoy the environment in order to be able to work hard enough to save it. I think that is how it is related. You know, you have to have a lot of endurance and stamina to work to restore some of the rivers that we've destroyed, and fix some of the pollution problems that we have created for ourselves."

I think, metaphorically, rowing is the same kind of thing, working as a team, knocking yourself out to endure something like an eight mile row, or whatever it was today. So there is a certain kind of metaphor, and it makes you stronger in your spirit, as well as

putting you in the environment that you love. I mean you do get a lot of strength and energy off that, there is no question about it." About as powerful a statement of the interconnectedness of "the social side of rowing" to the environment as might be imagined!

As to the ultimate question of whether Team *Saquish* can win the big championships on the Scillies, Kees says, "I think they can win at the Scillies. I think I'm not the only one that is not surprised at the improvement of Team *Saquish*." There is at least one other. Surely, Mike Jenness is not surprised. Who knows what is up his sleeve? Team *Saquish* has always been together. Soon they may be together out front.

Week after week, the beat goes on. Arising before the sun, the men and women of Team *Saquish* are out every Sunday to row their gigs down Duxbury's Snug Harbor, out to Clark's Island, getting to know themselves, each other, and their gigs better and better. Bring on the Scillies!



This writer getting into the spirit of the occasion.

## The Atlantic Challenge Contest of Seamanship



AC was hosted in Douarnenez, France, in 2000 in conjunction with another maritime gathering, Defi Jeunes Marins.

The Atlantic Challenge Contest of Seamanship was started in 1984 by Lance Lee of the US and Bernard Cadoret of France as a way to bring young adults of different cultures together for a friendly Contest of Seamanship and as a way to revive traditional small craft activity on both sides of the Atlantic. The first Contest of Seamanship was held in New York City in 1986 between France and the US. Now there are 16 nations involved with more than 80 gigs built in the last 30 years.

The next Contests will be held in St Petersburg, Russia, during the last week of July and first week of August 2022, and Belfast, Maine, during the third week of July 2024.

Atlantic Challenge USA seeks participants to join Team USA for both Contests. Ages are typically 15-21 years old with a handful of mid to late 20-year-olds. No prior experience necessary. Team USA trains for two and a half weeks before going to the weeklong Contest.

Applications were posted in the fall of 2021. If you have any questions, please inquire at [atlanticchallengeusa@gmail.com](mailto:atlanticchallengeusa@gmail.com).

# Remembering Len Wingfield, Bill Jones

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

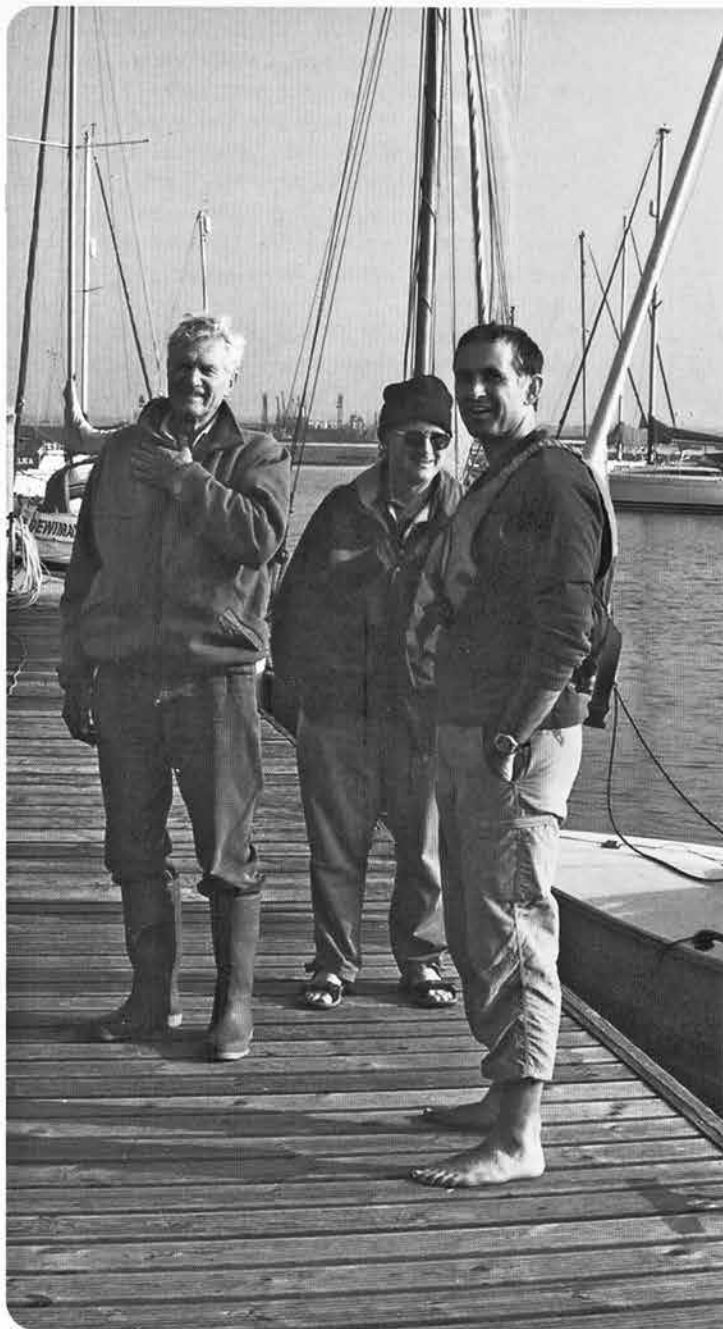
**E**VEN BY DCA STANDARDS IT'S UNUSUAL to see an octogenarian emerging after a night of heavy rain from under an old blue lorry tarp. And even more so when the lorry tarp is in use as a makeshift tent on an otherwise open seventeen-foot boat lying to an anchor in Holy Island harbour. But DCA members will entirely understand when told the emerging ancient mariner was Len Wingfield, and that the boat was the Dockrell 17 owned by his son Ed. But never let it be said Ed was an inconsiderate son. In preparation for this DCA Holy Island Rally he had negotiated the loan of one of the upturned fishing boat hull sheds on the beach as overnight accommodation, for, if I remember rightly, the cost of a bottle of Scotch. But on arrival and inspection of the boat/shed it was deemed unfit for human habitation (well, Ed was a port health officer) and the tarpaulin over the Dockrell was preferred.

I had first seen Len years before, when cruising on the South Coast with Martin Corrick in his Hunter Liberty. We had sailed into Poole Harbour and noticed several small boats on the beach at Shipstall Point, and with them two individuals engaged in an animated discussion. Both the boats and their occupants radiated an air of English individuality as we passed on our way towards Poole. A later chance enquiry revealed that this was a rally of the Dinghy Cruising Association, and the members we had seen were Liz Baker and Len Wingfield. Martin and I realised that this was our kind of club and joined immediately.

Memories of Len are legion, and many DCA members will have them to share. On moving job and home to Newcastle I soon met Len's son Ed, and we became good friends. Ed had sailed with his father from early childhood, and had absorbed the Wingfield spirit – hardihood, determination and seeming complete absence of fear. I sailed with Ed in his Dockrell 17 many times on the unforgiving Northumberland coast, and he would regale me with tales of Len's exploits as we bashed the boat through big seas over the notorious bars on that coast, and anchored close by jagged rocks so that Ed could indulge his passion for barbecues in improbable places. More than once, he told me, he had to rebuff RNLI lifeboats who had launched thinking he was in need of rescue. Yet I don't think Ed realised just how much he was his father's son, even when he was telling yarns disapproving of Len's 'dangerous' behaviour.

Ed was in fact a very considerate son to Len, and looked after him in the pub evenings at rallies, where the background noise made conversation difficult for Len's deafness. Like many adventurous folk Len was socially awkward, but in a dinghy he was a consummate sailor. I recall one day entering the Hamble River in a Force Five and a nasty Solent chop, watching Len helming his Leader into the river mouth, sailing the boat upright and steady, with apparent nonchalance.

Len had other qualities too. One I would mention was his skill as an artist; he would illustrate his articles for the DCA Journal with little sketches which could capture the essence of his subject with a few deft strokes. Sadly, Ed predeceased his father. But at one of the Cobnor weeks we had what may be a unique DCA moment – four generations of the Wingfield family all together on the campsite. Ed left his cruising yacht all together and sister-in-law, so with luck the Wingfield sailing dynasty will continue. *BJ*



**Len Wingfield** (left) at Ashlett Creek with Alastair Law and Ian Hylton (right). Photographed by Liz Baker



# When We Were Young,

by Len Wingfield

**O**N MARCH 19TH, 2005, Len delivered the Peter Bick AGM lecture *When We Were Young* at the Rutland Sailing Club. What follows is based on Paul Constantine's notes of the lecture. This is how the talk was announced in Bulletin 185/04:

Len is one of the senior members of the Association and has for many years haunted the creeks of the South Coast in his very simply equipped cruising dinghies. He has strong opinions about the best way to cruise in a dinghy which he has put to the test over many years of adventurous coastal cruising. Long practised at being curmudgeonly, he may be mellowing in his old age. Come along and find out!

LEN WAS INTERESTED IN THE BACKGROUND HISTORY and detail of the subjects he wrote about. He began his talk by describing some very early memories of seeing 'working sail' and mentioning early pioneers of recreational sailing. He highlighted journeys by Dashwood, John (*Rob Roy*) McGregor, Dr. R.C. Anderson, C. E. Tyrell-Lewis and Jim and Rene Pennington. To come closer to the present time he also mentioned the contributions of Uffa Fox, Eric Coleman and Allan Earl, among others.

There was a great deal of interest, but as time and space exert restrictions on this outline I have decided to concentrate on Len's own experiences, which are so evocative of a certain dinghy cruising era. Reproduced

here are Len's own notes telling a story that today might be regarded as amazing, but which show how one man pursued his own ideas and learned by experience the fundamentals of sailing and dinghy cruising.

One coincidental link with Peter Bick is that both Len and Peter quite independently turned up at Regent's Park (*see below*) and with minimal experience hired a boat and went sailing, on the strength of having read about it in books. Len lost his deposit, but Peter made it back to the landing stage. Their approach to sailing had many other similarities.

At the conclusion of his talk, just to show how young at heart he is, Len showed some beautiful pictures taken on his latest trip – to the Himalayas, possibly entitled *Now we are Old*.  
*Paul Constantine*

**A**s a clueless teenager, in my first attempt to teach myself to sail (without a life jacket) I capsized and had to swim ashore. I sailed later on a traditional skiff, but we made it to shore before it sank. I swam ashore again at my third attempt, ten years later! (Life jackets were not then supplied with hired dinghies.)

I was born at Gravesend and there were family connections with the sea. It was unusual then for a working class lad to own a boat, but as a teenager during the war I resolved to build a canoe. I must have read a book on canoes but had no plans and was in complete ignorance of correct proportions. The frames were made from old soapboxes, and I found some roofing laths for the stringers. I gave it a transom stern because the laths were too short. The fabric was salvaged from the bits of a wrecked barrage balloon glued together with Bostik. (I was working in an aircraft factory and after work each day I collected empty Bostik tins and scraped out the remnants for a bit more gumming up). Many layers were required to make it watertight. Surprisingly the canoe paddled quite well, although lacking in beam and with an overly high freeboard.

All went well until I decided to make it sail. I had read that leeboards were required for windward sailing, and I knew that a rudder and halyards



were usual. However I wanted quick results so I made the sail from a piece of light balloon fabric permanently tacked to a pole mast and knotted at the clew to hold a piece of sash cord for the mainsheet. I reckoned that I could steer with the paddle over the side.

Not surprisingly, my first attempt to sail, in light airs, was disappointing. Next day however I was gratified to find there was plenty of wind, and I launched at Cuxton on the River Medway. I paddled over to the weather





shore to sail from there, making the crossing only after a considerable struggle. The wind was possibly up to Force 8 by then, but I was absolutely clueless about capsize risks. I fitted the mast, hauled in the sheet, and pushed off, holding the paddle alongside for steerage. I shot off at great speed and within four seconds realised that the wind was far too strong. I released the sheet, but a second later the canoe was knocked over just by the windage of the slapping sail. However, it did not sink at first, because the excessive freeboard and side decking allowed it to float on its side. I was blown across the river at the rate of several knots, lying prone in the canoe, scared but not knowing what else to do.

Eventually in the middle of the river the waves were quite large and lapped in and sank the boat. I had no life jacket and it was October, but the water was not too cold, so I grabbed the canoe, and swam ashore with it. I had no undue problems until I reached the shore and got out, when wind-chill had a disabling effect. I now know it was early-stage hypothermia.

I gave up the idea of sailing for the time being and in 1947 bought an old 10-foot Medway Punt. A Medway Punt is a hard chine rowing dinghy, flat bottomed with just 'as much curvature as a builder's plank', handy for skimming over the mudflats. I collected it from Gillingham in the savagely cold winter of that year, and rowed it up against the ebb to Cuxton.

I remember passing a puffin sitting miserably on floating ice. I have happy memories of summer days working the tides up and down the estuary in this little boat. One trip I remember was down with the neap ebb past Rochester and Chatham to Dead Man's Island (where they buried the Napoleonic prisoners of war). As Charles Stock put it, 'The smaller the boat the greater the fun!'



Later, when my first wife and I were visiting Gravesend, my brother invited the two of us to go for a sail. It was a fine day and we accepted the offer at once. His rowing club had a big old Thames rowing skiff, which had the usual hole in the fore thwart for a simple pole mast. Stan had acquired bamboo for the spars, and nicked some of my mother's spare bed-sheets to make a lugsail. (These were the austerity years.) My young wife was in the early stage of pregnancy but squeezed



Milgate Duck Punt. Not a million miles away from a Medway Punt. The original was designed by John Milgate of William Wyatt's Boatyard, West Mersea, as a tender to his restoration project the 1892 smack *Puritan of Colchester*. This replica was a 2016 project recorded in *Small Boats Magazine*. The original was 17ft long, but the replica was built slightly shorter to save timber. Len's was 6 feet shorter again! Photograph ©Marc Davies

into her best party dress (with 'neckline cut low enough to make a baby cry') realising she might never again be slim enough to wear it. We had no life jackets. (It may sound daft, but in those days life jackets were what they wore on the *Titanic*, and frilly dresses were still usual for boating!)

We arrived at the rowing club to find the heavy skiff being carried down the ramp, followed by someone carrying a box of used matches. I asked why they couldn't slide the boat down and was told it was because the old boat wouldn't stand it, and that the matches were to put in the holes where the copper nails had fallen out. I thought 'ask a silly question, you get a silly answer', but it turned out to be the truth!

We cast off with a crew of four rowing club members and my late wife and I sitting together on the stern seat, steering with tiller lines. Sailing with the ebb tide and a following wind, in no time we were past the tug moorings and the canal entrance, then the moored sailing barges off the Ship and Lobster, and then the Isolation Hospital. After that there was nothing but the bleak north Kent marshland, scene of Dickens' *Great Expectations*.

It was a fine sail, but with the estuary now about a mile wide it became evident that we had a little problem. Despite the work done plugging the nail-holes, the old boat was leaking at an alarming rate, so we headed inshore, debating in a detached way our chances of making it to land before the boat sank. My wife mildly pointed out that it might be all right for the rest of us, but she could only swim two lengths at the best of times, and being pregnant and in a tight

dress would not help. We did make it, finding a patch of shingle to land on the otherwise muddy shore, and happily settled down for a picnic with a driftwood fire. The skiff was bailed out and rowed back against the ebb by the four rowing club members, leaving my wife and I to walk the six miles back along the sea wall. Ed doesn't remember the experience, being only a tiny foetus then.

Determined now to learn to sail I haunted Regent's Park Lake where clinker sailing dinghies could be hired. Usually there was either no wind or the boats were all taken, but eventually I managed to get a boat. All went well until I became embayed without room to tack out and tore the sail on some trees. I lost my 10 shillings (50p) deposit, but considered it a worthwhile lesson.

For my next attempt I went to Haines yard at Itchenor, where they had several heavy sailing dinghies for day-hire. No life jackets were supplied. I was put aboard the dinghy and left to it. I raised the sail and cast off in a dead calm, drifting up with the flood. I had noticed that the new sisal mainsheet was not running properly through the blocks, but with so little wind I was not unduly concerned. Eventually a light sea breeze filled in from astern, and I was really enjoying the experience when suddenly I was hit by a savage blast. I let go the mainsheet but it would not pay out. I then let go of the short tiller but she still heeled right over, I got over the side and on the centre plate but she still capsized. Even now, with all my years of experience, I could not have foreseen the sudden isolated gust, or have prevented the capsize. As commonly happens, the sudden isolated gust died away as suddenly as it came, leaving me looking a fool standing on the centre plate with the boat awash. I swam to a passing dinghy and was picked up. Another lost deposit!

About this time things were changing rapidly following the wartime development of waterproof adhesives, marine plywood and hot and cold moulding. I think Proctor's little 11-foot Gull was the first of the ply boats, (or was it the GP14?) closely followed by the now famous Wayfarer. The latter of course received a tremendous boost from Frank Dye's epic cruises to Norway and Iceland. I did not hear of the DCA until the early 80s but I gather that the 11-foot hard chine Heron, and surprisingly the tall-masted GP14, were the ones most popular in the DCA. Were outboard motors generally used in the DCA's early days?

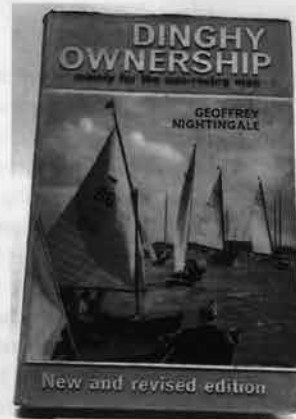
When Ed was about four we had a holiday on a houseboat at Burnham on Crouch. A 10-foot clinker lugsail dinghy went with the houseboat and I had some good sailing, with the three of us together in the little boat on one occasion. We made sure that Ed was wearing a life jacket whenever he was crab fishing on deck and thought he was safe. Hearing a scream we dashed up and found the tide was out and he had fallen on the rocks, breaking his arm. We had to drive him some 12 miles to hospital in our motorcycle combination.

I had read Geoffrey Nightingale's book in which he told of cruising in his 12-foot aluminium lugsail dinghy, which had an 80 square foot balance lugsail carried on a tripod mast. Seeing one of these advertised locally, I snapped it

up. Despite its appearance it sailed quite well (I raced it in a regatta and came second). It was an excellent cruising dinghy; carrying my family of four and camping gear. I don't remember ever reefing. We went family camping on the deserted islands in the Medway estuary and also at East Head.

As my nearest sailing water was the tree-lined Thames at Twickenham I next bought an early 13-foot Enterprise, much better for light and fluky winds. It was mostly used for racing but I had a number of cruises on the Medway, in Chichester and the Solent, sometimes taking young nephews and camping ashore. I also had an early Solo, which I fitted with rowlocks and cruised in the Solent, bivouacking ashore. It may sound an outrageous boat for cruising but reefed down they become quite docile. I used it for a rescue once. I also had a 16-foot Tricorn high performance cabin dinghy, designed by Illingworth and Primrose. I happily towed it with my 800cc A30 van.

About this time I purchased a share in a pre-war 20-footer, something like a big Heron dinghy with a lid on. It had an iron centreboard but no keel, just a lot of inside ballast. We never paid for moorings; we just left it anchored on the beach. At the end of the season we waited for the equinoctial spring tides, hauled it up into the saltings and left it. I cruised it with a friend from Shoreham to Boulogne and back. We were of course fully equipped. We had an ex-WD compass in a box, an elderly chart, a lead line and a torch, and ex-WD kapok life jackets kept in the forepeak to stay dry.



Blaise arrives Shoreham after 1959 Cruise.



Dragonfly 18-foot sloop

For two days we had a tough time working up the coast and anchoring inshore in order to make the crossing on a close reach. It was pretty windy for the crossing, so we started off under jib and a lifeboat's storm sail. When driven hard the old boat leaked quite a bit, but we could just cope with one bailing while the other took the helm. My friend had been seasick for three days, but was feeling better on the crossing. I got ahead of the leakage with my bailing and was able to cook him some fried bread. My culinary skills were greatly appreciated.

I next bought an 18-foot Dragonfly at Leigh on Sea. It had an unusual mooring, a cruciform made from railway sleepers, buried in the muddy sand. I was told that for some reason in this area weights would work their way back up to the surface! When I moved the boat to Chichester I laid my own mooring in Little Deep. My method was to find an old dustbin lid and put it on the beach near low water. A ring of hardboard was fitted round it to make a mould, with an iron eye fitting previously salvaged from a wreck. A half bag of cement was then mixed with sand and shingle from the beach and cast into the mould with the eye in position, and chain, buoy rope and buoy fitted. At high water I brought my current boat (a 30-foot airborne lifeboat) alongside, hauled the mooring block up as far as I could, and rowed to Little Deep with the mooring block dangling in the water.

The 18-foot Dragonfly was a bilge-keeler, essentially

Dragonfly Cockpit



an open boat with a lid. In contrast to most pocket cruisers it had a substantial sail area, and I cruised it from Leigh on Sea to Calais and back to Twickenham single-handed, also Chichester to Cherbourg with a crew.

However the most hair-raising incident was during a gentle sail in Chichester Harbour with

my two lads. Ed was then about 14 and Paul would have been ten.



The Thames at Gravesend in the 1930s, where Len was young

We were sailing gently back to our mooring in warm weather and smooth water. I was wearing only swimming trunks. The kettle was on the spirit stove, which I thought had gone out; I could see no flame. I started to refill it when a flame jumped to the spirit bottle and burnt my wrist, making me drop the bottle, splashing the spirit over my bare legs, which were immediately in flames. Panicking I dived out of the cuddy and into the water.

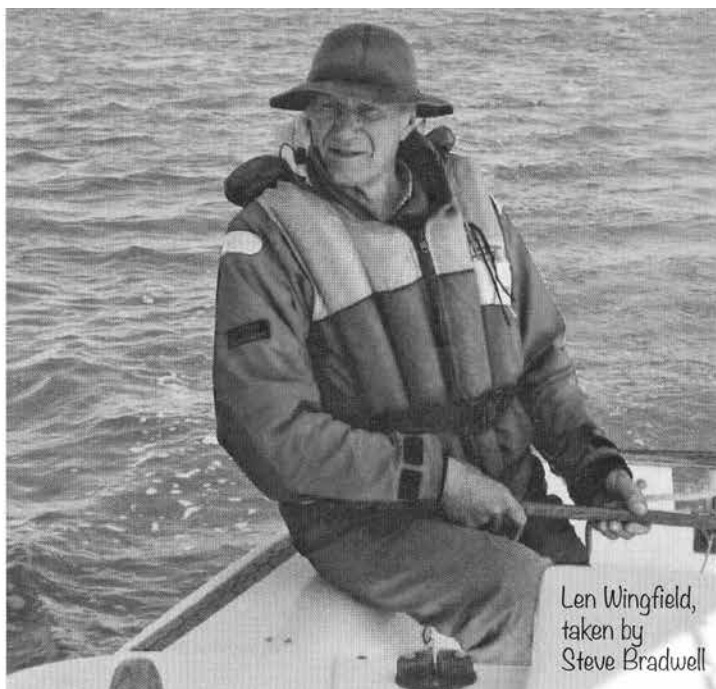
When I surfaced I looked back to see the boat sailing away on fire, with my two young sons on board. With great presence of mind they tacked the boat back, the flames driving back at them each time they turned into the wind. Fortunately we were towing a rubber



dinghy, and I was able to haul myself on board, the skin peeling off my burnt legs as I did so. Back on the boat, the problem was now to put out the flames before the woodwork burned through. The extinguisher was in the burning cabin, which I could not enter, being naked to the flames. I knew that pouring water on the blaze was not right but I had no other option. A few bucketfuls did the job. My sons sailed the boat to Emsworth quay with me shivering with shock. A friend happened to be there with his motorbike and I got on to the pillion with only a blanket over me and was whisked to hospital. Fortunately as spirit burns at low temperature, my burns, although extensive, were not deep, and jumping into cool salt water was the best treatment I could have had. I was eventually able to rather painfully drive home. As the Duke of Wellington said of Waterloo 'It was a close-run thing!'

When my younger son Paul was 14 we were worried that he would get hold of some old motorbike and crash it. As an adventurous but safer alternative we bought him an old 11-Plus dinghy, and allowed him to go cruising 'Swallows and Amazons' fashion with an equally clueless friend. We reasoned that water hitting at three miles an hour would be softer than the road at sixty. Besides, he hadn't been all that safe sailing in my tender care! Nowadays we cosset our youngsters and what happens? They take killer drugs for kicks!

I didn't manage to get into DCA membership until 1983. It would have been a great help if I had known about the DCA much earlier. There are still a lot of dinghy cruising people who have never heard of us. Do we put off younger people from DCA membership? We can't help being old, but we need not be Old Fogies! *LW*



Len Wingfield,  
taken by  
Steve Bradwell

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# 8th Annual Wellfleet Rowing Rendezvous

## Mayo Beach, Wellfleet Massachusetts, September 25, 2021

By Stephen Salley

The 8th Annual Mayo Beach Rowing Rendezvous was sponsored by Walter Baron, S.N. Smith & Son and South Shore Boatworks. For a nautical event like the rendezvous, the weather in late September is critical. Once again, despite all odds and forecasts, the Rendezvous sneaked in a calm sunny off and on cloudy few hours between bouts of foul weather. An ever changing array of clouds and sunbursts, a dead calm in Wellfleet harbor and an incoming tide were perfect conditions. Add people with a fleet of small craft and the scene was fascinating.

Seventeen rowing craft were counted. Sixteen were skiffs and rowboats, the seventeenth was the 27' Whitehall gig brought by the Cape Cod chapter of Traditional Small Craft Association. Even with four novice oar persons, the gig is an impressive performer. Experienced TSCA members took turns coxing. The gig is used in a rowing program for the Cape Cod Maritime Museum. Visit the museum web-site for information.

Many local Wellfleet folk attended. Lingering summer folks and fall tourists came to the beach to see what was happening. Oysters, sandwiches and cookies were served and souvenirs were distributed. Everyone was encouraged to try out the wide variety of craft present. There were high performance skiffs, traditional dories and dinghies, sedate non tippy types and 10' rowboats. Life jackets were provided. Rowing double was popular and children ventured out with their parents.

The fun might have continued all afternoon with boats scattered around the harbor but, as three o'clock neared, the overcast intensified and the fog rolled in, thus signaling the end of rowing festivities for another year. Thank you to the sponsors, the Town of Wellfleet and everyone who helped and participated.



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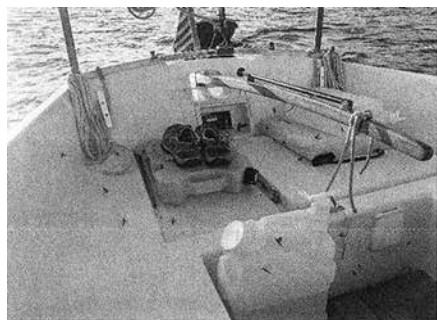
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### Lake Huron North Channel

At the end of the previous episode it was July 17. *Tidings* was at anchor in a cove on the southwest end of Badgeley Island, which lies at the eastern end of Lake Huron's North Channel. I arose early the next morning looking forward to a pre breakfast swim. But what I found in *Tidings*' cockpit changed my mind. The deck was covered in newly hatched shadflies.

Shadflies are a type of mayfly. They lay eggs in the water. The eggs hatch to become nymphs which then morph into emergers. The emergers look somewhat like thin shrimp. I don't know what the signal is but at some point they float to the surface, shed their skin and out pops a shadfly with a pair of folded wings that point straight up. If there is any wind these wings act like a mizzen sail to point the creature toward the wind. Heading into the wind makes takeoff much easier. What an elegant design!

There were dozens of newly emerged shadflies on *Tidings*' deck and in the cockpit. The water in the cove was clear and I could see hundreds of emergers rising to the surface and taking flight all around the boat. It was an impressive sight but not one that beckoned me into the water. So I brewed a pot of coffee and then sat for a couple of hours in the cockpit sipping coffee, watching the show and re-launching the flies that landed on *Tidings*. I expected to see a feeding frenzy of fish devouring the hatch. But I saw very few.



Shortly after noon I raised anchor and headed toward the port of Killarney. The forecast for later that afternoon and evening was for rain and thunderstorms. Although I had only been out for one night, I decided to stop at the Sportsman's Inn Marina because it gets great reviews in the cruising guide. I arrived at the marina in the early afternoon under gray and threatening skies. After securing *Tidings* in a sheltered slip with the help of two dock attendants (which was a bit of overkill), I connected my extension cord to the shore power and set up a cockpit awning to help keep the rain out of the cabin.

*Tidings*' custom made Sunbrella cockpit awning went missing during the winter of 2018. I think maybe I left it on the grass at the Rockland, Maine, town launch ramp at the end of the 2018 cruise. The awning I now used was a brown poly tarp. I had turned it silver side up, folded the edges to get the desired size and shape and secured the folded edges with brown duct tape.

Here's the thing about the Sportsman's Inn Marina. It is also a resort and a very classy place. In addition to the marina there is an inn and a fine restaurant. Not only was *Tidings* by far the smallest vessel in sight, that poly tarp stood out like a sore thumb. The boat next to me was a sleek 35' modern power cruiser. The wind was increasing when

## *Tidings*' Great Adventure

Season 2, Part 5, Lake Huron  
(continued)

By Douglass Oeller  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River  
Chapter TSCA

### Background

This article is the fifth in a series recounting *Tidings*' 2019 cruise. 2019 was the second summer of my continuing adventure to circumnavigate the "Lower 48" of the United States in a 19' Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The plan is to do the circumnavigation over a period of five to six years, leaving the boat where she ends up when the warm weather stops each year.

The trip began at Kent Island, Maryland, in May of 2018 and ended Season One in August in Rockland, Maine. Season Two began in June of 2019 with a shakedown cruise in upstate New York on Canandaigua Lake and continued with cruises in Lake Champlain, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. *Tidings* and I traveled several thousand miles by road and a few hundred by water. I hope you will enjoy the stories.

she entered the slip with big engines growling and the bow thruster making a horrible blender like grinding noise. The boat had a lot of freeboard and the captain had a difficult time of it, almost colliding with a classic 65-footer docked across the alleyway.



The two dock attendants, correctly judging his trajectory, scurried around, fended off his bow and saved the day. I began to understand the staffing rationale. Later, when the hubbub had subsided, I said hello to the white haired captain. He told me that he had been cruising in the North Channel for 65 years and had only recently downsized to this new boat. I guessed him to be about 85 years old. I hope that my boating career lasts that long.

The thunderstorms appeared right on schedule. I enjoyed a nap in *Tidings*' snug cabin serenaded by the sound of raindrops striking the plastic tarp. There was a lull in the rain in the early evening. I went for a walk, checked the menu and prices at the fine restaurant and decided to walk down the street to Herbert Fisheries, "Serving Up World Famous Fish & Chips for over 30 Years."

This establishment is not classy. The building is a small structure on the waterfront in a commercial area. There are rustic looking docks out back where the fishing boats tie up to deliver their catch daily. I waited in a long line to sample their fare, feeling ignorant at having only now discovered such a world

famous place. There is no indoor dining area at Herbert Fisheries. The food is served on paper plates and the utensils are plastic.

I carried my meal out on the dock where there were a few picnic tables. I grew up in a resort town and I understand how businesses need to hype themselves to draw in tourists. So I wasn't expecting anything special. But that meal was perhaps the best fish and chips I have ever tasted. It was truly outstanding. Eat there if you get the opportunity.

After finishing the last crumb on my plate, I disposed of the plate and napkin and strolled back to the marina feeling well fed and lazy. There was a crowd at the bar in the Inn. I considered stopping there for a nightcap, but the patrons were in expensive resort attire and vacation mode. Being on my own and dressed in stained shorts and an old nylon sun shirt, I felt a bit out of place. So I ambled back down to *Tidings*, poured some bourbon on ice into my tin mug and sat in the cockpit under that ugly tarp admiring, but not coveting, the many yachts surrounding me.

The next morning, July 19, dawned clear and sunny. I rose early, shook the puddles of rainwater off my tarp, folded and stowed it and then took my dirty clothes to the dockside laundry room. When you find yourself at a classy resort you may as well make use of the facilities. While the clothes were washing I returned to *Tidings* and prepared a hearty breakfast of eggs, ham, cheese, toast and coffee. I dined in the cockpit soaking up the gentle morning sun and watching the tourists parade by. A few people stopped to admire *Tidings* and marvel that anyone could cruise in such a small boat. I explained that, to me, *Tidings* seems luxurious. My other boat doesn't have a cabin.

The venerable captain of the sleek powerboat emerged in mid morning from his cabin. I had noticed during the night that his boat was periodically pumping water overboard as if there was a leak. I asked about that. He explained that the water being pumped out was the condensation from his central air conditioning system. Well, what the heck. He was 85 after all.

Killarney is just outside the eastern end of the North Channel. It fronts on Georgian Bay. This was the most eastern point of my cruise. I wanted to return to the launch ramp in Spanish by July 23. So it was time to start heading back westward. I decided to sail along the southern side of the North Channel, go as far as Gore Bay and then cross the channel back to the north shore. I bade farewell to the ancient mariner and the two dock attendants, fired up the D-sail and headed west.

The route took us back past Little Current. It was a day of variable winds. My logbook shows that I left the marina shortly before noon under D-sail power with calm winds. Over the next six hours I raised sail, lowered sail due to no wind, raised sail again, this time with a single reef because I assumed that the afternoon pattern of heavy wind was starting, and finally shook out the reef. I reached Little Current in the early evening but was not in the mood for another night at a marina.

So I stopped briefly to top off my fuel again, bought a bag of ice and continued motoring west. It occurs to me that I keep mentioning topping off the fuel. This was more from an abundance of caution than necessity. *Tidings* has a 4gal built in fuel tank. On the 2019 cruise I also carried a 2gal Rotopax portable fuel container. The built in tank has no fuel gauge. Instead, there is a

wooden dipstick with lines indicating gallons of fuel. This means I have no accurate way of monitoring fuel consumption.

By keeping track of engine hours and fuel dipstick levels, I estimate that the engine burns about one quart per hour running at four knots in calm water. In theory that means I could motor for up to 16 hours without refueling and eight more using the auxiliary fuel. But, being constantly in unfamiliar places, I never know when and where I will be able to get more Diesel. I like to always have enough fuel to be able to motor back to wherever I left my truck and trailer. To ensure that, I use the 2gal tank to top off the 4gal one at least every second day and I refill the 2gal tank whenever I stop at a marina that sells Diesel. This is no doubt unnecessary, but it gives me some peace of mind.

Continuing west from Little Current, I once again reached the Waubuno Channel, turned north to motor along the coast of Great La Cloche Island and then took a short jog back one-and-a-half miles east to the anchorage in Bell Cove, arriving with plenty of daylight left. As usual in these remote anchorages, *Tidings* was the only boat there. I set the anchor, heated up a can of soup and sat in the cockpit until the sun set and the mosquitos informed me that all sensible sailors should move to screened enclosures.

Although it was not on my direct route, I chose the Bell Cove anchorage because it is sheltered on three sides and the weather forecast for that night and the following day was for winds of 15 to 20 knots. When I awoke the next morning I was glad to have that shelter. The forecast was correct. It was a sunny but windy day with gusts exceeding 20 knots. The route toward Gore Bay would take me through a long stretch of open water. I could see whitecaps outside the anchorage. The Shrimper 19 was designed and built for use in the rough and windy conditions that are common in English waters. This means that *Tidings* can safely sail in winds far above 20 knots. But I don't find that kind of sailing very pleasant.

I decided to stay in the anchorage and spend the morning waxing *Tidings'* cockpit. This had been on my pre launch task list for the season but remained undone. Being handed an extra day in the anchorage presented me with plenty of time, so I got out the wax and the microfiber towels and got to work. Once I get into cleaning mode it is hard to stop me. When the waxing was complete, it seemed a good idea to empty the cabin, clean the interior and then organize and restow the mountain of food and equipment I carried aboard *Tidings*. This work kept me occupied and happy for hours.

The wind began to slacken in the midafternoon. By that time all was ship shape and there was nothing left to clean or organize. I charted a course toward the Benjamin Islands, put a single reef in the mainsail and prepared to raise the anchor. Just as I was going forward to do that, the wind picked up again. Being a prudent mariner, I decided to stay right where I was for another night.

I woke early on July 20 to another sunny day. The wind was blowing from the northwest at about 10 knots with waves of 2'. The forecast was for the wind speed and wave height to increase later in the day. So, I left the reef in the mainsail when I raised anchor and left Bell Cove. The distance between Bell Cove and Gore Bay is about 25 nautical miles. The course for the first half of the trip was almost due west.

*Tidings* could not point high enough to maintain the desired course so I raised the D-sail. The engine, even running at very low rpm, added a knot of speed and allowed her to point higher. It also smoothed the ride. The course took me past Bedford Island, Amedroz Island and Clapperton Island. The channel is about two miles wide in that area and the mainland provided some protection. But once past Clapperton, the course turned southwest into open water.

The new course allowed me to shut down the D-sail and proceed under mainsail and jib only. The channel was now ten miles wide and there was 60 miles of open water to windward. This fetch allowed the waves to build higher. From a small boat, waves always look bigger than they are. I think they were about 3' that day. But as they pounded on the starboard bow and sent intermittent sheets of spray over the cabin top, they seemed taller. Gore Bay was 12 miles away, which meant I had hours of sailing ahead of me.

I hove to and pondered whether to carry on or retreat to more sheltered waters. I decided that the conditions were not unsafe, they were just uncomfortable. To remedy that I put on full foul weather gear, furled the jib to 50% and tied a second reef in the mainsail. With that configuration things aboard calmed down considerably and I began to enjoy the trip once more.

Gore Bay is an indentation in the north coast of Manitoulin Island. My course toward the bay was now southwest. Unfortunately the wind had shifted to be more westerly. So, instead of reaching, we continued to beat on a starboard tack. It took a while for me to notice because we were in open water, but *Tidings* was making quite a bit of leeway.

Eventually the lee shore became too close for comfort and I had to start a series of tacks to keep *Tidings* a safe distance from the rocky coast. This slowed the forward progress considerably. On each leg of the port tack, it seemed as if I lost half of the distance gained on the starboard tack. After a few cycles of port and starboard tacks, I did a time and distance calculation to evaluate our progress. *Tidings* was only making three knots under reefed sails. A quick mental calculation of ten miles to go with a distance made good of one-and-a-half nautical miles per hour told me that, without some changes, it would take roughly six-and-a-half hours to reach the bay. I decided it was time to restart the D-sail.

Once all three sails were pulling, *Tidings* again made reasonable progress toward my destination. I know that many readers will scorn the idea of motor sailing as somehow "cheating." I could certainly have reached Gore Bay without using the engine. But it would have added many hours to the trip and been less pleasant. What would be the sense of that?

When I was about two miles from the entrance of the bay I noticed a small trawler yacht heading toward me. Going downwind, with the waves on her stern quarter, that top-heavy boat was making a scary (to me) corkscrew motion. As she came nearer I could see an elderly couple in the wheelhouse. They gave me a wave as they passed by and I feared for their safety, concerned that their boat might broach and capsize at any minute. "Those poor people," I thought.

Meanwhile *Tidings* was taking the waves over her bow and I was getting regularly drenched with cold lake water. I felt safe

and unconcerned. But I'm pretty sure that couple turned to one another and said, "Look at that poor old man getting pounded in that tiny sailboat. I hope he doesn't capsize."

I reached Gore Bay in the mid afternoon. Once past the sheltering cliffs at the entrance, the water was calm. It was startling to go from tempest and turmoil to calm waters so quickly. I took a deep breath, exhaled and allowed myself to relax for the first time in hours. It was a smooth downwind run to the municipal marina at the head of the bay. Once there, I secured *Tidings* in a slip, peeled off my wet foul weather gear and hung it on the boom to dry. Then I just sat in the sunshine feeling exhausted. It had been a seven hour passage.

To a spectator it looks as if sailors are just sitting on the boat. But when you sail on a rough day, especially alone, you are constantly bracing against the keel of the boat, pulling against the tiller, tensing and relaxing your core muscles in response to the motion of the waves and staying mentally focused on the wind, waves, boat and rigging.

When I had recovered a bit, I steamed my sore muscles in a nice hot shower at the marina, put on clean clothes and walked into town. It seemed a quiet place. I remember walking past a school and playground to reach the grocery store. My impression is that most of the business comes from visiting tourists. I had dinner in a small restaurant near the harbor, headed back to *Tidings* and went to bed early.



The next morning, July 22, I walked into town in search of a hot breakfast. I had visions of pancakes and eggs and bacon. I didn't find any place serving that kind of fare. But I did find Loco Bean, a small coffee shop where the local old timers gather each morning to socialize and discuss the issues of the day. Most small towns have such a place and I always enjoy visiting one.

Instead of a full breakfast, I was handed a breakfast sandwich on a paper plate and a large cup of strong coffee. There was no room to sit inside. I carried my breakfast outside and joined a few senior citizens sitting on chairs and a park bench in front of the shop. They made me feel welcome but showed no curiosity about who I was or why I was there. They just went on with their conversation. It was a very pleasant experience.

Looking back now, I'm not sure why I persisted with the effort to visit Gore Bay other than a desire to see what was there. Having seen my fill and bought another bag of ice, I cast off in the mid morning and headed out to cross back to the north side of the channel. My destination was an anchorage at Aikens Island, which was 13 miles away. It took about an hour to tack out of the bay, but once clear of the cliffs I had a westerly breeze of about eight knots, calm water and sunny skies. It was all picture perfect as *Tidings* scooted along under full sail on a



beam reach heading directly toward that harbor. What a difference a day makes!

The wind and waves built higher as the day progressed. Shortly after noon I put a single reef in the main and furled about one-third of the jib. I reached the anchorage at Aikens Island in mid afternoon and it was the most perfect place I had seen all summer. It is sheltered from all but the south and has a wonderful rocky shoreline with pine trees. There are no houses visible from the water.

When I arrived the anchorage was empty. I went for a refreshing swim, air dried in the sun and then took *PS* for a row to explore some narrow channels bordering the harbor. Later in the evening two more boats arrived. But there was plenty of room for all. This was the last night of the cruise. I spent the evening organizing my gear, sorting what stays on the boat from what goes back into the truck. Then I went to bed early and slept well.

The morning of July 23 was cool and cloudy with scattered rain showers. I cooked a hot breakfast, lingered over a third cup of coffee and finally raised anchor to make my way back to the launch ramp in the town of Spanish where my truck and trailer waited. There was barely a breeze. The D-sail bubbled to life at the push of a button and we chugged along through glassy water passing a chain of small islands and reaching the marina in the early afternoon.

I put *Tidings* back on her trailer, loaded the appropriate stack of gear into my truck and drove north to Sault Ste Marie where I spent the night in a motel. I was heading home to Maryland. I had been on the road or boat for about 40 days and was ready for a break from camp cruising.

The next morning I got an early start and crossed the Sault Ste Marie International Bridge back into the US. Clearing US Customs was not difficult. The line was relatively short and the staff were cordial. They did not inspect my boat or trailer. I don't know if it is my white beard or the fact that, because of business travel, I am registered with the Global Entry program, but I have taken boats into and out of Canada many times and never encountered any problems.

A business acquaintance who lives in Petoskey, Michigan, had agreed to let me park *Tidings* at his house while I returned home for what I expected to be a two week interim. We met there just before noon, parked the trailer, had lunch at a local pub and I was on the road again. The route home took me through Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. I passed by a lot of scenic beauty but I didn't stop at any tourist destinations. I just kept rolling down the highway watching the distance to destination number on my GPS get lower with every hour. Heading out for an adventure is always fun for me. But coming home is even better.

**To Be Continued**



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"This is the small motor vessel *Walkabout*, Channel 13..."

"Good morning *Walkabout*, this is *Transatlantica Ace* departing Marine Three, we are underway, northbound and restricted by the channel..."

And...so...it...began... an exchange that spawned instant gratitude on my part. I'm pretty sure the Synthetic Norwegian underestimated this morning's "10 knots from the south." We were already rolling and banging against the guest moorage there at Boston Harbor just waiting for first light. We were underway with very little ceremony as soon as we could sort of see around the corner. After several bucks and plunges, and Jamie had already jumped into my lap, it was readily apparent things were not gonna get better any time soon.

In fact, if I took the rest of the forecast at face value, well, it was pretty much a now or not sort of scenario. I told Jamie that I thought I could see the tiniest bit of west in that building (and already hefty) southerly. Last night's "nav brief" had a high slack about when we had intended to depart for Olympia. Somehow, I'm thinking, it was still on the flood against the wind. Some would refer to it as "combing the cat backwards." So would I.

We had to gyrate our way on across to the west side of Budd Inlet. Once again, in

## The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

### Ship Exiting Budd Inlet...

the hopes those slightly contrary gust ripples actually told the story I wanted to hear. We were only making 4 knots against the washboard. That diversion from rumblin' alone took about a half hour. The windshield on *Walkabout* doesn't have wipers. This is in large measure because those panels are hand cut from soft surfaced plastic sheets. Quite unbreakable and extremely scratchable. So, in the half light of pre dawn, viz was down to the dry inches in front of my glasses.

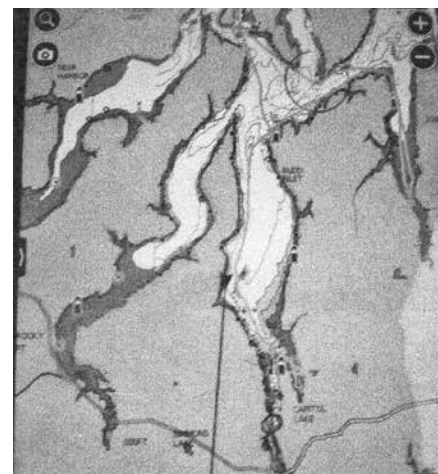
After another hour or so I was becoming convinced there was this really big hotel out there in front of us. A really big white building with really big white lanterns on both sides. And then those really big lanterns changed sides. Range and steaming light are coming left toward the beach right where we're trying to get to. Uh, oh!?!"

And so it went. I reverted to type and gave ranges and relative bearings and asked if that guy on that really big hotel's balcony concurred. Nice guy. Really, a nice guy. Likely he was trying to get at his breakfast and other housekeeping tasks that go on with any ship just underway. Mebbe it was still the harbor pilot on his handheld. Before we passed on the agreed port to port, a tug came alongside and pirouetted away probably taking my newfound friend home for breakfast.

We are now in the staging area. Now tied up and just sort of sitting here, next to the launch ramp. The Port employee guy who was out taking names and hull numbers stopped. We "talked about the weather." He remembered *Walkabout* from the Salish 100. He told me about a rip that sometimes metastasizes up where we were crossing and showed me a picture another boat took of him in a 600hp rescue boat towing a disabled trawler in what he figured was 8'-10' breaking stuff. That aluminum towboat was burying the pilot house.

OK. "Thank you, Lord," and after we get back on the trailer, where do you want to go for breakfast, Jamie?" And thank you, Miss Suzi.

Dan, Jamie the Seadog, vessel *Walkabout*, Budd Inlet, south Puget Sound, 9, October '21.



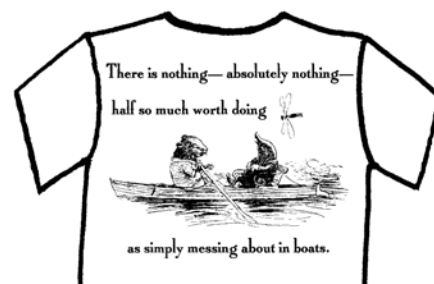
### Sometimes It's Hard to Figure

...why we "save" some stuff...

I was doing some long in the planning bookshelf rearrangement. No, I'm neither particularly organized nor very interested in becoming so. That's when I discovered that somehow about 150 back issues of *Messing About in Boats* had accumulated. There were more along the way but these are the survivors. I think the reason I still have these quirky periodicals is, well, that I've got stories in damn near all uv 'em.

I think I thought it might be interesting to go back "sometime" and see what I had been doing all those years. And, as I was attempting to stuff all those sheets of paper into some sort of "organization," a couple three slipped out and stared back at me. As in, boats of mine that were featured on the cover. I'd forgotten about that.

Anyhow, what I'm wondering is, considering our current state of info overloads, what do folks do to remember the cool things they've been privileged to do? How do we choose to organize our passions and priorities? And is it still relevant to "share" with others?



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Any command may be prefixed or suffixed by All, Together, Starboard, Larboard, Stroke (only the stroke oar, sometimes called Strokesman), Bows. Stroke and Bows can be combined with Starboard or Larboard to get a specific person. Together and All are interchangeable.

**Get Your Oars to Pass!** Starting with the oars stowed in the boat, the oars are passed outboard and to their appropriate rower. The oars are then brought to Toss Oars.

**Toss Your Oars Up!** or **Toss Oars!** Oars are swiftly brought to the vertical, blades trimmed fore and aft. The handle of each oar is to be between the feet of the oarsman on the floorboard, the outboard hand holding the loom at chin level, the inboard hand holding at thigh level.



**Let Fall!** From Toss Oars, the oars are quickly, but in a controlled motion, brought down from the vertical to the horizontal, looms resting in the thole pins. This ends in the same position as Oars.

**Give Way Together!** or **Pull!** Oarsmen row together in a forward direction, keeping time by watching the strokesman. Oar blades should be vertical when pulling, horizontal when recovering from the stroke. Can also be given to only the Larboard or Starboard side.

**Oars!** Once finished with the current stroke, oars are brought to the horizontal, blades parallel to the water's surface.

**Pick Up the Stroke!** The oarsmen not already giving way join in on the start of the next stroke. This is typically given after one side has been rowing and the other side has been at Oars, Hold Water or Back Astern.

**Hold Water!** Outboard hand grabs gunwale aft of oarlock, inboard arm is placed over oar so that the handle is in the armpit. The blade is vertical and placed in the water by the raising and bracing of the body of the oarsman. Care should be taken when this command is given at speed as the force transmit-



## Bateaux Rowing Commands

### General Commands

Preparatory command is "Stand by to..."  
That's Well! Stop a task. Not urgent.  
Avast! Urgent stop.

### The Rowing Commands Modifiers

Easy: Very slowly.  
Handsomely: Do it slowly.  
Cheerly: Mid speed.  
Smartly: Do it with vigor.



ted to the oarsman is great. At speed, the oar is placed in the water with the blade parallel to the direction of motion so that most of the water slips by the oar. The oars are gradually turned until they are flat with the water. Note that the helmsman should give a warning to novices when the command is issued at speed.

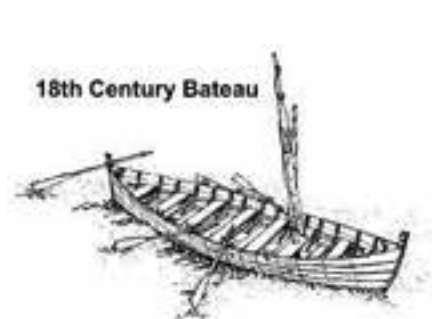
**Back Astern!** (sometimes **Stern All!**) Oarsmen row together in an astern motion with the stroke oarsman setting the pace. Should not be given at speed, use **Hold Water!** to take way off before backing. Can also be given to only the Larboard or Starboard side.

**Bank Oars!** Oars are slid in until the handle rests under the gunwale on the far side of the boat.

**Out Oars!** From **Get Your Oars to Pass!** or from **Bank Oars!**, outboard arm cradles oar at elbow, inboard hand on handle, oar is lifted to a 45° angle and swung into the thole pins. Oars are lowered to the horizontal.

**Boat Your Oars!** Can be given from **Oars** or **Toss Oars**. The oars are passed overhead into the center one at a time and stacked (along the centerline in a wide boat, along the sides in a narrow boat. The steering oar is placed on top. Oars are always stowed with the blade toward the bow, and above the thwarts.

**Rowed Of All!** or **Way Enough!** Inboard hand on the handle, outboard arm lifting oar in the crook of the elbow, the oar is tossed to 45°, and swung in to lay on the gunwale, blade flat, after oars outboard of forward ones. This is a single command that takes the place of **Oars**, **Toss Oars** and **Boat Oars**.



### The Mooring and General Boat

#### Commands are as follows:

**Cast Off!** Only used with the boat's own mooring lines. The line is unwrapped from the cleat or bitt on the dock or other vessel, so that it can run free.

**Take In (a line)!** Pull the specified line into the boat, typically the bow painter or a mooring line, coiling it and stowing it in its place.

**Shove Off!** Push off from the dock, wall, shore or other boat.

**Fend Off!** or **Fend the Boat!** Using the oars or boathooks, keep the boat from brushing against another boat, dock, wall, or rock.



### The Line Handling Commands are as follows:

**Haul (a line)!** Pull in the line.

**Slacken (a line)!** or **Ease Off!** Give slack as it is required, keeping the line taut but not strained.

**Pay Out (a line)!** Feed the line past the cleat or belaying pin. This is used when **Slacken** doesn't let the line run freely enough to allow the line to be hauled or when used for an anchoring line.

**Set Taut (a line)!** Remove the slack from the line.

**Clear (a line)!** Untangle the line.

**Hold (a line)!**, **Check (a line)!**, **Snub (a line)!** These commands are similar though vary in degree. In all cases, the line is passed under the arm of the cleat or around the belaying pin. Tension is kept on the line to prevent it from moving. When snubbed, the line is held so that it won't move under any circumstances unless it feels that the line is about to part. When held, the line is allowed to move if a reasonable force is applied to it. Checking is somewhere between holding and snubbing.

**Hang On (a line)!** Hold the line. In this case, the line is NOT passed around a cleat, belaying pin or bitt.

**Make (a line)!** or **Belay (a line)!** Secure the line on the cleat or belaying pin.

(Copyright 2004 by Rebecca Manthey and David Manthey. Last update 26 August 2004. This is a much shortened list. For the full one, please see <http://www.orbitals.com/self/history/rowing.html>.)





# Dry Run for Bays and Islands 2022 World Rowing Tour

On September 7, 2021, the first major event leading up to the 2022 Bays and Islands World Rowing Tour got underway. Rowers from clubs around Ontario and across Canada travelled to southeastern Ontario to participate in the tour's dry run. From September 7 to 11, 26 rowers in five boats travelled from Weller's Bay to Gananoque, with stops in Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Hay Bay and Kingston.

The Bay of Quinte leg of the tour was based in Belleville. Crews began their first day at Weller's Bay before setting off for Brighton, where they were welcomed by Ben Hagerman, Manager of Economic Development and Communication, and enjoyed lunch at the Harbourview Marina before appreciating the calm waters in the Murray Canal. Crews were welcomed to Trenton by Mayor Jim Harrison and a fleet of kayaks, stand-up paddle boards and sculls from the Trenton Rowing and Paddling Club. A welcome reception at the rowing club and an evening at the Signal Brewery capped off the day.

Day two found the crews making their way from Trenton to Belleville, accompanied by Quinte Search and Rescue as they rowed to the Quinte Rowing Club for lunch and a naming ceremony for two new boats owned by Ontario Adventure Rowing (OAR). These boats were named in honour of Donna Spiegel (1943-2021) of Sudbury and Ted Wolvers of Belleville, both longstanding members of OAR. Belleville Mayor Mitch Panciuk

joined OAR members past and present along with friends and family of the honourees.

The third day of rowing, from County Shores to Hay Bay, was hampered by high winds. "It really put the 'adventure' into Ontario Adventure Rowing", wrote OAR member Shelagh Baker. Napanee's Old Hay Bay Church (1792) provided a welcome refuge.

Day four brought another change of scenery as crews travelled by bus to a new home base in Kingston. Departing from the Kingston Rowing Club, the crews headed for Gananoque where they were guided into shore by a beautiful vintage Gar Wood Streamliner from the 1000 Islands Boat Museum. Overnight mooring was provided by the Museum along with an evening toast in the Museum's riverside café.

Day five began with a row to the calm waters of Half Moon Bay but plans to continue on to Ivy Lea were complicated by high winds and waves and crews ultimately decided to return to Gananoque. "Everyone arrived back safe and sound with many stories, smiles and laughs to share," wrote Baker. "Adventure rowing at its best!"

For the 2022 tour, all boats will be 'coastal quads' (each with four people rowing and one steering) which are designed for the worst wind and wave conditions likely to be encountered along this route, ensuring that the planned destinations will be reached safely.

The planning teams, rowers and support crews offer their sincere thanks to the partici-

pating clubs, the 1000 Islands Boat Museum, the Old Hay Bay Church and to everyone along the tour route who offered support, encouragement, access to docks, lawns and washrooms and welcoming smiles. The planning team looks forward to welcoming the world in 2022.

## About the World Rowing Tour

Each year World Rowing's Rowing-for-All Commission sanctions a week long tour somewhere in the world. OAR's proposal for 2022 was accepted by World Rowing and the tour will be held from September 10-17, 2022. Fifty participants from all around the world will enjoy the rowing, the camaraderie, the scenery and the welcome to the Bay of Quinte and the 1000 Islands.

<https://worldrowingtour2022.ca>

## About Ontario Adventure Rowing

The Ontario Adventure Rowing Association (OAR) promotes recreational rowing from leisurely rows along Ontario's beautiful waterways, to more challenging coastal rowing on open lakes to long distance rowing marathons, we have it all.

<http://adventurerowing.ca>

## Contact Info:

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(613) 922-5144



## Late Fall Steaming

By Capt. Kent Lacey



the boat ramp and by the time the hull was afloat and sliding off the trailer, the stern was bumping along the bottom on the opposite shore. We had to use the paddle to pivot the hull 90 degrees so that power could be applied to cruise down the narrow brook and onto Rogers Lake.

We got a lot of requests for whistle toots as we were the only power boat on the lake that afternoon. For the first time this season we ran on coal which is simpler than using firewood and it takes up so much less room inside the boat. Of course, we did notice the wood lagging on the boiler began to smolder, but a few buckets of lake water seemed to

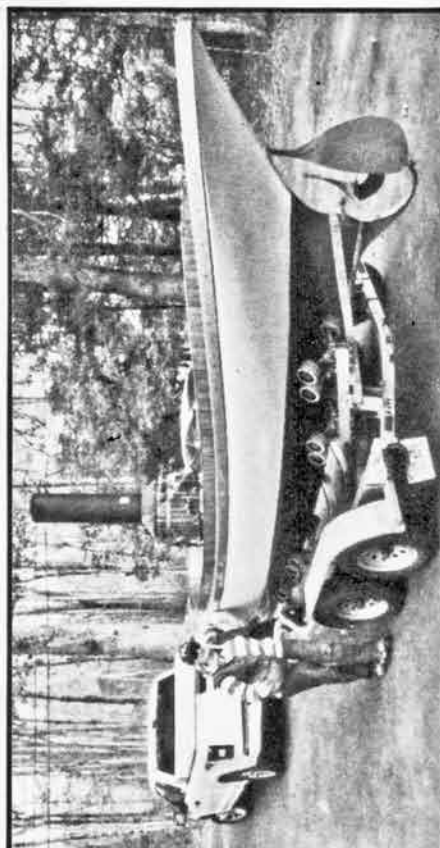


The Saturday before Thanksgiving was sunny with temps in the low 60s and most importantly the wind was almost nonexistent. The waters were cold in the 40-50 F degree range and even a slight breeze blowing across that water can be unpleasant to the passengers in an open steam launch. Wearing Crocs, shorts and wading in the waters at the boat launch was a numbing experience. The pain to the bones was below the knee was somewhat over the threshold of my endurance. The water levels were low at



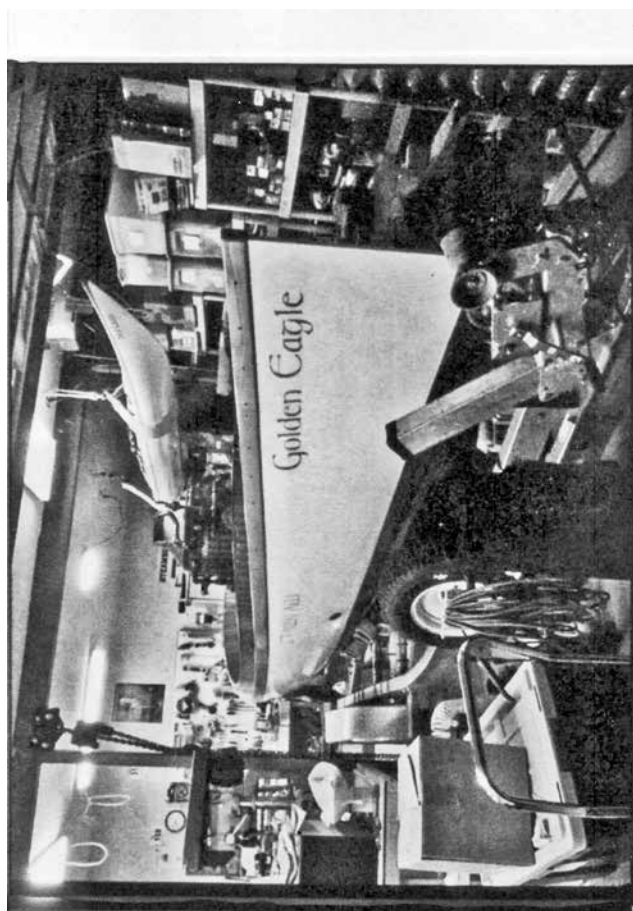
cool things down on the outside of the boiler and it provided the crew with some entertainment. The engine was operating at its peak performance at all RPMs, which it failed to do most of the

the cylinders and causing a knock at the top of the stroke. For next year the engineer will add some insulation to the main steam line and the water level in the glass shall be lowered somewhat.



season. I believe at times this year the boiler water level may have been too high, and couple that with condensate forming in the main steam line, that some water was being carried into

Prior to making the decision to launch here in town, I did drive about 12 miles north, up to Gardner Lake to see if the dock had been pulled out. I discovered it was a permanent dock built on the



bottom of the lake. That was the good news. The bad news was that the water level had been lowered three feet for the winter. That reminds me of the time in late fall the Iron Butterfly and Black Eagle were going to steam in November on the Connecticut River. The afternoon prior to trip I drove up to the Salmon River ramp and made sure the docks were still there. The next morning as we arrived the State men were loading both floating docks onto a truck for winter storage. Hey, we toughed it out and got

the boats safely into the river without needing the docks, and we joked that at least the Porta-Potty was still there. After 5 hours on the river we were approaching the boat ramp, and maybe planning a fast walk over to the Porta-Potty when we noticed that vendor's truck rolling out of the parking lot with the necessary device strapped to the flatbed of his truck. Extending the boating season here in New England is filled with memories.

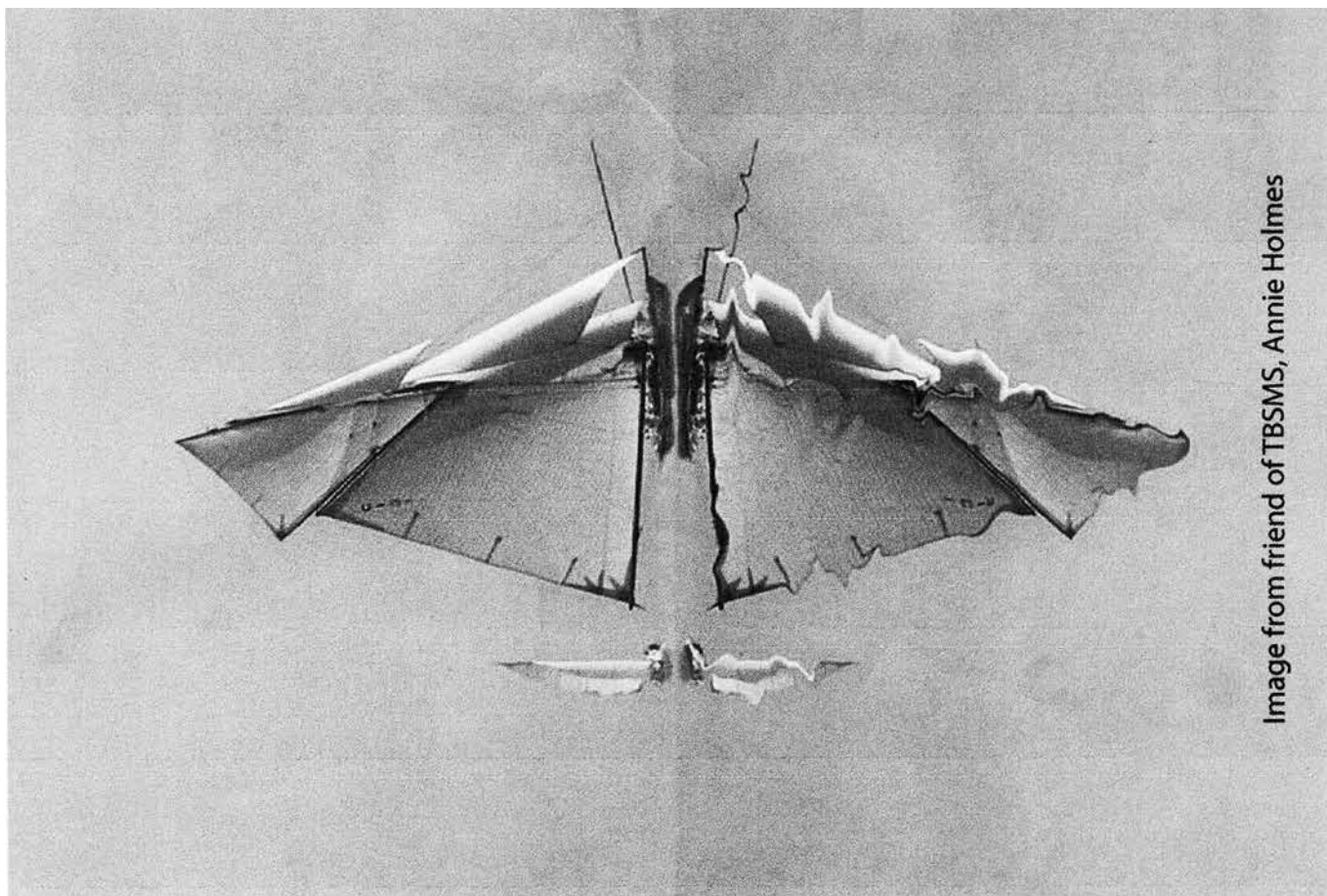
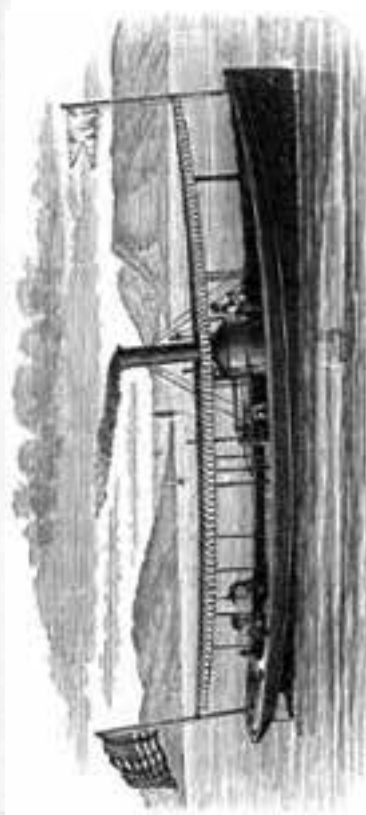


Image from friend of TBSMS, Annie Holmes





## Meandering the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

### Red Top

I met up with both *Red Top*'s limits and my own, my own because of my very own fault, procrastination. One of the put asides was the yard attachment, causing problems with both gybing and coming about and, truth be known, the starboard tack.

The wind was hitting 30mph this time and it was too much for the setup I've been using. Correcting the second reef had been put off, the yard attachment was a deliberate thing of my own doing, wanting to see what would happen. I saw first hand.

The water being warm still, the island being downwind, there was no danger, just wetness and bailing to contend with. The anchor held, doing its job, not once but three times.

Another experiment I saw the results of first hand was the method of the second reef I put in. Using the luff point of the first reef, tied to the leech's second reef point, created a very badly shaped sail, however, I found it still able to pull up hill and down and even a beam reach. Sloppy, not efficient, but good enough to get home. Information filed away if indeed it's ever needed, a good thing.

*Red Top* dipped his rail and swallowed about 20 gallons, maybe a bit more. I had to stay on the high side or risk more inflow. At that time I did not want to fight with the lee shore so stayed the course back to the shallows where I anchored once again, lowered sail and bailed, using both the plastic bailer and the hand bilge pump, a whaler type. Another thing I did do was to put on my water shoes, I did have to get out of the boat and they kept my feet safe from the oysters.

I didn't lose anything, everything in the side compartments stayed put but everything did get wet. Being out on the bay when this happened would give me more info of what to expect. Too much water and I suspect the boat would wallow quite a bit until emptied of water. I might try that, I might not. The fore 'n aft flotation chambers did what they were supposed to do, the two additional ones port and starboard of the helmsman seat only took on a bit of water.

By the third time I anchored I was feeling the workout. That was when I purposely tied in that funny reef, just to see the reaction of the boat's handling. Like I said, it was acceptable and a good thing to know.

At 35 or 40mph, bare poles might be in order.

### Willy

I first met Willy just before, well months before actually, when Mr Harvey rolled through Rockport and hung around for a few hours, that was a nasty hurricane. I've written about Willy in the past, only then I knew him

as Clyde, same fellow, different moniker. Just recently he'd stopped by the house and I had laid down for a nap. "Willy's at the door," Linda said, "should I let him in?"

"Who's Willy?" was my reply. Seems as if he's always went by his nickname, the reason I only knew him as Clyde is because I sold him a MacGregor 21 a short time before Harvey showed up, the paperwork being put in Clyde's name. His upbeat attitude is what stayed with me. Devastation all around but his 21-footer came through without a scratch.

Perpetually broke, living on SS for many years, single, he's known the hard life. He moved the MacGregor to a nearby lot and he lived on site in a tiny shed, maybe 8'x12'. But he had hopes. One of those hopes was putting that Mac in the water and renting it out. Well, that didn't work out so well. Ended up he was kicked off the property, the owner and he had a falling out and Willy was served with papers, in short, to keep his distance.

Willy was back to square one. Living in conditions most would abhor, his smile was still infectious. He'd come by the house that day, a few months ago, on his bike, Willy is 65 years young. Asked about a refrigerator he'd seen at our old place, wanted to buy it if it still ran.

"Willy" I said, "for you it's free!" His eyes lit up again. The next day I happened by the house and Willy was there with another fellow, a younger fellow in his early 20s. Seems Willy had talked him into helping him cart the fridge on a hand truck tied to a bike.

"Willy, let's put that thing in the truck, along with the bikes and the hand truck. I'll give you a lift."

Several months before someone had given me a 21' sailboat and trailer, some repairs, much cleaning needed. I'd gotten the boat's title free and clear, the trailer's paperwork was a nightmare. Explaining such to Willy, I then asked him if he wanted the sailboat and trailer. "Oh, yes!" He said, no second thoughts. Said he'd pay later.

"No, no," I said, "no money, this is a freebie."

The young friend of his has a girlfriend who showed up with a small U-Haul truck. A phone call from Willy and we met at the house. Hooked it up and away they went.

Willy's back on cloud nine, just as broke, lost his ID, but he's happy again. He's gotten over the loss of the MacGregor, this new to him has more room, he can actually sit up comfortably. I stopped by the other day. He'd painted it. A kind of tan color. "The only can of paint around here that had enough in it to do the job!" Willy said.

Willy's happy, I'm happy. What's not to like?

### Change

Normally I don't leave the title bold face. It seems appropriate to do so with today's missive. The Market Street asphalt was renewed this past few weeks. From near the water back to the Rt 35 bypass and beyond. Used to be leaving town the stop sign at the bypass offered two lanes, which merged into one under the overpass, or the right lane turned right onto the bypass.

Well, along with the new road surface came new lines and a right turn only lane leaving a long line of cars sharing one lane going forward. Rats, I thought. Bummer.

Today was and is the beginning of the Port Aransas Wooden Boat Show. From Rockport the quickest way is to use the ferry. I hadn't been across in quite a while, constant construction or ongoing repairs it seems all the time. The wait for a ferry this time was nice and short. The new electronic signs when approaching the ferry terminal say, "Stay in your vehicle while on the ferry." Or some such thing. Now we're no longer allowed to get out for a few minutes and take a look over the side, alone, with the wife, or the kids, "Stay in the car." Bummer.

I got to the Boat Show and noticed the loop around Robert's Park was barricaded off at both ends. Huh. This is new. The first show was in 2014. I entered a wooden boat I had built. Did so every year until the dreaded covid shut things down. This weekend is the first opener after. Ha! More change. The show had not gotten into full swing yet. More boats coming, along with a few vendors yet to show. I saw but two people I knew and stopped to chat with one. As we parted company I was approached by a woman who had her festival shirt on, along with her clipboard.

"Excuse me, do you have a boat in the show?"

"No, Ma'm," came my reply.

She started right up, "There's an admission fee that needs to be paid, it's \$5."

"\$5!" I exclaimed (the first five years were free).

"Yes sir, that's right, \$5," she said so again.

"I'm just going to leave!" And I turned and walked away from her, left the show and drove away. For five years I brought wooden boats to help them have boats to make a show, now with no boat to bring I gotta pay. "Thank you for past support, sir."

"Five bucks! Big deal! Pay the money," many would say.

"Nah," says I. Principle has to count for something. Highway lane changes, "Stay in Your Vehicle" ferry, "I can't do anything about. I can decide to keep the money."

I can say, "No jab!" I can live outside the box, as I've done from the tender age of 14, or join the crowd. No, I don't think so. If we as individuals keep giving away our free-

dom of choice, those who take it away will never return it. Never.

## The Parking Lot

The parking lot was empty when I drove up trailering *Red Top*, my Lehman 12. The bait stand was closed as well. The north wind wasn't quite howling, depending on which webpage one looked at the wind speed was between 15 and 25 with gusts to 30. I'd say nah, not while I was out anyway.

I did leave the dock with two reefs in and slowly made my way across the harbour with the various buildings and such blocking the wind. On the ICW in front of Cove Harbour things started picking up some. I was dressed for the occasion with water shoes, fishing waders over my pants with the shoulder straps criss crossed, feet cut out of the waders. Then a tee shirt, another long sleeve tee shirt, then my rain gear over that, then my harness and tether, all set to go. First I was thinking of bowing out to myself, feeling kind of sluggish after lunch. Glad I went.

Offshore, further away from the houses, the wind was much freer, the water bumpier and wind waves were starting to grow some. With the two reefs in *Red Top* I had wanted to again see how the little guy handled up wind. It was just fine. A previous outing where too many errors to count on

my part had left a bad taste, today's mouthwash worked wonders. Yea!

Coming back into the harbour, the same flukey winds persisted all the way back to the dock. Out there I had it all to myself, last time out there were four other sailboats out and about. Might had been a record, 'cepting for a race now and then, to the 200 sailing through in June.

Nice day, at the turnaround point the coolness set in and though I was dry, had I been longer on the water, another jacket would have been in order.

## Black Friday

Black Friday and it's 48° out leaving the house at 7:45am and going to Paradise Key Restaurant parking lot overlooking the North Cove Harbour egress onto the ICW, leading into the bigger waters of Aransas Bay, itself visible as well.

A north wind is blowing about 15mph with gusts to 22mph. I tell myself I'm just going to look. We did that same thing in younger days, the looking part. Alone or with a fellow surfer or two we'd drive to the beach and just look. Sit and look at the water, the waves, shoot the breeze. Leaving the house once alone to go take a 'look,' when getting back home my mom asks, "Is

it still there?" She had a way with words and a sense of humor.

The parking lot at North Cove had some cars, trucks and empty trailers behind them. Not many, but some, all fishermen, no dinghy sailors. A few years ago a sailor from up north a ways, Canada, him and I sailing our Paradoxes side by side, one day launching out of Conn Brown Harbour, it was cold. About 35° and misting. I mentioned it to Andre, his words are still within earshot, "This isn't cold!" We sailed that day.

Partly cloudy today. Sitting there at the overlook, an itch is developing, it's still 48°. Inside the truck the heater is starting to warm things up. Later the high is to be 62°, it's now 8:01am, plenty of time to make a decision.

The perspective changes when the temperature gets to where it is now. In summer with the same wind, hypothermia is not a part of the equation. Now the dry suit is pulled out of storage, knit hats and gloves come out of hiding.

Driving home I get a text from the wife, a friend who sold his house is in town one last time after selling and wants to get together, decision being made. Brings to mind Proverbs 16:9: "A person plans his course, but the Lord directs his steps."

There'll be more days up ahead, winter is just beginning.



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### Sailing to the US

Miami, Florida: One hundred three migrants aboard a 35' sailing vessel were interdicted by a Coast Guard Station Miami law enforcement crew approximately 12 miles east of Biscayne Bay, Florida on September 16. And Coast Guard Cutter *Diligence's* crew repatriated 102 Haitians to Haiti following an interdiction off Biscayne Bay on September 12.



### Adrift off Cuba

Key West, Florida: The Cutter *Diamondback* towed a 51' vessel, *Family First*, to commercial salvage near Key West, Florida, where the crew will meet with the owner of the vessel. Coast Guard District 7 command center had received an EPIRB for the *Family First* vessel and requested Air Marine support (AMO) who located the vessel and determined the nature of distress.



### Puget Sound Harbor is Full

Seattle, Washington: The Coast Guard continues to monitor container ships anchored in the greater Puget Sound area due to a logistics backlog affecting the entire West Coast of the US and Canada from Los Angeles to Prince Rupert, British Columbia. This unprecedented backlog has resulted in a greater number of ships, in particular container ships, utilizing anchorages in Puget Sound.



### Six Suffer Injuries in Allision

Beach Haven, New Jersey: The Coast Guard and the Beach Haven Volunteer Fire Department rescued six boaters after their 30' pleasure craft struck a fixed aid to navigation in the vicinity of Ham Island. Watchstand-



## Our Coast Guard in Action

ers at the Coast Guard Sector Delaware Bay Command Center received a call from a good Samaritan stating he overheard a large crash and several calls for help in the vicinity of Ham Island.

A 29' Response Boat-Small boatcrew from Coast Guard Station Beach Haven was launched to the scene along with an MH-65 Dolphin helicopter aircrew from Coast Guard Atlantic City and a jet ski crew from Beach Haven Volunteer Fire Department. Beach Haven Police Department shore crews were also launched.

Once on scene the Station Beach Haven boatcrew and the Beach Haven Volunteer Fire Department jet ski crews were able to successfully rescue all six boaters from the water. They had all sustained several injuries from the crash.



Station Corpus Christi aircrew in coordination with boat crews from Coast Guard Cutter *Edgar Culbertson* and Coast Guard Station South Padre Island located and stopped two launches with a total of seven Mexican fishermen engaged in illegal fishing. Coast Guard personnel seized two launch boats with high flyers, GPS devices, radios and fishing gear on board. Coast Guard crews detained the Mexican fishermen and transferred them to border enforcement agents for processing.



### 16 Cubans Repatriated

Miami, Florida: Coast Guard Cutter *Issac Mayo's* crew repatriated 16 Cubans to Cuba following an interdiction off Marathon. A good Samaritan reported a green hulled makeshift vessel to Sector Key West watchstanders approximately five miles off Boot Key Harbor. Station Marathon and Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine law enforcement crews arrived on scene and transferred the migrants to the *Issac Mayo*.



### 202 Haitians Rescued

Miami, Florida: Coast Guard crews rescued 202 Haitians and safely transferred them to Haitian authorities. During a routine patrol Coast Guard Cutter *Bernard C Webber's* crew located a 50' sail freighter about 20 miles northwest of Cap Du Mole, Haiti. The crew brought the migrants aboard the cutter due to the vessel being overloaded and it was later destroyed as a hazard to navigation.



### Nine Cubans Rescued

Miami, Florida: Coast Guard crews rescued nine Cubans and safely transferred them to Cuban authorities. A Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew spotted and notified Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders of a rustic vessel about 54 miles southwest of Marquesas Keys. Coast Guard Cutter *Charles David Jr's* crew arrived on scene and brought the migrants aboard due to the vessel actively sinking and safety of life at sea concerns. The vessel was later sunk as a hazard to navigation.

No injuries or significant medical concerns were reported among the migrants





### Two Boat Collision Near Clearwater Beach

St Petersburg, Florida: The Coast Guard responded to a collision between two vessels near Clearwater Beach. A Coast Guard Station Sand Key rescue crew brought three people from the two vessels, one of them injured, aboard a Coast Guard 45' Response Boat-Medium. The three people were then transferred to awaiting emergency medical professionals. Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg command center watchstanders were notified of a 21' vessel and an 18' vessel reportedly colliding and both damaged. Station Sand Key rescue crews arrived 15 minutes after the report to assist.



### Three Teens Saved

Kodiak, Alaska: A Coast Guard Air Station Kodiak aircrew, rescued three teenagers stranded near Selawik Lake. The three teenagers were found safely on shore and brought back to Selawik. 17th District watchstanders received an agency assistance request to help locate three teenagers who were overdue to return from a hunting trip. Alaska State Troopers called the Coast Guard to search for the three teens, ages 16, 14 and 13, who reportedly departed aboard an 18' flat bottom vessel and did not return as scheduled. The teens became stranded on land after their boat broke loose and drifted across the bay.

While the Coast Guard aircrew was enroute to their search area, an Alaska State pilot, who was also assisting in the search, located the teens and their skiff on the western side of the lake near a red cabin. The Coast Guard aircrew diverted to their position to land and meet the teenagers on shore.



### Raging Fire in Florida Keys

Miami, Florida: A good Samaritan rescued two people in the vicinity of Whale Harbor Channel, Islamorada, after their vessel caught fire. The rescued suffered minor injuries and refused medical care. Coast Guard Station Islamorada and a commercial salvage crew extinguished the fire before it affected other boats in the area. The good Samaritan radioed Sector Key West watchstanders reporting the 26' vessel fire with two people aboard. "With the good Samaritan rescuing the two people, our biggest concern was keeping the vessel from drifting toward other boats in the area and the mangroves," said Petty Officer 2nd Class Logan Venero, coxswain, Station Islamorada.



### Coast Guard Crew Rescues Ten

Mona Island, Puerto Rico: An empty makeshift boat lays in the Mona Passage shortly after the Coast Guard Cutter *Richard Dixon* interdicted an illegal migrant voyage near Mona Island, Puerto Rico. The cutter's crew safely recovered ten Haitian migrants including seven men, two adult women and a minor, and apprehended two suspected smugglers. The suspected smugglers are men, Dominican Republic nationals who are facing federal criminal prosecution in Puerto Rico on migrant smuggling charges. The migrants were safely returned to the Dominican Republic. The interdiction was the result of ongoing local and federal multi agency efforts in support of the Caribbean Border Interagency Group CBIG.



### Vessel Operator's Day Ruined

Jacksonville, Florida: The Coast Guard terminated an illegal charter of the 53' vessel *Dream Chaser* on the St Johns River. A Coast Guard Station Mayport 29' Response Boat-Small Law Enforcement team conducted a boarding of the vessel with ten people aboard, nine were passengers for hire and

one captain. The voyage was terminated and cited for the following violation:

46 CFR. 15.515(b), failure of vessel on voyage and subject to inspection to be under direction and control of an individual with an appropriate Coast Guard license.

"Our teams are out today to prevent serious threats to the boating public and our waterways," said Lt Rian Ellis, chief of enforcement at Coast Guard Sector Jacksonville. "We want everyone to enjoy their time on water, but do so safely. Individuals interested in renting a boat or chartering a boat should ask the captain to show their Coast Guard issued Merchant Mariner's credentials, the vessel's Certificate of Inspection and proof of enrollment in a drug and alcohol testing program."

Owners and operators of illegal passenger vessels can face maximum civil penalties of \$60,000 or over for illegal passenger for hire operations.



### Six Mariners Rescued off Maui

Honolulu, Hawaii: Coast Guard crews rescued six mariners aboard the grounded sailing vessel *Moana* approximately a half mile off of Oluwalu, Maui. The *Moana* was disabled due to running aground and crews from Station Maui 45' Response Boat-Medium successfully rescued and escorted the mariners back to Station Maui with no reported injuries.

Coast Guard Sector Honolulu watchstanders received a report from Station Maui that the *Moana* ran aground and was drifting further into a surf zone. Upon notification, watchstanders issued an urgent marine information broadcast, launched a Station Maui RB-M crew and an Air Station Barbers Point C-130 Hercules aircrew.

Once on scene, the C-130 aircrew dropped illumination flares which vectored in the RB-M crew and surface parties from Maui Fire Department. The Coast Guard is monitoring plans being formulated by the master of the *Moana* to salvage the vessel.



### Boater Rescued

St Petersburg, Florida: A Coast Guard Station St Petersburg boat crew rescued a man from a 19' vessel taking on water near MacDill Air Force Base. The 29' Response Boat-Small boat crew transferred the man to Williams Park Marina in Tampa without medical concerns. Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg watchstanders were notified by a forwarded Pinellas 911 call of the vessel taking on water. The owner is coordinating with commercial salvage for the vessel.



### 21 Cubans Visit the Bahamas

Miami, Florida: Coast Guard Cutter *Margaret Norvell's* crew transferred 21 Cubans to Bahamian authorities. During a routine law enforcement flight, a Coast Guard Air Station Miami HC-144 Ocean Sentry aircrew notified Coast Guard Sector Key West watchstanders of a 20' vessel with 16 people aboard approximately 55 miles northeast of Anguilla Cay, Bahamas. The Cutter *Margaret Norvell's* crew arrived on scene and transferred the migrants aboard in good health.

A Customs and Border Protection Air and Marine Operations airplane crew notified Sector Key West watchstanders of a 16' vessel with five people aboard approximately six miles south of Elbow Cay, Bahamas. They were brought aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Isaac Mayo* and reported in good health.

"Coast Guard crews patrol the Florida Straits, Windward Passage and the Mona Passage to save lives by removing migrants from unsafe environments and deterring dangerous illegal migrant activity," said Petty Officer 3rd Class Patrick Nolan, a duty watchstander at Sector Key West.



### More Migrants Visiting Dominican Republic

San Juan, Puerto Rico: The Coast Guard returned 71 migrants, 56 Haitians and 15 Dominicans to the Dominican Republic following the interdiction of five illegal voyages in Mona Passage waters in the Caribbean. Six other men, Dominican Republic nationals apprehended during these interdictions, are facing federal criminal prosecution in Puerto Rico on migrant smuggling charges. The United States Attorney's Office for the District of Puerto Rico is leading the prosecution in this case.

Coast Guard Cutter *Richard Dixon* interdicted a 25' makeshift boat approximately 37 nautical miles northwest of Aguadilla, Puerto Rico. Coast Guard Cutter *Heriberto Hernandez* interdicted a 20' makeshift boat approximately 29 nautical miles northeast of the Dominican Republic, Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* interdicted a 20' makeshift boat Tuesday, approximately three nautical miles west of Mona Island, Puerto Rico, Coast Guard Cutter *Joseph Tezanos* and a Puerto Rico Police Joint Forces of Rapid Action marine unit interdicted a second 20' makeshift boat approximately three nautical miles off Mona Island, Puerto Rico, Coast Guard Cutter *Heriberto Hernandez*

interdicted a 20' makeshift boat Wednesday just off Mona Island, Puerto Rico.

The interdictions are the result of ongoing local and federal multi agency efforts in support of the Caribbean Border Interagency Group CBIG.



### Cubans Discovered on Routine Patrol

During a routine patrol Coast Guard Cutter *Decisive's* crew spotted a disabled vessel approximately 90 miles northeast of Cancun, Mexico, and notified Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders, *Decisive's* crew safely embarked the Cubans who stated they had departed Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

"Migrants attempting to enter the United States by sea are often on unseaworthy vessels and without proper safety equipment," said Petty Officer 3rd Class Jose Hernandez, Coast Guard District Seven public affairs specialist. "Coast Guard crews patrol the Florida Straits, Windward Passage and the Mona Passage, maintaining a solid presence with air and sea assets to save lives by removing migrants from unsafe environments and deterring dangerous illegal migrant activity."



### Master of Fishing Vessel Medevaced

Corpus Christi, Texas: The Coast Guard medevaced a man from a fishing vessel 40 miles off Baffin Bay, Texas. Coast Guard Sector/Air Station Corpus Christi command center watchstanders received a medevac request via VHF-FM Channel 16 from the fishing vessel *The Jake M* stating the vessel's 58-year-old master was experiencing chest pains and an accelerated heart rate. Watchstanders consulted with the duty flight surgeon, who recommended a medevac.

A Coast Guard Sector/Air Station MH-65 Dolphin helicopter crew launched to assist. Upon arriving on scene, the Dolphin crew hoisted the ailing man from *The Jake M* and transported him to Christus Spohn Hospital in Corpus Christi in stable condition.



### Recreational Boating Fatalities

#### Up 25% for 2020

The Office of Auxiliary and Boating Safety has responsibility for the National Recreational Boating Safety Program. The Recreational Boating Statistics report for 2020 was recently released containing data on recreational boating accidents. This publication is a result of the coordinated effort of the Coast Guard and all 50 states and the territories that have federally approved boat numbering and casualty reporting systems.

The numbers contained in the new report set off alarm bells throughout the Coast Guard and the Coast Guard Auxiliary by showing a major increase in recreational boating accidents, injuries and deaths in 2020 compared to 2019. Fatalities are up 25%.



### Container Ship Loses 40 Containers

Seattle, Washington: The US Coast Guard and Canadian Coast Guard responded to a container vessel that lost 40 containers during heavy weather 40 miles from the Strait of Juan de Fuca. US Coast Guard Sector Puget Sound received notification from Prince Rupert Marine Communication and Traffic Services that the shipping vessel *Zim Kingston* reported losing approximately 40 containers overboard when the vessel heeled 35° in heavy swells 38 miles west of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The lost containers were initially reported to be general containers with no dangerous cargo.



## Bumps and Bruises

*Filipinas Dinagat*, a 66m long Ro-Ro, caught fire in the Philippines while carrying cargo for intranational trade. The blaze spread rapidly within the superstructure and quickly became uncontrollable, forcing the crew of 48 to seek rescue from the Philippine Coast Guard. Ninety-five percent of the ship was engulfed in flames as the crew was transferred to rescue boats, some of them sustained minor injuries. Despite the total ruination of the vessel, no pollution was found since the fuel tanks survived intact.

Barranquilla, Colombia, has the shoals that grabbed the *Nordic Wolverine* and would not give up the ship. Evidently the ship carrying chemicals from Cartagena found the bottom and discovered her draft was greater than the depth of the water. Not a fun revelation. Authorities feared that the rocks would tear out her underside and requested a special tug to assist. Don't you just hate it when you find out your boat's draft is greater than the depths?

*Wakashio*, a 300m ship, also found itself in shallows in which she could not sail. Grounded off Mauritius, the vessel was returning to Brazil from China. Authorities warned the ship that it was off course and in danger but the skipper wanted to get better wifi reception for one of his crew who was celebrating his birthday. Carrying 3,800 tons of fuel oil, the hull cracked and the tanks ruptured dumping tons of fuel overboard leaving a seven mile oil slick. Volunteers managed to salvage 150 tons off the beach. Unfortunately, shortly thereafter the ship simply split in half, dumping at least 100 tons more into the ocean.

Good Samaritan *MCC Chitagong* rescued the crew of the *Tan Binh 127* after the Panamanian flagged ship sprung a leak and promptly sank. The derelict went down about 150 miles off the coast of Thailand. Don't you just love reports that merely state that a ship "sprung a leak" and subsequently went down. Isn't springing a leak something akin to a small hole where Tom Thumb's thumb would suffice? Evidently this "leak" was more like a "major hole."

*Crimson Polaris* ran aground and broke in half in Hachinohe, Japan. Her 21 crew members were easily rescued.

A small fishing vessel collided with *Green Pacific* off the Quang Tri Province in Viet Nam. The large containership pulled up seven fishermen but two were missing. Those of us of a certain age (which is a lengthy way of saying "we old guys") remember Quang Tri Province for being a dangerous place. The province is along the Gulf of Tonkin where a questionable "attack" on the *USS Maddox* commenced a small little military response that lasted a dozen years and killed 58,000 Americans.

*Sam Bo II* (my Liberal neighbor was deeply offended by this name, she is offended by cartoons, old songs and most children's literature) was driven onto the breakwater at a Taiwan port. The crew was simply pulled off the boat one by one by a basket and a crane.

August's Hurricane Ida wreaked all manner of havoc in the Gulf of Mexico. Four barges, ferries and tugs were sunk or seriously damaged off Louisiana. *Atlantic Maya*, *Thomas Jefferson*, *UBC Tampico*, *Derby*, *Nord Pollux* and *RTA2* ran aground in the storm. *St Vincent* simply sank.

## Environment

Minnesota scientists are baffled over the abrupt changes of precipitation in the



## Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.  
(Doc) Regan

state. They saw horrific floods and startling droughts in a very small period of years. There is no record to match these types of changes. Admittedly the data is limited to the last 150 years or so.

One thing that the Gopher State folks do know is that the weather is warming up rapidly. The winter warmed at an alarming rate. The ice was out of the Mississippi River 17 days earlier than ever, although temperatures with Arctic blasts can still register -40° degrees. The smart folks note that there are more "greenhouse" gases in the atmosphere since Neanderthals roamed the earth.

The DNR, US Geological Service, US Fish and Wildlife Service and commercial fishermen tried a Modified Unit Measure (MUM) method to count fish in Pool 8 between La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Genoa, Wisconsin. Historically, they monitored fish populations by stunning them and then counting them before they woke up. MUM uses large nets, loud underwater noises and electroshock to herd the fish into an ever decreasing area and closing a netted "gate." The invasive species of carp were removed to be taken for further study. The overall count was 1,999 fish. In the single digits were lake sturgeon, small mouth bass, white crappie, redbreast and bow fin. They found 13 common carp and 31 silver carp.

For me, the surprise was the lack of the common pan fish we used to catch back in the '50s. There were no sunfish, 15 blue gill and ten walleyes. Another surprise was the high numbers of uncommon fish such as 70 paddlefish, 75 longnose gar and 60 northern pike. In my whole life I have only seen one paddlefish from the Mississippi.

ABB Marine and Ports contracted with Master Boat Builders for a unique electric powered tug, the first in the US and only the third in the world, that will be emission free. The battery driven DC Grid power distribution system supplies propulsion motors, low-voltage switchboards, transformers, L-drive thrusters and the ABB Ability Remote Diagnostic System. The electrical drive reduces carbon dioxide pollution of 100 cars per year.

The engineering behind this tug had to contend with concerns about peak power requirements, daily power needs and number of discharge/recharge times. Stored energy wants to discharge quickly and powerfully. Corvus worked with Crowley, Master Boat Builders and ABB to create the appropriate battery. The *eWolf* does have a generator on board for long distance cruises such as San Diego to Los Angeles.

While this unconventional boat is emission free, additional features make this a wonderful tug. The boat is extremely quiet and is minus the vibration of big Diesel engines. The maintenance on the electronics of *eWolf* is substantially easier than on mechanical motors.



FIRST FULLY ELECTRIC US TUGBOAT TO BE BUILT IN ALABAMA

A major issue with environmental damage is the length of time it takes for resolution. The 2008 *Mel Oliver* spill on the lower Mississippi was finally settled this past fall, 13 years after the fact. The original incident took place when an upriver bound tow (the *Mel Oliver*) turned to port and collided with the downbound tow, *Tintomara*, puncturing barge DM-932 that subsequently poured 419,286 gallons of oil into the river that left a slick for almost 100 miles and destroyed 5,000 acres of wildlife habitat.

The *Mel Oliver's* captain had absented the wheelhouse, leaving an inexperienced and unqualified crewman to man the helm. The captain was sentenced to a three year probation and an owner of DRD Towing was given 21 months imprisonment for obstruction of justice. The primary owners of the *Mel Oliver* company purchased approximately 649 acres of land for \$3.2 million, paid \$2.07 million in damages on top of \$1.32 million in previous fines. All this does not include lawyer expenses at the Department of Justice, DNR and defense fees.

## Inland Waterways

A maritime training academy administrator who sold fake merchant marine credentials was sentenced to 45 months in prison. Lamont Godfrey and three other men created the Mid-Atlantic Maritime Academy (MAMA) as a private, state of the art training center for over 100 merchant mariners who subsequently did not complete the program required by the Coast Guard for various positions on merchant ships. They falsified records of educational performance and experience so that, for a fee, mariners could receive the needed licenses. Their scheme enhanced their pockets to the tune of \$394,000, of which most ended up in Godfrey's account. The other two swindlers received from 18-27 months crowbar hotel time.

John Driscoll, CEO of the Port of Mobile, noted that the city saw 58 million tons of cargo go through the port. This material consisted of 424,000 TEUs of containers and 165,000 rail cars in 2020. Surprisingly 49% of the exports was coal. Driscoll mentioned that the current channel was 400' wide and 45' deep and desperately needed to be increased to 56' to handle bigger ships.

Crosby Tugs merged with SEA O.G. to deliver, install and maintain offshore windmill industry. Crosby, in Louisiana, had been in the business of marine transportation, towing and rock placement services. SEA O.G. was a Texas based integrated offshore services provider. One mission of the new partnership is bringing the ADAPT feeder barge concept to the industry. ADAPT is a stable, semi autonomous delivery and installation platform for wind turbine components, foundations, scour protection and cable laying.

The Dorena-Hickman ferry on the Mississippi River has hauled people and material between Kentucky and Missouri for over



180 years. Founded in 1840, the ferry connected people in Hickman, the second oldest city along the river in Kentucky, with the Missouri folks who could not cross the river because of the lack of bridges.

Originally the ferry was operated by mules and lengthy cables on both sides of the river. In 1941 two men drowned when the brakes on their truck gave out and they crashed through the ferry gate. Another man used the ferry as his defense for a bank robbery because he had not crossed the river on the ferry and could not have been in town during the robbery.

One former owner said that his parents got engaged on the ferry. The woman was scared to death of the boat but was enticed to cross the river. The man took the ferry to mid river and stopped the engine. He then proposed. She, fearing a fire, hitting a snag or simply sinking reluctantly agreed to the marriage.

It once was forced to close due to Coast Guard regulations and overall expenses but the two states stepped in to subsidize it, in no small part because the area rests on the New Madrid fault. If an earthquake should ruin bridges the only way across the Mississippi would be via the ferry. It also remains a major tourist attraction for the two little towns that need the financial income.

*Waterways Journal* has taken to printing up some fine recipes from tugboat cooks. One of the better ones is for the making of catfish bait. The magazine recommends any stink bait to catch the catfish such as Spam, dog food, Ivory soap, spoiled shrimp or a concoction of a hotdog mixed with dry Kool-Aid and green apple bubble gum.

One bait recipe calls for a half cup of softened cheese (any kind), one cup of ground meat, blood, a tablespoon of garlic and flour. Combine until the consistency of Play Doh, form into 1" balls, place in a Ziploc bag and freeze. That'll catch those critters. Frankly, I prefer the peach cobbler recipe in the same edition.

If you have not read Marlin Bree's books then you have missed some great stories about inland sailing on the Great Lakes. He is mostly noted for surviving the Great Green Storm, a derecho, on Lake Superior. He is a contributing editor for *Small Craft Advisor*.

His newest saga is *Bold Sea Stories*, a review of 21 "inspiring adventures" that I would consider more horror stories about folks caught in really miserable conditions, including his own grounding on the rocks off the Canadian coast and the bravery of some locals who came into the storm, waded in freezing waters and pulled off Bree's little 20" self built sailboat.

I have not read his *Wake of the Green Storm* but it is high on my list. The word "derecho" was not a fixture in my vocabulary until a year ago when the 135mph straight-line winds hammered my city of Cedar Rapids. Unlike a tornado that only lasts for a couple of minutes, a derecho lasts for almost an hour. Our urban area of 250,000 people lost 50% of our trees, many lost their roofs, we all lost power for ten days and cable access (internet) for over six weeks. I personally was fortunate to only lose a huge ash that took out my privacy fence and my neighbor's. Streets were impassable for weeks since they were covered with 10' high mounds of debris. There remain large areas of debris to this day.

To think of a guy in a small boat on our largest lake during one of these storms is a nightmare beyond belief. On land, the

derecho-caused damage was mostly from trees destroying houses, cars, businesses, etc. On water, such a meteorological event is unimaginable. Can you picture the kinds of waves 135mph winds can kick up? Winds of a quarter that speed sank the *Edmund Fitzgerald*. You just have to read Marlin Bree.

The building of a Kentucky lock and dam at Mile 22 is progressing rapidly although it will not be completed until 2029. The current lock is 110'x600' but the new one will be 1200' in length. The \$250 million project is a unique partnership between the Army Corps of Engineers and the Tennessee Valley Authority. Through this lock passes 57 million tons of cargo worth over \$10 billion. The sticking point has been the wait time that is typically 10-12 hours. The existing lock can handle nine barges at a time but the standard tow consists of 15 barges. This operation takes approximately three-and-a-half hours. Pundits predict a process time of 45 minutes in the future.

#### Gray Fleet

The Coast Guard finally got some semblance of financial assistance from the denizens of the Great White Dome. The House Committee on Transportation sprinkled Holy Water on appropriations for modernization of shore facilities and supply resilience. They looked kindly on \$1 billion for shore infrastructure, \$300 million for Small Shipyard Grant programs and \$2.5 billion for supply chain resilience. They recognized the need for a new Great Lakes icebreaker to the tune of \$350 million and a new Polar Security Cutter with scientific laboratory costing \$788 million.

China balked loudly and pointedly when Australia announced that their basic submarines were unable to meet future needs and looked to the US to build a nuclear sub for them. The Chinese scream bloody murder if and when anyone who could be a potential adversary decides to update their military equipment since they believe that the entire western Pacific is their ocean.

The new submarine will be based on a French design and probably built by General Dynamics Electric Boat Company. The French are having a conniption because this seems contrary to the original Strategic Partnership Agreement that would allow the Australians to lengthen the lifespan of their conventional submarines. Further studies indicated that those vessels would not meet the meet the needs beyond 2038 at best. Australia believes that continually updating their current Collins-class ships is simply spending money for an outdated weapon. The French feel that the US should have discussed this with them.

While the US Navy has run the gauntlet in the South China Sea keeping the lines of communication open for international trade, the Chinese have trumpeted their outrage of Occidental influence anywhere near Asia. Showing that two can play that game, China sent four warships to run up and down the coast of Alaska.

#### Voyages of Exploration

The migration of humans remains a testament of a wanderlust to seek new environments. One hundred and fifty thousand years ago, homo sapiens evolved from homo erectus or other species somewhere in Africa, however, in 60,000 years humanity populated Africa, Asia and Europe. During that period our DNA changed slightly to offer the genotypes of today. But all of us share a vast majority of genetic material.

Neolithic man (and woman) sailed all over the Pacific in what today we call Polynesia (Greek meaning "many islands") that is a triangle from New Zealand to Hawaii to Easter Island. These people, called the Lapita culture, settled all over the ocean with a similar culture, language and understanding of the sea. John McWorter's seminal work on language families clearly show that Hawaiian language is extraordinarily similar to Tahitian and other Pacific languages. Vajas Gabriel Liulevicius, historian at the University of Tennessee, maps out the voyages of the Lapita. The journeys were over incredible distances, for example, it is over 9,000 miles from Asia to Easter Island.

The people started sailing out of Asia in about 1600 BC and, with astonishing speed, had settled Tonga and Samoa. From the time of Jesus to 400 AD they set up civilizations in Hawaii and Easter Island and there is speculation that they even arrived in the Americas. Evidence is still being discovered.

What is amazing is the seafaring skills of these people. Their canoes, up to 50' in length, probably had outriggers, sails made of heavy cloth, and a notion that they could sail in a zigzag pattern to adjust their trips to the winds. Navigation was not simply hit or miss. They had comprehensive knowledge of waves, birds, winds, currents, clouds and schools of fish. They also had an understanding of the locations of the stars from which they could determine where they were and where they were going.

They clearly meant to settle other lands because they took with them domesticated animals and plants. Neither chickens nor sweet potatoes are native to America, yet chicken bones in Chile were carbon dated to 1300 AD, long before the Europeans arrived. They also set up trading networks over thousands of miles.

History has highly lauded the Age of Discovery explorers like Columbus, Magellan and Henry Hudson, but the explorations and expansion of the Polynesian Islands remains one of the most intriguing voyages of the ages. Anthropologists, linguists and historians have hardly scratched the proverbial surface. What a wonder to look forward to.

#### Yachts

For those who would like to buy something slightly larger and worry free, the *Luminosity* is the boat. At \$250,000,000 this 300' vessel will accommodate 27 passengers with a crew of 35 to serve their concerns about a small rain squall or is there something to nibble on until they get to their favorite dockside bar and grill. It has a fuel tank holding 100,000 gallons of fuel so they don't have to pull up to Chuckie's Marina and Malt Shop to top off the gas. The four decks allow some semblance of sunshine while waiting for the toys or a drink. It was built in 2020 so I would seek a little better deal.

For the peons, the *Tatoosh* can be had for only \$90,000,000. At less than 300', this little craft carries 120,000 gallons of fuel so one can fish all day at many, many spots without care about gas. The downside is that this boat can only take on 20 passengers as well as 35 crew and she only gets to 18-19 knots.

Miss Fabulous Finland would like the master suite that has two sinks, a large bathtub, a shower and enough mirrors to enable her to spend hours touching up her makeup while I enjoy a full fitness gym complete with all the weights, machines and mirrors necessary to maintain my buff body. I wonder what the poor people are doing?

The realm of liveaboard yachting is not all luxury and enjoyment. Many oceanic cruisers are stuck in the middle of nowhere because of the cursed corona virus. Many nations will not let these boats dock in their waters, while others won't let them leave. One particular sailboat was stuck in the Mid-

dle East with limited food, water, fuel and other necessities that only added to the problems of a motor that would not run. They had to ration food and water until they could hit Crete. They are hoping that Greece will allow them to stay for a while.

Another sailor left Tahiti after obtaining the OK for his wife to meet him in the Galapagos and continue sailing. Countries started closing borders due to the pandemic. They are currently trying to sail 4,000 miles to Australia for the birth of the baby with nowhere to stop. Not a good concept of fun.

*Luminosity*



*Tatoosh*



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A black and white photograph of a sailboat on the water. The boat is a small, single-masted sailboat with a large sail. It is sailing on a body of water with a forested shore in the background.

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A black and white photograph of a sailboat on the water. The boat is a small, single-masted sailboat with a large sail. It is sailing on a body of water with a forested shore in the background.

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Members of Team Saquish, the Saquish Seafarers' Rowing Club of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the only American crew to compete in the 1998 World Pilot Gig Racing Championship in Great Britain's Scilly Isles, go at it in a borrowed gig, *Socoa* (middle gig of the threesome in this photo) enroute to a final placing of 30th in a field 54 gigs from Great Britain, Holland and Australia.



## September Oar & Sail Outing

On September 18 we held our Annual Oar & Sail Outing at Bluff Point/Bushy Point. Last year it was our first gathering of the year. This year it was the first of our Fall/Winter/Spring season. We're making progress. We saw old friends, new faces and shared some good times on the flat water behind Bushy Point.

We usually have a nice SW breeze across Bushy Point's sand spit which protects us from the rough water of the Sound. If from the north, as it was this year, we get a free ride down to the Point and a little exercise rowing (or tacking) our way back. It dawned cloudy and cold but was sunny and warm by 10am with a light breeze from the north. Nine of us turned out floating everything from kayaks to lightweight rowing boats to a dory and a sailing peapod.

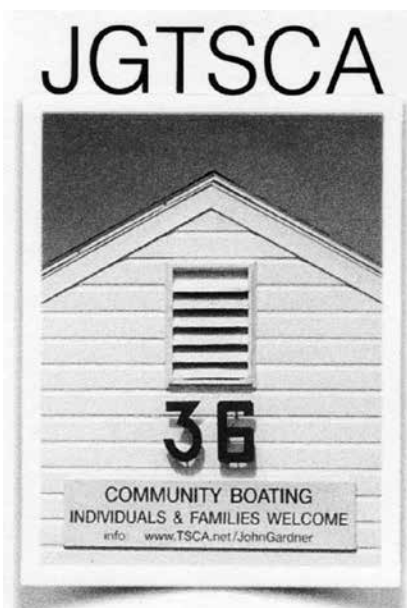
Temperatures eventually warmed to 70° as skies cleared and clouds went away. We launched on a high(ish) tide at Burrows Ball Field ramp (off Airport Road just south of Route 1 in Groton) about 10am and were back by 2pm. We brought our own snacks and water. Our one sailor, after rowing under the Amtrak Bridge and through the old trolley line bridge abutments, pulled out to rig sail alongside the airport runway. The rowers and paddlers were off on their own right away and were first to Sandy Point. Last year they discovered a hidden route around an island on the eastern end of Bushy Point. Always something new to see and do.

Ian Bradley and his charming wife Frances attended sans means to float so Ian and I fetched Chapter dory *Professor Jones* from Avery Point (via trailer). The *Professor*, recently rehabilitated by Phil Behney, was ready and waiting with newly varnished totally adjustable seats and multitudinous choice of oarlocks. Ian and Frances went through many iterations, settling on one very close to Phil's



Ian and Frances line up to go under Amtrak bridge and Jim Friedlander in his colorful, self designed and built double ended dinghy.

Dan and Kate Nelson paddling their double kayak and Brian Cooper turning on the speed opposite the airport control tower.



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original plan for two up rowing. They fell into a rhythm rowing, making it all the way down to a pullout south of the airport.

Return was upwind and tide but they were back at the ramp well before some more experienced (older) rowers (like myself). We returned the boat to Avery Point and got them back on the road in time to make it to a family wedding.

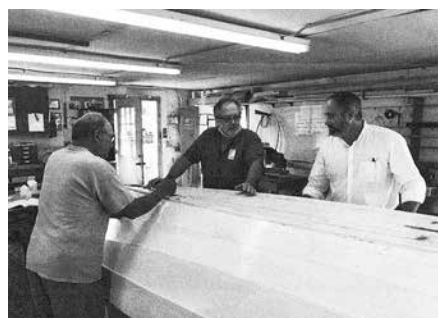
One glitch was avoided early on when searching inside the Boathouse for the key to the trailer lock. "This is a padlock key," Ian said. "How do you know?" asked I. Ian replied, "I am a certified locksmith." Another skill added to our collection at the Boathouse!



## The White Dory Progress Report

Professor Matt McKenzie brought his "Sailor's Skills" class to our Avery Point Boathouse the middle Wednesday of September. Dan Nelson and I showed them around the shop, introducing them to the boats on the floor. When we reached the white Swampscott Dory, Matt's eyes lit up. The next day he called. "What is the status of the White Dory," he asked. "It needs a sponsor," we replied. "That sponsor could be me," was his reply. It went onwards and upwards from there, here is Matt's initial report:

"A clutch of members (Bill Rutherford, Dan Nelson, Phil Behney and I) met to develop a plan for getting the White Dory back in the water. She suffered from several egregious, but localized, spots of rot but little else. And it was clear she had good, and perhaps professionally built bones, well selected materials, tight joints, good riveting, well faired planking. A boat like this deserved another chance.



The question was how? To replace rotted planks would involve major surgery on the floor at the sternpost, replacing both garboards and the starboard side riser planks. In short, a pretty extensive process that would result in the removal of a lot of good material along with the bad. Some proposed another approach, one, while less traditional, would be more expeditious, focused treatment of rot, careful deployment of Dutchmen and thickened epoxy and rebuilding of lost non structural material with epoxy putty where needed. This not only would require less concentrated time but would also get the boat swimming again perhaps before winter.

While most of us hemmed and hawed about how to proceed, Dan quietly picked up a chisel and started ripping out hull rot. Soon we all followed suit and the choice was made, repair the rot and get her swimming again.

So that's what we've been doing, JGTSCA newbies myself, Cookie Wierski and Ian Bradley, along with guidance by Bill Rutherford, set to scraping and treating the rot spots. The interior rot spots were tended to, the interior primed and top coated, the removable brightwork stripped and refinished and floor boards laid out and cut.

We flipped her over about and turned our attention to the exterior, replacing the shoe, refilling the false bottom seams, sanding and filling exterior rot spots. Next saw priming and painting completed, allowing us to flip her back right side up to finish the rubrail and fixed thwart brightwork.

As happy as I am to see the White Dory coming back to life, I'm more thrilled to see students and visitors stop in during every work session to see what's going on. Folks are just curious about the project and enjoy seeing people using the shop. I hope there are more projects on deck for the winter to keep

this energy going. I've got a few in mind and Cookie may have a fun project, too, to pitch to the Chapter. Regardless, every day folks are in the shop turns into a good day for me.  
Respectfully submitted,  
Matthew McKenzie"



## Launching The White Dory



From L to R: Cookie Wierski, Ian Bradley and Matt McKenzie relaxing on Friday evening after sharing with us their challenges rehabbing the White Dory.



Saturday morning, launch day, out of the shop and onto the trailer, ready to go.



At the beach, christening time. Matt pours some "Scottish breakfast tea," or so he said, as he sampled a bit himself.



The launch, Ian, Cookie and Matt slide the dory into the water.



After checking for leaks (none), Matt takes the dory for his first row.



Matt's son Sam also takes her out for a row.

It was a fun day, thanks Matt and crew for all your efforts.

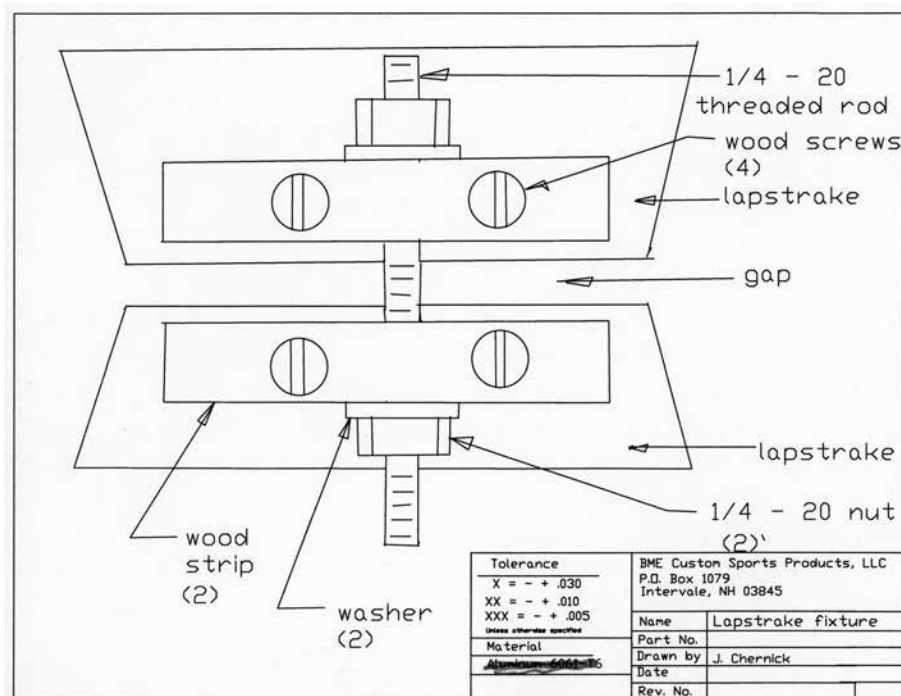
## Lapstrake Repair

By John Chernick

Around 1975, I bought a Town Class sailboat that needed repair to the hull with Seagull outboard motor for \$350. One of the lapstrake joints was wide open. I contacted Pert Lowell, the designer and builder of the boat, for information about how to repair the seam. His retort was that I had to be an expert to repair the seam.

As I was in the process of a divorce and money was tight, I figured that I had to do it myself. I made four or five of the fixtures shown in the sketch. I began at the start of the separation screwing the fixture on each side of the gap and then proceeded to screw the fixture nuts to close the gap. I added more fixtures to the problem and slowly closed the gap. The areas that completely closed were drilled and stainless steel screws, washers and nuts were installed.

I then removed the fixtures and installed them further along the gap. I left some in place until the advanced fixtures were tensioned. I used #8-32 stainless hardware. Lucky me, I made an offhand remark to a colleague in supply at work that I had to get stainless steel screws. He remarked that he was trying to get rid of some #8-32 screws. I took them and completed the job. I had many good times with that boat. My only regret was that I did not tell Pert Lowell of my success!





That bittersweet time of year arrived in New England when boats are put to sleep for what promises to be a way too long winter. As detailed in the last issue, this past season was especially bitter for the *Marvel* Restoration Team in that medical issues had thwarted our goal of relaunching the olde girl. However, the sweetness returned somewhat in August once the restoration resumed. Several outstanding repairs were completed and many of the restored hardware and woodwork items were reinstalled. With this came the realization that come next year she would be ready to launch just about as soon as the season opens.

#### Never Ending Punch List

As all boat owners know well, there seems to be a never ending list of “things to do” in advance of a relaunch. This was especially true of a wooden boat that had been neglected as long as *Marvel* had. All of *Marvel*’s major structural work (ribs/planks/fastenings) had been completed by June of 2021. Yet this left a to do list that included deck repairs, engine exhaust repairs, electrical system upgrades, cabin porthole refurbishment, bilge pump system upgrades and a number of additional items designed to make *Marvel* a bit more user friendly. And then, of course, there was the dreadful task of scraping, sanding and painting. Hmmm. Maybe the last few months were not so sweet after all.

#### Painting and More Painting

During September the team continued to fair the exterior hull and applied two coats of primer. We decided to delay applying the finish coats until the spring to avoid damage during the harsh winter. We had been avoiding a paint job on the cabin interior due to the thanklessness of the job, way too many nooks and crannies to scrape, sand and prime. Nevertheless someone had to do it. So over a warm/dry week in October I took on the task. First up was the bilge. It had been pressure washed in June and was still remarkably clean. So this went quickly. It now sports two coats of bilge paint gray. As expected, the cabin was another matter. Yet, after four days of applied elbow grease and efforts with both brush and roller, the job was finished. It looks fantastic (Figure 1).



Figure 1: Before and after views of the dreaded cabin painting.

## A Marvelous Mystery

### In Pursuit of a Catboat Legend

By John Conway

#### Part 9: Some Reassembly Required

##### Engine Exhaust Revealed Problems

For reasons unknown, the engine’s exhaust exited below the waterline through a fitting that had no seacock. Obviously this curious arrangement had two serious problems. Exhausting underwater must have created horsepower robbing back pressure and suggested that the installer had no idea what they were doing. Even if this had been appropriate, this also revealed a below the waterline opening with no means of closing it off had the exhaust hose failed.

To gain access to the hose and fitting we had to remove a large section of mahogany beadboard that shrouded the lining of the cockpit (Figure 2).



Figure 2: Cockpit beadboards were carefully removed to gain access to the hose.

In so doing we noticed that the hose from the manual bilge pump exited the transom from above the waterline. Perhaps a previous restoration had accidentally switched the exhaust and bilge pump hoses? To fix the situation we removed the underwater exhaust fitting and plugged, epoxied and faired the hole. We then installed a new above the waterline fitting for the bilge pump and connected a new length of bilge hose to the new fitting and back to the deck mounted Guzzler manual bilge pump.

While connecting the exhaust hose to its transom fitting we noticed that a pinhole had developed in the hose (Figure 3).



Figure 3: The pin hole in the exhaust line was repaired with Rescue Tape.

Cheap Yankees that we are, rather than replacing this expensive hose, we decided to repair it with Rescue Tape, remarkable stuff especially designed for this purpose (Figure 4).



Figure 4: Rescue Tape excels at repairing marine exhaust systems.

When we reinstalled the beadboard we plugged the screw holes with removable plastic bungs (Figure 5).



Figure 5: Plastic bungs made future beadboard removal easy.

We did this to make access to these critical hoses more convenient. No more drilling out glued wood plugs to remove a board. Simply pop out the bung and unscrew the board. Some may complain that this ruins the aesthetic but we decided to err on the side of practicality. I'm not sure most people will even notice.

#### Deck Repairs Provide a Challenge

As shown in Figure 6, sections of *Marvel's* beautiful teak deck had pulled away from the underlying structure. The culprit turned out to be random patches of delaminated marine plywood underlayment.



Figure 6: Damaged teak deck sections required challenging repair methods.

Most deck repair locations afforded easy access and could be addressed with penetrating epoxy (to relaminate the plywood) and/or installation of new sections of marine ply. However, several required the removal of the mahogany beadboard that shrouds the boat's cockpit to gain access to very tight spaces. Figure 7 shows how this was accomplished.



Figure 7: Deck repairs utilized long screws and fender washers to unwarped deck sections.

As with the engine and bilge pump hoses, beadboard sections were carefully removed. This exposed the failed underlayment. Penetrating epoxy was injected and a new backer piece of marine plywood affixed. It allowed us to remove the original deck screws and insert long bolts backed with large fender washers. Tightening the bolts allowed the fender washers to pull the bulging deck section back flush. Once the epoxy had cured, the bolt/fender washer hardware was backed out and proper marine grade deck screws inserted in their place. The beadboard was reinstalled as a last step. In this way, we repaired a number of semi inaccessible deck sections.

#### Potholes in the Portholes

As mentioned in past installments, *Marvel's* cabin is constructed with inner and outer walls with structure in between to form a sandwich. The boat builders inserted wooden blocking that rings the inside edge of the porthole opening. This provides a mounting for the bronze external portlight surrounds and for the interior portlights themselves. When we removed the portlights for refurbishment we noticed that some of the blocking has rotted away, leaving a void (Figure 8).

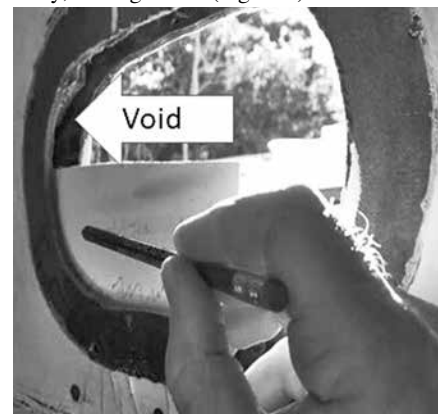
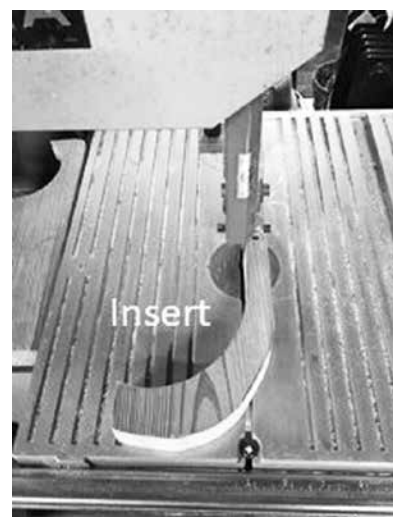


Figure 8: Rotten porthole inserts created voids that needed to be repaired.

To address this we made templates and fashioned replacement blocking using pressure treated wood and epoxied these into place (Figure 9).



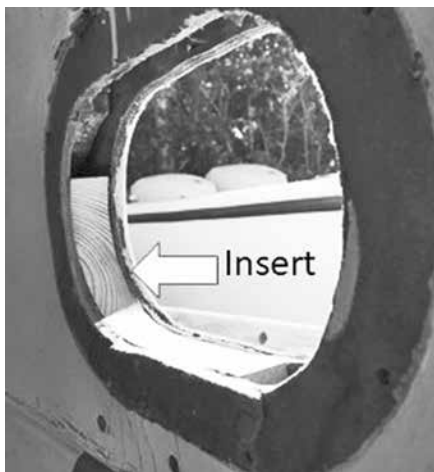


Figure 9: Template of the voids led to band-sawn filler blocks that led to epoxied inserts.

Once the epoxy hardened, the surrounds and porthlights were reattached or reinserted and fastened into place (Figure 10).

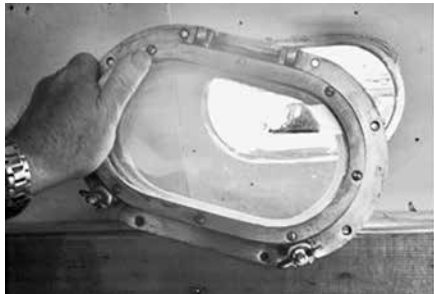


Figure 10: Porthole exterior surrounds and internal porthlights were reinstalled.

#### Old Time/New Time Electrical

During the restoration of the cabin interior we noticed a number of ceramic stand-offs mounted on the foremost cabin roof support (Figure 11). These were clearly electrical fittings left over from the days of knob and tube wiring (perhaps when *Marvel* was restored in the 1920s)?



Figure 11: The foremost cabin roof support contained a number of knob and tube ceramics.

Located just beneath the forward cabin wall they must have supported wires that delivered electricity to the port and star-board running lights directly above. As a nod to the historical nature of this discovery, we decided to repower the boat's running lights using these antique fittings but restrung them with marine grade, 21st century wire and connectors (Figure 12).



Figure 12: For historical reasons we rewired the running lights using the existing knobs.

History notwithstanding, we did opt to replace the electrical panel installed during her 1960s restoration (Figure 13).

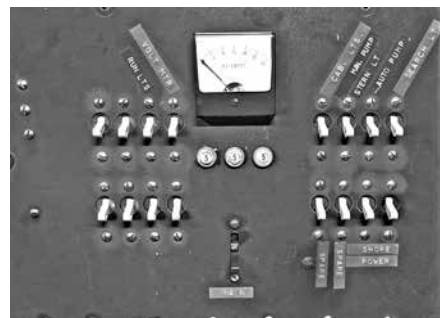


Figure 13: The old breaker panel was removed and updated.

The new state of the art breaker box mounted just inside and to the right of the companionway (Figure 14).



Figure 14: The new breaker panel offered many features not even invented for the old panel.

This provided digital monitoring and readout of the battery voltage and provided USB and 12 Vdc outlets. We also replaced all of *Marvel's* running lights with energy efficient LED versions.

#### Bilge Pumps Upgrade

Along with the redirected bilge pump hose described earlier, we upgraded both the deck mounted manual Gusher pump draw hose and filter and the Rule automatic electric pump and its hose (Figure 15). Hopefully these will see very little action in the seasons ahead.



Figure 15: The automatic bilge pump and the intake for the manual Guzzler share bilge space.



## Rope Locker Installation

Curiously, the boat did not have a hawser pipe to feed anchor rode down into what was obviously a chain and rope locker located just behind her stem. On a trip to the Wickford Marine Consignment Shop (7725 Post Rd., North Kingstown, RI 02852, phone 401-295-9709) we rustled through their stockpile of antique marine hardware and secured a proper bronze pipe. If you have not been to this shop you owe yourself a visit. It is overstocked with everything imaginable for boating, and even stocks a few boats for sale as well (Figure 16).



Figure 16: The Wickford Marine Consignment store is a boat bargain hunter's paradise.

A few minutes of well placed drilling with a hole saw just ahead of the mast partner allowed us to install the fixture and feed the 300' of anchor line into the locker with little aggravation (Figure 17).



Figure 17: Installation of the antique hawser pipe was straightforward with a drill hole saw.

This should work nicely with the turn of the century wrought iron yachtman's anchor shown in Figure 18. It was donated to the cause by Westport resident Carroll Williamson. We plan to have this anchor sandblasted and hot dip galvanized by the Duncan Galvanizing Company during the winter months. (DGC at 69 Norman St # 2, Everett, MA 02149, phone 617-389-8440). It will serve as our vintage proper "working hook." A new 25lb Danforth that came with the boat will provide storm anchor capabilities.



Figure 18: The new hawser pipe, line and chain should work well with the antique anchor.



Figure 21: The addition of a rubber cowl turned the water deck iron into a ventilator.

Figure 19: Items found in an early Perko Marine Lamp and Hardware Corporation catalogue.

**PERKINS MARINE LAMP & HARDWARE CORP.**

**TURBINE VENTILATOR WITH MOUNTING FLANGE — Fig. 748**

For removing gasoline fumes from engine room and bilge, cooking odors from the galley, ventilation of the cabins, etc.

The moving breeze whirling the head and the resulting vacuum causes a powerful upward lift to the air below. Absolutely quiet in operation, durable and rainproof.

Inside Diameter inches	Galv. Steel, ea	Copper Bulk	Height Overall inches	Base Diameter inches	Galv. Weight Pounds
4	\$25.50	\$36.25	10 1/4	6	3 1/2
5	27.25	37.50	12 1/4	7	4 1/2
6	31.50	41.50	13 1/4	8	6

**Fig. 748**

**WATER DECK IRONS — Fig. 430**  
Galvanized Cast Iron

Size of Stove Pipe inches	Each	Outside Diam. of Neck inches	Diam. Flange inches	Weight Pounds
3	6.25	3 3/4	7 1/2	4
3 1/2	7.25	3 3/4	8 1/2	5
4	11.00	4 1/2	9 1/2	6 1/2
5	13.50	5 1/2	10 1/2	9
6	18.50	6 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2

**Fig. 430**

## Stove Pipe Redux

As mentioned in a previous article, the boat once had a Shipmate #1 Wood/Coal stove aboard. Over time this was removed but the flu pipe hole in the cabin roof, the turbine ventilator pipe and the water deck iron remained. Several of you wrote to me regarding these hardware items. Both were supplied by the firm that was then called the Perko Marine Lamp and Hardware Corporation (currently still in business as the well known Perko, Inc). Figure 19 shows pages from one of their early catalogues.

One reader directed us to remove paint from a spot at the base of the ventilator. Sure enough, there lay the brass PML&H boiler plate (Figure 20).



Figure 20: Brass "boilerplate" logo found on the Perko Turbine Ventilator.

Since the Shipmate is no longer aboard, we decided to replace the ventilator with a more conventional cowl vent. We did so by simply snapping a SeaDog rubber vent onto the Charlie Noble mount to the water deck iron (Figure 21).

This last task essentially completed the major punch list items and set the stage for placing *Marvel* beneath her winter cover once again. However, we needed one last inspection by Luke Mullaney, shipwright master extraordinary, prior to buttoning her up. Thankfully we passed Luke's intense scrutiny (Figure 22).



Figure 22: The author with his toughest marine inspector, grandson Luke Mullaney.

NOTE: Just before putting the olde girl to bed for the season we received the good news that George Schuld, our New Jersey based centerboard expert, had regained 85% of the use of his thumb. Recall that it had been nearly severed in an industrial accident late spring. George reported that our computer designed and fabricated G-10 centerboard is ready installation as soon as the boat's winter cover comes off.

## An Historical Surprise

In an earlier draft of this article I was about to report disappointment that both our bottoms up and top down historical research had hit brick walls. Then, just as I was about to send the copy off to *MAIB*, Kathryn Greene, daughter of former owner/restorer Walter Krasniewicz, emailed me to report that she had discovered two remarkable documents that could well blow through the blockages. The first is shown in Figure 23.

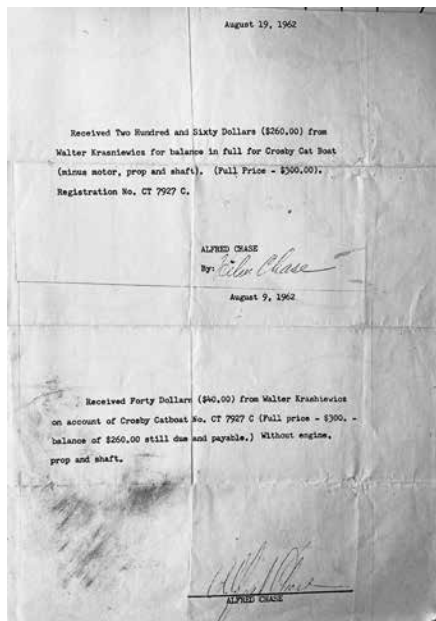


Figure 23: The bill of sale that could become a critical puzzle piece in the *Marvel's* mystery.

Dated August 9 and 19, 1962, it is the bill of sale for the boat from Alfred Chase to Walter Krasniewicz. Not only does it reveal the purchase price (\$300) for what was to become *Sunnyside* (to my mind a lot of money for an old wooden boat with no keel or engine) but that it is a Crosby Catboat (but sadly not identified by name or by builder as either a Charles, Daniel or Herbert Crosby boat). Importantly, the document included its State of Connecticut registration number when sold (CT 7927 C).

With this number Tim Delgado, an analyst with Connecticut's extremely well organized, DMV DEEP-Boating division in Old Lyme, Connecticut, should be able to trace multiple owners back through time. If so, this may well close the gap between when the boat moved from Long Island to Connecticut (~1919) and its ownership by Alfred Chase. This may well prove the provenance of the boat as *Marvel* (or, maybe not *Marvel*) We've just reached out to Mr Delgado and will report our findings in the next installment come spring.

The second document, dated September 15, 1961 (Figure 24), contains a dialog between the boats' pre Walter K owner, Mr Chase, and the Universal Motor Company (now part of the Westerbeke Engine Company). This provides Alfred's address but, more importantly, identifies his business as the Chase Aeronautical Services Company



Figure 24: The letter that just might link the boat's previous owner to current relatives.

We had heard from Kathryn's brother Tim that he recalled his father bought the boat from an airline pilot. So give Tim kudos.



body. See you in the spring.

A quick GOOGLE search shows that a company with the name Chase Aviation, founded by Brian Chase, now operates out of Jamestown, New York. We will contact this firm in the hope that it is connected somehow to Alfred's old company.

Interestingly, the letter from the Universal Motor Company is dated September 15, 1961, almost a full year prior to the boat's sale to Walter. Looks like Alfred Chase was looking for parts for his boat's motor. This suggests that the catboat was in service on or about that time. If Brian Chase is related to Alfred he or his relatives may have old photos of the boat pre *Sunnyside* and, perhaps, some great tales to tell.

Stay tuned, sweet than bitter for the *Marvel* Restoration Team.

(To be Continued in the Spring)

## Announcement

At this year's Catboat Association Annual Meeting (January 27-29, 2022, in the Mystic Marriott Resort in Groton, Connecticut), *Marvel* historian Joe Chetwynd and I will be holding a seminar on *Marvel* and the processes we followed and tools needed to research the boats' history and provenance. More information can be found at [www.catboats.org](http://www.catboats.org).)

## A Parting Shot

Just before we pulled her winter covers on we shot one last photo (Figure 25) to carry us through the winter. The Olde Girl looks ready to roll among the waves once more come May. Have a great and safe one every-

The author would greatly appreciate donations as small as \$1.00 to support the grassroots project restoring this historic catboat.

These can be directly made to:

<https://gogetfunding.com/marvel-an-historic-boat-restoration-project/>



I suppose it was about four or five days ago, I could finally see a path forward for a stalled project. Seems my genius scheme to put a small, floating, cartoonish boat on the same trailer with a fixed, cartoonish camper shell was completely defeated. The engineering of the thing was iffy, but mebbe doable. It was the benign sight gag implicit in the whole thing that came up for review. One wag suggested it was both canine and way too intimate. Well. That pretty much blew the top off the ol' can 'a beans.



*Cubit* the Ark was banished to the woods to await inspiration.



And *Mojo*, the tuglet, got dragged back into the shop for similar reflection. And then, about a week ago, it slapped me upside the head. Whuttif? Whuttiff somehow that itty bitty 13' ersatz tugboat could, somehow, contain the rudiments of overnight accommodation? Whuttif we had the makings of a relatively light and easy to tow exhibit for the couple three boat shows that just might still be happening things? Well. Like I was saying. That was five or six days ago.



So I got out the air writer and commenced to drawing lines in space. Here at Frankenwerke we use a sort of mental Etch a Sketch to do the lion's share of the design work. Actual plans of attack are usually consigned to a sharpie pen and a few scribbles on a piece of scrap plywood, it's the nature of the beast in this business of Frankenbuilding. We still had a few sheets of 1/8" and 1/4" plywood and remnants of heavier stuff. So the deal was to enclose the cabin we began a year

## A Stalled Project

By Dan Rogers

ago and then set aside. First strokes on the air writer had simple canvas covers. Then, a glance at the scrap pile convinced me to use-  
wha's available. And so it began.



It was "only" gonna be a 24" addition to the existing structure. Of course, it had to stay as light as possible. I framed it with some lumber cut from 3/4" MDO plywood. About as slim as I figured I could make it. The top was sprung into place with a hunk of 1/8" doorskin. Most of it got glassed into place.



At least until we started getting some sort of 3D mockups clamped up. And so we are getting close. The race is on with Old Man Winter. But yahnevahknow. We might get 'er in the water in a few days. She's starting to look a lot like those imaginary lines I drew with the air writer about five days back.



So. Whatcha think?



And then our Frankenwerke Design Department started sending a rep to the Morning Meetings. Seems they wanted to make sure the original lean back that sort of controls the rest of the thing was maintained. And there was a problem with that. Somehow I still have to get inside without too much wriggling and crawling. That's pretty much the concept of a mini camper, now ain't it? So out came the air writer again and all sorts of imaginary planes and swoops started flashing around the shop. Got pretty intense there for a while.

### Outta the Shop

I've been trying to figure out how to get little *Mojo* out of the shop so I could clean up the place without pretending I'm assembling a 747 in a phone booth. We have ways, but all with "complications." With everything down as low as a bunch of limbo dancers, I do think there wasn't an extra 1/8" of clearance under our shop door frame.

For the first time in just about over a year I was able to see *Mojo* at a distance. I can't get back far enough in the shop to really see how a boat is taking shape. She's gotta get outside for that. So this is how that little girl is going together.





## The Whitehall

A while back I tried to give away a 16' Howard Chappelle Whitehall hull. I know, it was not finished and may have been a little wonky looking but that's the beauty of strip planked boats, you just grind them until they look right. Wally had done most of the work and I finished it up to this point.



And it was looking pretty good. For you traditional builders this looks like a hot mess but to us get 'er done guys, it's perfect. I just mix up a shitload of thickened epoxy and gob it wherever it needs it and then grind off everything that doesn't look like a Whitehall. I typically mix up a half gallon of the thickened stuff at a time so as not to worry about putting it on too thin. Then I put about a 1/4" of fiberglass on it and I have a boat.



## From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Well, the reason I tried to give it away is that I didn't want another Whitehall. I know, this boat was the best, most efficient rowing hull ever created but I'm not a rower. I should be since I may be getting a little round in the middle but I'd probably just run over something and hurt myself. My head doesn't turn like it used to.



Since no one would take it, I decided that I needed a Whale Boat. I had just finished the big Princess Anne (see nearby article) and she came out so well, why not make a smaller version of that shape? So why not take the Whitehall and make it bigger using cheapass foam, now that sounds like a lot of fun.



So I layered the wooden hull with this 1" pink foam and then stacked three layers of "frames" on top of that. Hey, don't laugh,

it seemed like a good idea at the time. None of this needs to be perfect 'cause it all gets covered with the "real" foam coating. I know, this may be a little hard to visualize unless you're a little off in the head.



Here comes the genius part, I ripped up a bunch of 2" foam into 2" and 4" wide strips and planked the hull up using them. I made sure not to glue any of this white foam to the pink foam because I want to be able to lift the white foam boat off when I'm finished glassing it. Did I say that this is really, really fun?





Here she is, kind of rough but easy as sin to sand this stuff down smooth and use a little spackling to fill the big cracks. So far this has taken about two weeks, now comes the harder part, glassing the whole thing.



The first layer of glass is finished, I thought I had taken a picture but I'm too lazy to walk out to take it now. This layer is very heavy 24oz tri axial cloth with big overlaps. I used this 10" wide stuff for the back end hourglass part. It will get a light fairing and another layer of this 24oz cloth then another fairing and a layer of lighter 10oz or 6oz cloth and more fairing. Then the same on the inside. It has to have this much cloth because the foam is only there to make the shape and really has no strength.

This hull is about 20% larger than the Whitehall. I added 12" to the beam, 4' to the length and 10" to the height. It's cool looking, now I have to figure out some kind of unique propulsion system. I sure as hell don't need another boat, it's the art I'm interested in. A small steam engine has been bandied about but we'd probably blow ourselves up. When it's lifted off I'll still have this mold and my neighbor wants to make one.

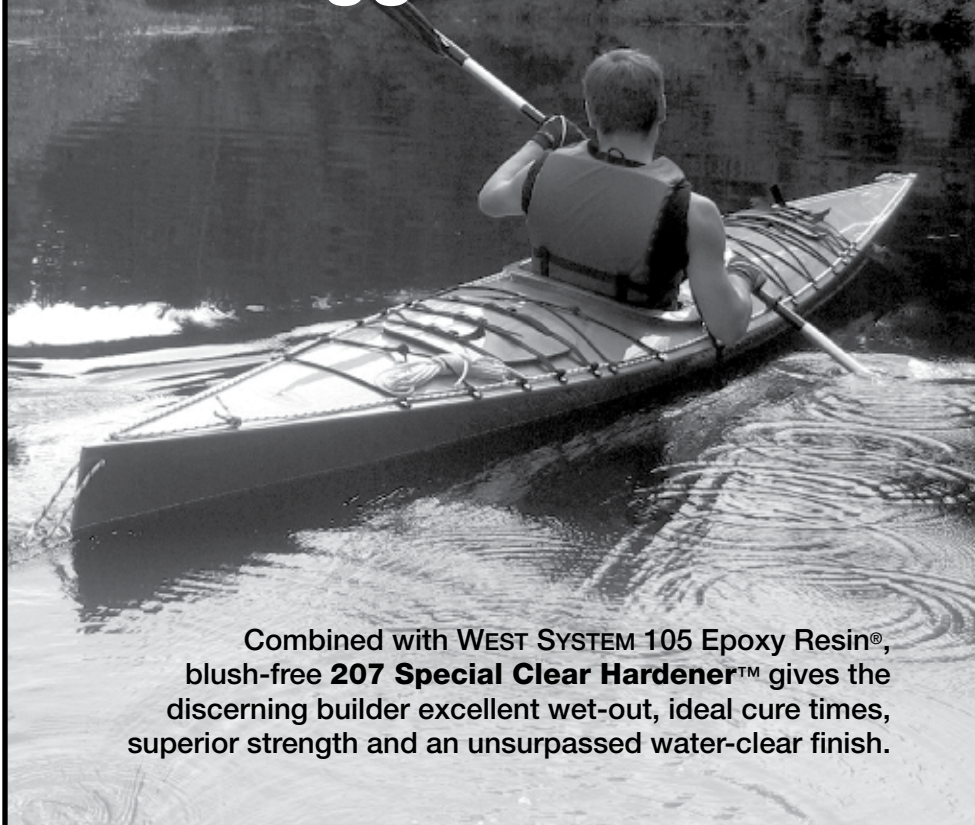
## Princess Anne

I know that I've been slow sending you guys stuff, we've been busy but I'm old and lazy. Helen and I went out for the first evening wine cruise and it was fantastic. She slips along at hull speed, about 6mph, with no fuss or noise, is extremely stable, has 13 cup holders and a Bluetooth speaker, what the hell ever that means, and the big wicker seats are to die for. She does have a door for that hole but it's not needed for just river trips.

This is the boat all you rich guys would kill for to go tooling around in your exclusive lakes. The spotlight is perfect for spotting crab buoys. She's not a boat to have if you want to go somewhere but perfect for an hour or so slipping along in the river or lake. I really wish you all could have one but I'm not going to make another one and few of you are up to doing what it takes to just whip one out and not spend ten years making it perfect, I won't name names. I don't see anything I would do differently for the mission she has.



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# So, Whatabout my Old Town Rowboat Project?

By Bob Hicks



little advance work on the boat needed while the Old Town awaited further work when time became available. Relocating the thwarts to suit either a double or solo rowing setup and fitting some nice old bronze oarlocks I had from long ago, I figured I'd be ready to go in late summer.

And then... a new development. A front facing rowing rig was offered to me and a long ago hankering to try that way to go flickered into life (see facing page from back in the mid '80s), so I set to work adapting it to the canoe. It fit nearly perfectly across the side rails and while I was at it I added an exterior set of sponsons of 2" dense construction foam for reserve flotation.

Well, it was ready to go out for trials late last fall but I never got around to it what with the press of family and publishing demands and lack of available companions to accompany me (I no longer go afloat alone, gotta have some respect for my advanced years it seems).

So, maybe this year, with a winter to work on the Old Town (that empty greenhouse on the south side if the barn gets plenty warm on a sunny winter day) I may even have a fleet of rowing craft, facing either way.



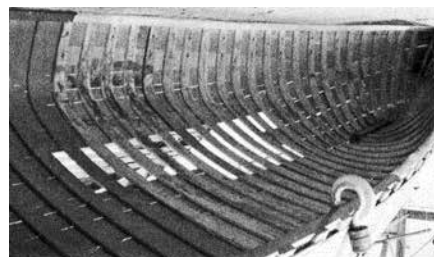
were several damaged planks that needed to be replaced before I could paint and that's where she sits now.

And then... a new development. Realizing that I wasn't going to get the Old Town afloat in 2020 with all the more demanding issues in our lives brought on by the covid panic, when an ad arrived offering a well used 16' fiberglass canoe, I seized the opportunity to get into the water with



Can it be now four years since I brought home this project rowboat that was intended to give me some enjoyable shop time in winter and a return to rowing come summer? Yep, and now four years later it's a long way yet from being ready to row. I introduced it to you all in our February 2018 issue as it came into my possession, good solid boat with ragged canvas covering, no cracked ribs but a few rotted planks and lotsa loose brass nails. I got off to a fast start that winter but come spring it was back outdoors and by winter of 2019 other stuff in life had come to the fore and the boat just rested there in the old greenhouse.

I did get some work done on it in 2019, the inside wrinkled old vanish scraped off and the wood surface cleaned and all the planking nails either tightened or replaced. I had removed the thwarts and their mounting cleats and knees and the rub rails and oarlock mounts on the front half (leaving those in the back half in place to hold the shape) to make it easier to get to the inside nooks and crannies. After replacing the partly rotted breast hook and stem head, I painted this interior front half with primer and exterior gray deck enamel, then replaced the components and proceeded to do the same for the back half. But here







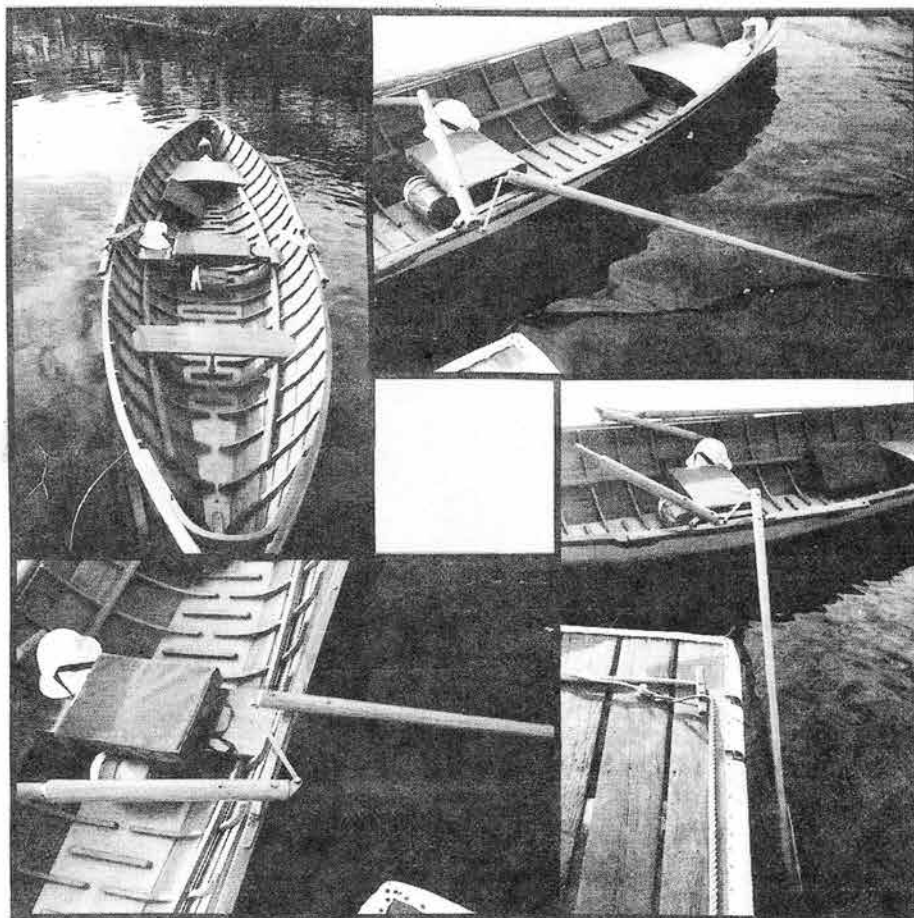
## *How to go rowing and see where you're going!*

Above: First tryout of the forward facing oars usually results in quizzical looks. Below: The oars fold neatly alongside the gunwales. Note how the connecting linkage reverses the thrust of the oarsman's arms. The installation is very neat.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Myron Young caught the attention of many rowers when he arrived at the Island, with his superbly constructed forward facing oars fitted to his home built double ended pulling boat, a light lovely craft patterned after a Mystic model he had once admired. The unique rowing setup got a lot of tryouts, all accompanied by head shaking and confused watching of oar blades seeming to go in the wrong direction. "You've got to watch your HANDS not the oar BLADES," Myron explained to those trying out the rig. They pull as nicely as conventional oars but you are LOOKING where you are GOING. Easy enough out in the open, most trouble developed maneuvering into a tight spot on the beach. It's an acquired skill, but it certainly has its advantages. Myron had arisen at 2 a.m. to drive the 200 miles from eastern Long Island to Mystic via Throgs Neck Bridge as the Saturday weather had kept him away.

Myron has a set of simple drawings of his hardware for converting oars into forward facing types and he's happy to send copies to anyone interested, at no cost. Just write to Myron Young, P.O. Box 113, Laurel, NY 11948. He's also interested in hearing about other ways of achieving this turnaround in rowing, and invites your comments and suggestions. If you pause to think about it for a moment, not many human activities are regularly pursued going backwards!





## A HOUSE-RAFT.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.



the water is a very enjoyable place to live on in the summer-time, the idea of having house-boats and rafts that can be towed from place to place is becoming a very popular one, and each year many boats are built for both inland waters and the bays and rivers along the coasts.

Among the many readers of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE there are undoubtedly those who live along the shores of rivers, lakes, and bays, where facilities for building and using boats and rafts are to be obtained.

Almost any boy can build a fairly good boat, even if it is a flat-bottomed sharpie. But to build a raft of the proper size, and on it a house that may be comfortably occupied, will require the aid of a good carpenter who understands construction, and under whose direction several boys can work to good advantage.

For a party of four or five young fellows, a very convenient and commodious house-raft at anchor is shown in the large illustration. The raft is about

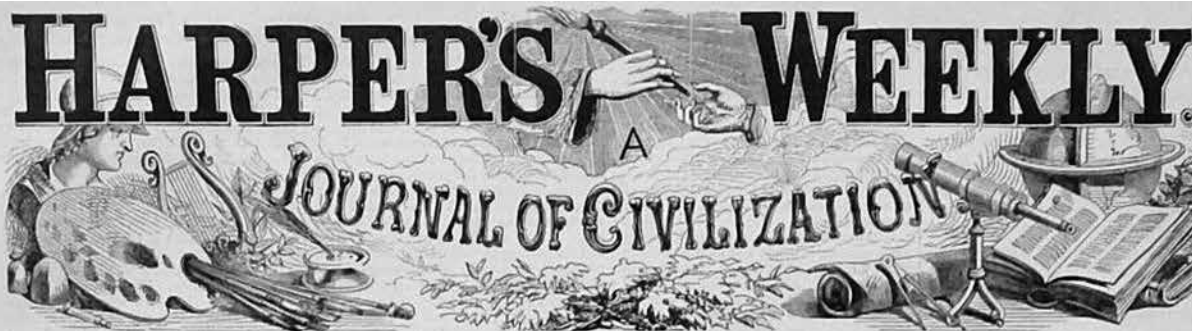
thirty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide, while the house is twenty-three feet long and twelve feet wide by nine feet high from raft deck to top of house.

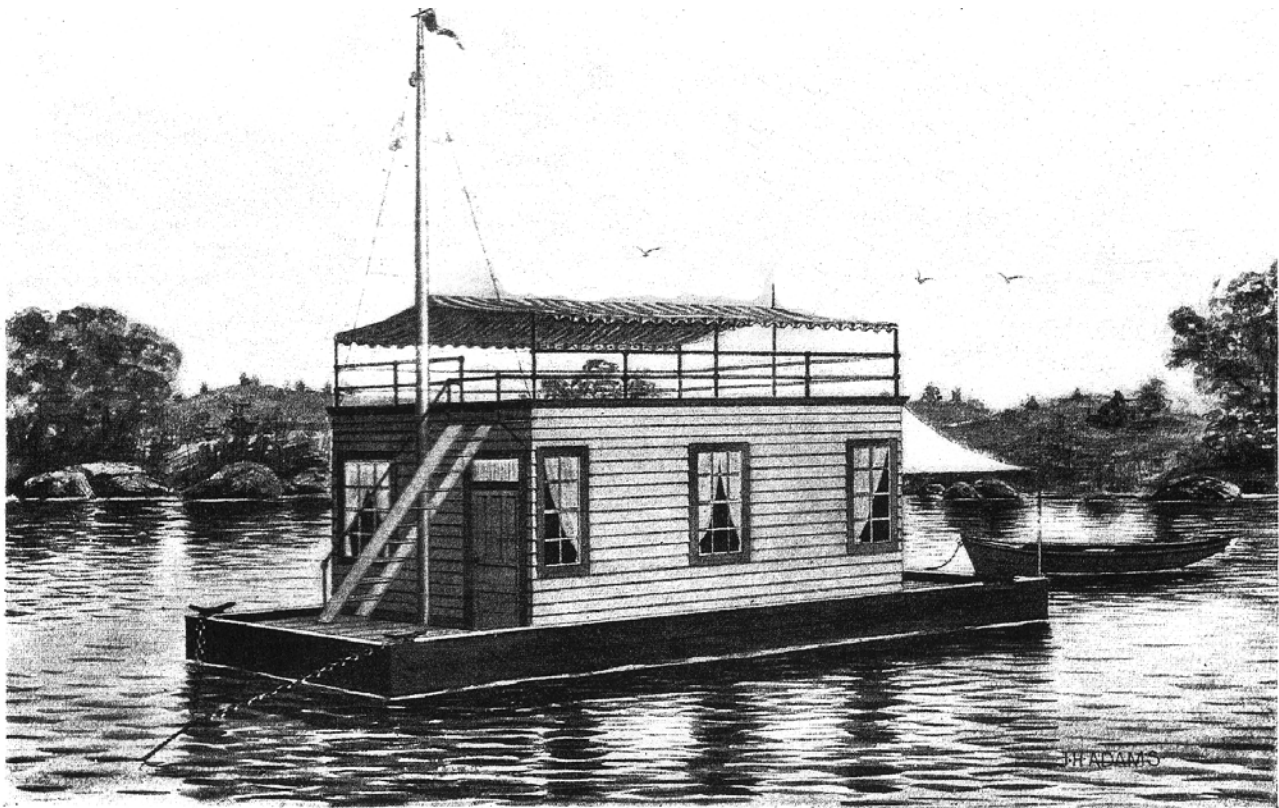
These dimensions will, if necessary, permit the raft to be taken through any canal, and without mast and deck-rails it will pass under the road bridges that span the canals.

If the house-raft is to be used on canals only, it will be better not to have the mast, and the deck-rail may be arranged so that it can be removed quickly before passing under a low bridge.

The mast is for use on lakes, bays, or rivers only, where a large square sail can be hoisted on a yard-arm, and by means of which the raft may be made to sail before the wind slowly, so that its position may be changed from time to time.

The construction of a house-raft is quite simple, and will not require the services of a boat-builder, as the carpenter can build both the raft and the house on it. To begin with, it will be necessary to obtain four straight logs thirty-eight feet long, as sound as possible, and not wind-racked. Two of these logs are to be laid with the butt end at the stern, and the other





THE HOUSE-RAFT AT ANCHOR.

two with butts at the bow, thus giving equal spaces between each along the entire length of the raft.

Across the ends of these logs nail a temporary strip to keep them the proper distance apart; then at right angles lay four-by-twelve-inch timbers on edge about two feet apart, and spike them securely to the logs. This part of the work should be done in shallow water, where the logs can be near enough to shore for the workers to stand on bottom.

When laying these cross-timbers it is always well to place the first ones about five feet apart, and stand a straight timber across from one to the other parallel to the logs, so that as each succeeding timber is laid it can be levelled by either cutting slightly into the log or building up the bearing, as it may require.

Having timbered the logs the entire length, begin to plank or deck the raft with one-inch-and-a-quarter spruce boards six inches wide, laying the strips from bow to stern.

Fig. 1 will show the position of the logs with cross-timbers above, on top of which the planking may be seen. To the under side of the cross-beams, and midway between the logs, planks should be fastened that will run the entire length of the raft. These are to form a bearing against which the upper bilge of the barrels will rest. Fig. 1 shows the heads of three barrels, each the end one of a number that are chained together and run all along under the raft, to give it sufficient buoyancy to counteract the displacement that would be caused by the weight of the house and occupants.

Fig. 2 is a side view of those same barrels, showing the position they occupy, and the distance from one to the other. Oil-barrels are the best for this purpose, and after being well bunged they should be treated to

several good coats of copper paint before being drawn under the raft. It would be well to leave a gallon of oil in each barrel, as it keeps the glue sizing in good condition, and prevents it from yielding to the dampness caused by the water, the pressure of which might in time find its way through small cracks or openings.

A few yards of wrought-iron chain sufficiently heavy for the purpose can be obtained and cut into short lengths, and each end should be fitted with an eye-plate with four holes in it, which plates are to be fastened to the ends of the barrels with short fat screws, having first thoroughly smeared the back of each with white-lead. The barrels should be arranged about one foot apart, and if the logs are from twenty-four to thirty inches in diameter at the butt end there should be just enough space to accommodate the three rows of barrels between the four logs, as shown in Fig. 1.

Across the logs at the bow and stern attach the planking, to extend down a foot below the water-line, and with short uprights against which to nail, fasten weather-boards along the sides of the raft to cover the logs and come up flush with the deck-line.

Seven feet in from the ends of the raft lay cross-stringers, three by six inches, at distances of eighteen inches apart, on which to place the floor of the house. This flooring may be of narrow spruce boards, planed on one side and having matched edges.

The uprights for the house construction are placed on the flooring beams and sills, and securely pinned to them, and the cross-beams at top of house should be placed the same distance apart as the floor beams to sustain the weight above, as the top of the house or upper deck will be the open-air living-room. The side



elevation shows the position of windows that will be placed on both sides of the house, and another illustration shows both front and rear elevations of the

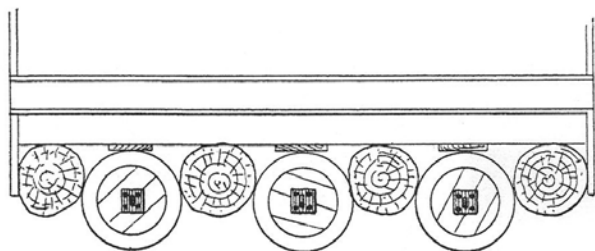


FIG. 1.

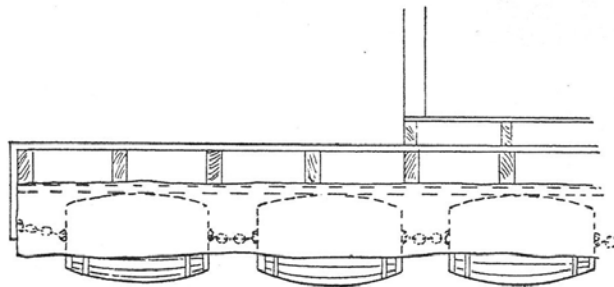


FIG. 2.

house, as well as the location of companionway and deck-rails.

The deck plan shows the arrangement of the house, and how it is divided into the several compartments.

In the front, the dining and living saloon is a room measuring about eight feet in width and eleven feet in length. At one end a couch is placed, which, if necessary, can be used as a bed; and close to it are two large windows—one overlooking the fore-deck, the other giving a view from the side of the house. At the other end of the room a neat china-cupboard is built into the corner, and in the opposite corner the front door and a window are placed. One of the illustrations is an interior view of this cabin, showing how comfortable and attractive it can be made to appear. As it is a sort of general mess-room and living-cabin, it can be decorated and kept as such in a shipshape manner.

Fishing-rods, guns, and nets against the wall will take up little space, while in the locker under the cupboard a variety of sporting paraphernalia can be stored.

This room is all ceiled with narrow boards, that may be varnished or painted, and on the floor a large rug will modify the bare woody appearance, while on the walls a few pictures can be hung with artistic effect.

Leading aft from this saloon, a passageway opens into the galley, a room six feet and six inches wide by eleven feet long, where all the cooking-utensils and stores are kept. A corner of the galley, as shown in

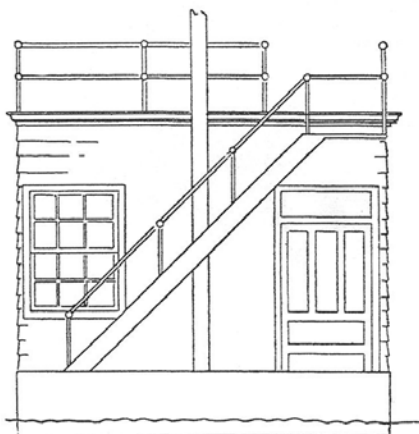
the illustration, will give an idea of the compact and handy arrangement of this room; and as the rear door opens on the after-deck, much of the culinary work can be done on deck if it is too warm to work inside. The illustration shows a portion of one rear side window, and also the doorway into the passage leading to the dining-saloon. This corner affords space for a large pantry and a ledge to work on, under which is a closet for pots and kettles. Above the ledge a nest of shelves will accommodate plates, cups, saucers, and various cooking-utensils, while others can be accommodated on convenient nails driven into the wood-work. At the opposite side of the room a large store-closet is built, and the remaining space is occupied by the toilet-room, from which a small door opens on the after-deck.

This galley should be painted a light gray or ivory white, with several coats of paint mixed for outside use, so the wood-work can all be wiped down with a damp cloth when necessary. White is always the best color for a kitchen or galley, and it has the appearance of cleanliness that no other color will give; it will be found to keep a room much cooler also, and for that reason it is recommended. A rug of rag carpet will be an acceptable covering for the floor, which should be treated to several good coats of yellow-ochre paint.

Between the dining-saloon and the galley two staterooms are placed, so the passageway runs between them, and from which the doors open that lead into them. These rooms are each about eight feet and six inches long by nearly five feet wide, and two berths, each three feet wide, are built in the rooms. Both rooms have large windows, and spaces for corner wash-stands; and as the doors open against the ends of the berths, there is no lost space nor wasted room.

Rows of hooks will accommodate clothing, and the lower berth should be at least twenty-two inches up from the floor, to allow room to slide a trunk or two under it. These rooms can be ceiled and papered, or painted, as a matter of choice, but a few coats of varnish will render the wood-work in good shape and proof against dampness.

All the windows and doors in this boat can be of stock sizes, so that the cost of special sizes can be avoided. The sheathing may be of cedar shingles or of clapboards, as the cost is about the same. The clapboards should be painted, and will look better than shingles, although a very artistic effect is had by staining the shingles and painting the door and window-casings in shades to match, preferably in the brown and olive-green shades.



FRONT ELEVATION.

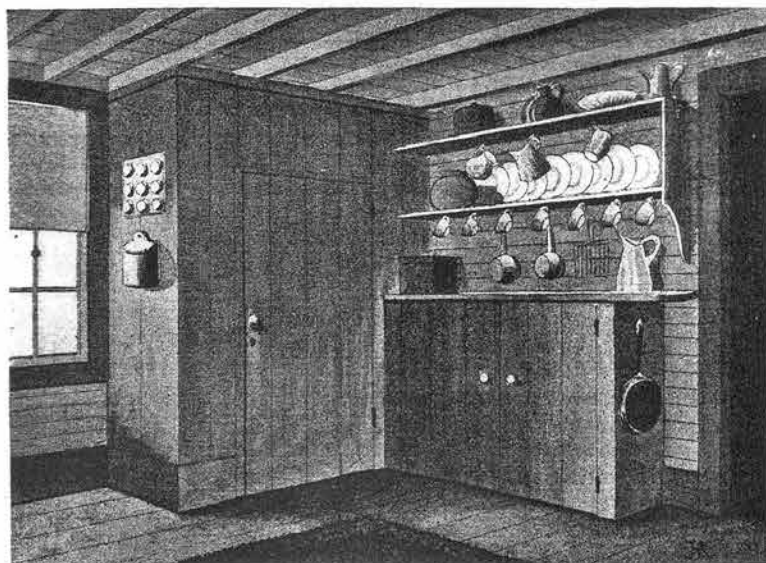


REAR ELEVATION.

The flooring of the upper deck should be of regular flooring boards with matched edges and planed on one side. Over this flooring canvas should be stretched and tacked, and afterwards given two or three coats of oil and varnish to make it water-proof, and finally treated to a coat or two of lead-colored paint. The seams should all be well laid down, and fastened with copper or tinned tacks, driven about two inches apart. It would be well to give the boards two good thick coats of paint before the canvas is applied, so that when the oil soaks through the canvas it will soften the paint somewhat, and help to hold the canvas in its proper place.

Leading from the fore-deck to the upper deck a stair or companionway is built, and anchored securely in place to the front of the house. The platform at the head of the staircase is braced over the front doorway by means of two iron rods that act as brackets, and which are screwed securely both to the under side of the platform and to the door-casing. This can be an open stairway composed of two side ways and eleven treads, the ends of the treads being anchored in grooves cut in the ways, and securely fastened with screws.

The rail around the deck is of common iron gas-



THE KITCHEN.

which the end of a tiller can be inserted when steering the craft, either when in tow or under sail.

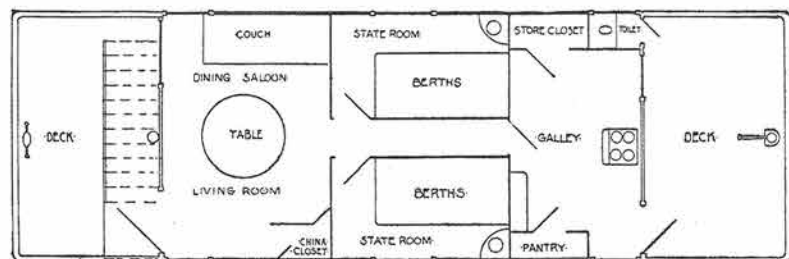
A mast twenty-five or thirty feet long can be stepped amidship against the front of the house, and strapped fast to the upper deck with a horseshoe band. A step-block can be fastened to the deck, into which the tensioned end of the mast will fit.

A yard-arm about twenty feet long, or longer if desired, can be arranged to hoist nearly to the top of the mast, and from which a large square sail may be rigged so the lower corners will fasten to outriggers four or five feet long, that can be temporarily braced at the sides of the boat when sail is set. This pole affords a good place from which to fly club or college colors, and from which to suspend lines of colored and Japanese lanterns to illuminate at night. This mast should be six inches in diameter at the base, and gradually taper near the top, and if a sail is to be used frequently, it

would be a good plan to bobstay and shroud the stick with some standing rigging, so as to relieve it from the entire strain of a large sail.

The top of the house affords a living-room twenty-three feet long and twelve feet wide, and in that space a number of chairs, a table, hammocks, and benches can be accommodated.

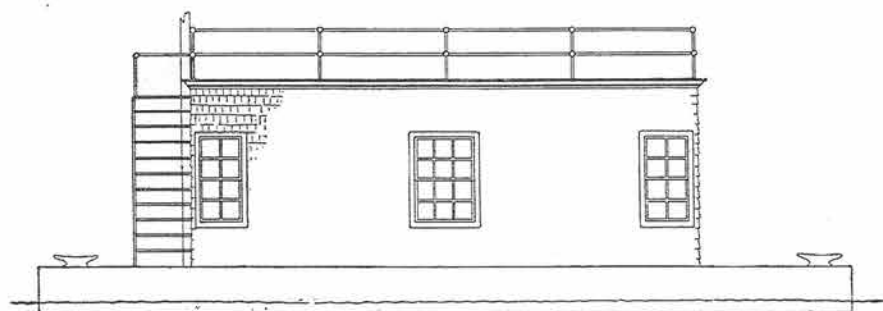
For lake, river, and bay use this deck can be covered



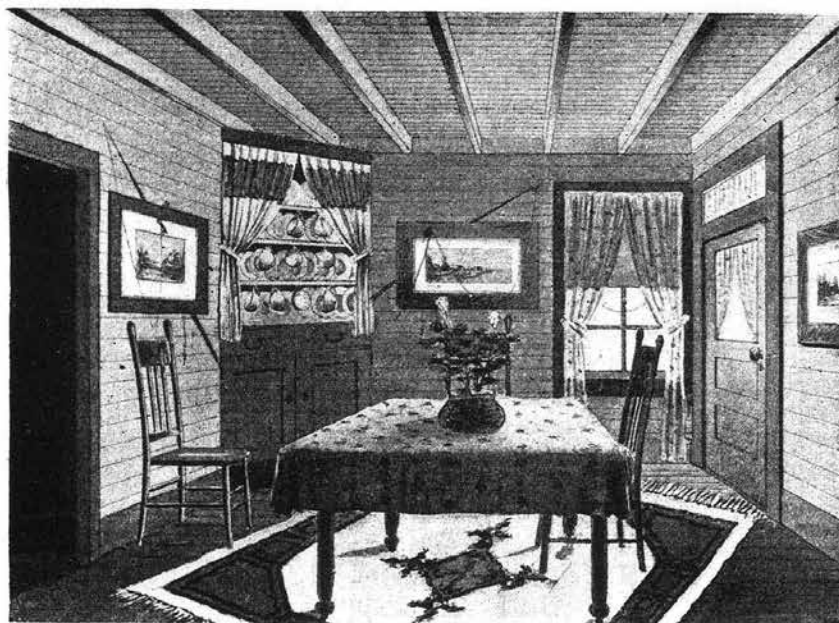
INTERIOR PLAN.

pipe, held in place by sockets and uprights. If the piping cannot be had, then hickory or hard-wood poles one inch and a half in diameter may be employed, and held in place by uprights three inches wide and thirty inches high, through which two holes have been bored to receive the poles.

Around the fore and after decks a stringer three by six inches can be spiked down, and to the sides near the bow and stern large cleats should be bolted fast, by which the raft can be moored. Amidship at the bow a large post may be fastened, around which to attach a tow-line if necessary, and at the stern a rudder is arranged, with the post projecting up through the deck for a distance of a foot or eighteen inches. A mortice should be cut in the top of this post, into



SIDE ELEVATION OF HOUSE-RAFT.



LIVING-ROOM.

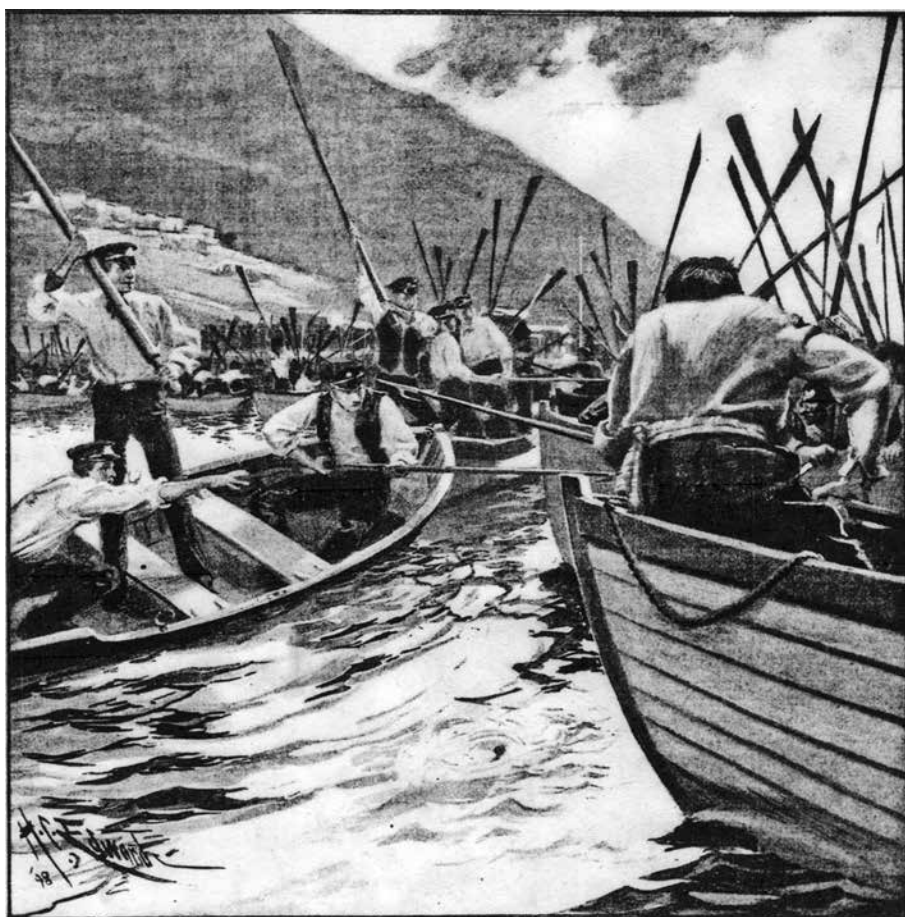
by a large awning, supported at the centre by a ridge-pole, and at the sides by upright posts that hold a stout wire in place, over which the striped awning canvas is caught. Drop-curtains at the sides will be convenient to

ed in the manner described the cost should not exceed from two hundred to three hundred dollars, including all labor and material, according to the locality in which it is constructed.

ward off the bright sunlight, and this deck-room will be found the most delightful place to spend the pleasant days and evenings.

Along the inland waterways a raft of this description is a most desirable craft, as it can be towed from place to place, and for pleasure purposes its value cannot be overestimated, as it is a base for hunting and fishing, as well as a retreat from village life; and the pleasure and comfort that can be had from a raft like this can well be appreciated when once tried.

To build a house-raft on these plans is not a difficult nor an expensive piece of work, and outside of the cost of the lumber, timber, barrels, and logs the cost is limited, unless finish is contemplated. With materials at hand and the help of three or four good workers, it should not require more than a week to construct this raft and house, and if fitted and paint-



The battle waged furiously for a time.

## The Battle of the Apprentices

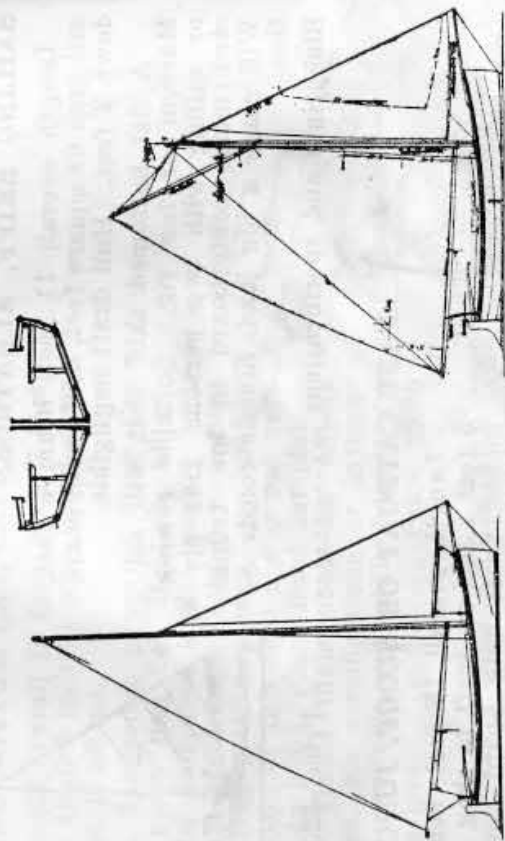
When the boys at last pulled back to their vessels, they towed after them three whaleboats they had captured from the enemy, and when over the bar they cast them adrift to come ashore upon the rocks, or to be gradually broken up in the surf.

It was not until two days afterward, when the *Heron* steamed back, that the town quieted down sufficiently to make it safe for the apprentices to be again granted "shore leave," and then the "Suffering Gentlemen's Sons," with arms in slings and with faces patched with court plaster, drove about the streets of Iquique as if nothing unpleasant had ever happened. The skippers did not say much about the battle, for a sea captain is likely to be chary of his praise lest he should encourage his men's conceit, but it is safe to say that at their next meeting in the agent's office there was more than one compliment paid to the pluck of the English sailor boys who had stood for two hours back to back against ten times their number and had not only defended themselves gallantly but had put their enemy to rout in a pitched give and take battle.

And if you doubt the truth of this story you have only to ask of any English apprentice who has been on the west coast of South America and he will confirm my history, for the "Battle of Iquique" will not be forgotten for many a year in the British merchant marine.

**Editor Comments:** The lead into this tale from "Harpers Round Table" was on a missing previous page, but the image of this handy use of those sweeps in a pitched battle against overwhelming odds apparently with local youth in small boats was irresistible.





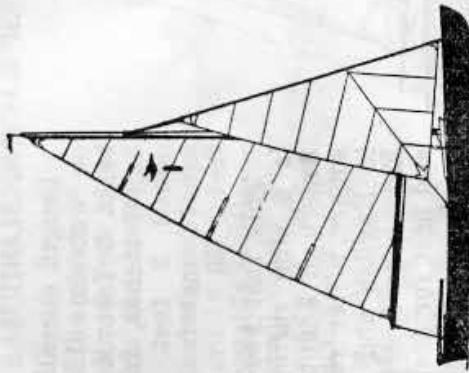
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The greatest racing class in the world, with over 9,000 registered boats. Strictly a one-design class under sponsorship of Snipe Class International Racing Association. More than 150 active racing fleets.

Marconi rigged hollow mast using latest type of high, narrow, jib headed mainsail and overlapping jib. Easily handled. No backstays. Safe and handy and the fastest boat of her sail area. Will carry four persons, but best with two when racing. Sturdy construction. Hundreds built by amateurs. Weighs about 500 lbs. Metal dagger or pivoted centerboard optional. Most complete set of plans. Local, intersectional and international racing available in this class.

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THE RUDDER PUB. Co., 9 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

# Herreshoff Rowboat Was Ahead Of Its Time

By John Gardner  
Technical Editor

Thirty-two years ago, in October 1947, to be exact, the lines of a rowboat were offered to the readers of "Rudder" magazine by its most illustrious contributor, L. Francis Herreshoff. In those days "Rudder" was riding the crest of a wave, a wave of popularity and interest on the part of the boating public, the likes of which have not been seen before or since.

Every month brought new articles by Herreshoff. Some issues contained as many as three separate contributions, which a widening circle of readers waited for with keenest anticipation, and received as inspired doctrine.

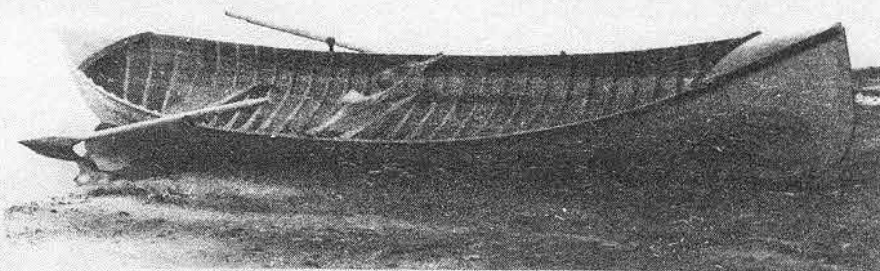
The wave set in motion then was the wave of the future and its force is still felt. Much that has taken place on the boating scene since, and that is taken for granted today, dates back to Herreshoff's writing of a generation ago and to the views and ideas to which he then gave public exposure. The immense and instant response of readers to what Herreshoff had to say leaves no doubt that large numbers were already convinced and waiting for someone to express publicly with force, logic and authority the substance of their own inner feelings and convictions, yearnings and intuitions.

Thirty years ago rowing for recreation, and as a pleasant, relaxing exercise, was almost unknown in this country. With the exception of a highly specialized and restricted form of rowing engaged in as a competitive sport by an elite of college athletes, rowing in the United States at that time had all but disappeared. Why should anyone row with motors so cheap and so available?

Herreshoff thought otherwise, and when he announced that what America needed, or at least one of the things needed, was a good rowboat, he spoke what was radical doctrine at the time. Today it is not necessary to make a case for recreational rowing, or to recapitulate Herreshoff's arguments as put forth in his classic book, "The Common Sense Of Yacht Design," but the rowboat he advocated is worth some consideration, falling as it does somewhere in between the fragile racing scull and what Herreshoff has characterized as the "heavy, ill-shaped rowboat of several hundred pounds."

What Herreshoff had in mind was "a good seaboat," very easy to row and not difficult to plank, and the lines of such a boat he has presented to us in Fig. 357 on page 137 of his "Common Sense" in the chapter on "Small Craft."

Like so many others back in the 1940s, I subscribed to "Rudder" to make sure that I saw Herreshoff's latest contribution



**THE HERRESHOFF BOAT** will be very similar to the Adirondack guide-boat shown here. The Gardner version of the Herreshoff boat is also a foot longer with somewhat greater beam.

as soon as it appeared in print, as well as to have all the issues with his articles on file for frequent rereading. When I saw the August 1947 issue with the rowboat lines, I was entranced, proceeding without delay to scale off an enlargement as best I could from which I made a scale half model, the same which now may be seen tacked over the entrance to the small-boat shop at Mystic Seaport. Ever since I first saw its lines, it has been high on my list of boats filed away to build some day when and if I ever get around to it.

Others, it seems, have had the same idea. Whether a boat, or boats, have ever been built to these lines, I do not know, although I shouldn't be surprised to learn that some had. In any case, last summer I received a request for offsets, and more recently, yet another inquiry of the same nature, the result being that I have finally had the incentive to work out the details for building this boat, or at least one very closely like it.

Although Herreshoff did not provide offsets, construction details, or anything in the way of scantling dimensions or other specifications, the lines were certainly intended to be built from, or at least to provide basic proportions and design characteristics for boats subsequently to be built. The only hint given for construction is the mention of weight, that this boat should be light, under 100 lbs. for this 17' boat with its 43" beam. And while I doubt if the weight of the boat that I have worked up can be kept under 100 lbs., it need not exceed this by very much.

The alterations I have made in the lines are so minor that I do not believe they will affect the performance enough to matter, or, in fact, enough to be perceived. They have been made solely to the end of simplifying construction and to make it easier for the inexperienced amateur to build the round hull shape.

First off, I have made my version of this boat a true double-ender, that is, the stern half is exactly like the bow half.

Both stems will be exactly the same, and duplicate molds can be used at corresponding stations forward and aft of the midsection. The differences between the bow end and the stern end of a boat built exactly to the lines as Herreshoff drew them, would have been so slight as to have had no discernible effect on performance, but the different shapes would have required extra work in building.

The evolution of the Adirondack guide-boat took the same course. The first double-enders were slightly different at the stern than they were at the bow. But later on when the guide-boat attained the peak of its development, bow and stern were built exactly alike without altering performance, but with substantial savings in building labor.

Both the Adirondack guide-boat and this rowboat have much in common so far as their basic hull shapes go. Both have flat plank bottoms. In short, both the guide-boat and the Herreshoff rowboat have much the same sectional shapes. In length, the Herreshoff boat is a foot longer than the standard full-size Adirondack guide-boat of 16'. In maximum beam the difference is greater, that is, 42" for the rowboat as against 38" for the guide-boat.

Bottom widths differ even more. For the rowboat, inside width amidships of the flat bottom is 16", while for most 16' guide-boats the corresponding bottom width normally falls somewhere between 8" or 9". This extra width should make the rowboat less tippy than the guide-boat although the latter was adequately stable, and entirely safe when handled right. Nevertheless, in comparison with flat-floored utility rowboats and wide outboard craft, the Herreshoff rowboat may appear to be somewhat tiddly. After all, this is intended to be an easy, fast-moving rowboat, and not a working skiff one can sit on the side of.

Inside depth amidships scales 12" in the Herreshoff lines as compared with 11½" in a 16' Grant guide-boat. I have increased the sheer height uniformly



throughout by 1", making the inside depth amidships 13", and counting on this increase to improve sea-keeping qualities without increasing windage enough to matter.

One major difference between the Herreshoff rowboat and the Adirondack guide-boat is in the amount of bottom rocker or fore-and-aft camber. In the former it is 2 3/4", as I have drawn it, while in the latter it is barely more than 1" for a 16' boat.

My biggest departure from the original Herreshoff lines is in the shape and construction of the stems which are the same shape and dimensions at either end, although if one wished he could lower the height at the stern by an inch or so, if he thought this would improve the appearance.

Herreshoff did not indicate a stem construction, but the curved shape suggests a conventionally rabbeted stem and a rabbeted stern post. Further, the amount of stem curve might require curved timber or a steam-bent stem piece.

Instead, I have chosen a two-piece stem very similar to that found in the Rangeley Lakes boat, although the one to be used here is even simpler. It is in two pieces and can be sawn to shape from ordinary straight-grain plank, and requires no rabbeting. The inner piece is easily beveled in place after the boat has been set up for planking. The outer portion of the stem may be shaped and beveled at the bench before attaching to the inner part after planking has been completed. This is the simplest and easiest stem to construct that I know, yet wholly adequate and pleasing in its appearance, at least to my eye.

The boat will be clinker planked with eight strakes got out of standard 4' x 8' panels of 1/4" marine plywood, spliced as required. Laps and splices will be glued with a flexible adhesive in addition to being fastened with clinched copper tacks, and fastened to the frames either with screws or copper rivets. With glued laps the boat will not only be much stronger than it otherwise would be, but it will be completely and permanently tight whether left in or taken out of the water, a most desirable feature in any boat that is to be hauled about on a trailer.

Planking lines will be developed from a scale half model. In building lapstrake, it is desirable to have proven planking lines to work from, taken either from a good example of the boat already built or worked out on a scale half model. The omission of planking lines from working plans for clinker-built boats is a grave defect, although most plans now available for lapstrake boats fail to include them.

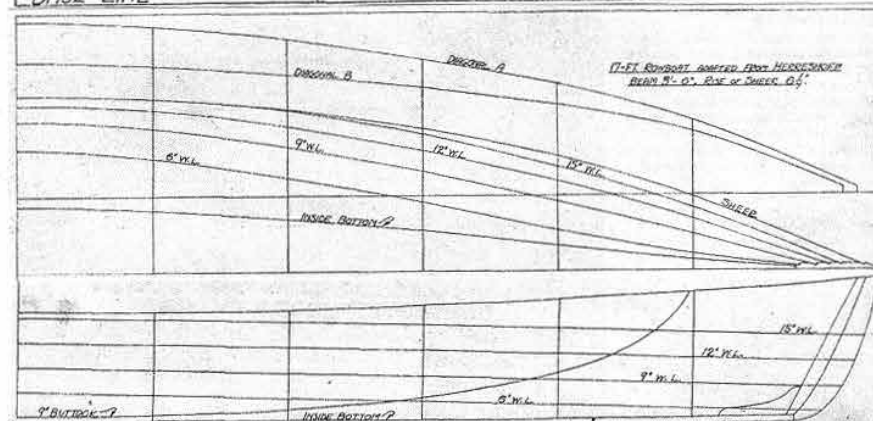
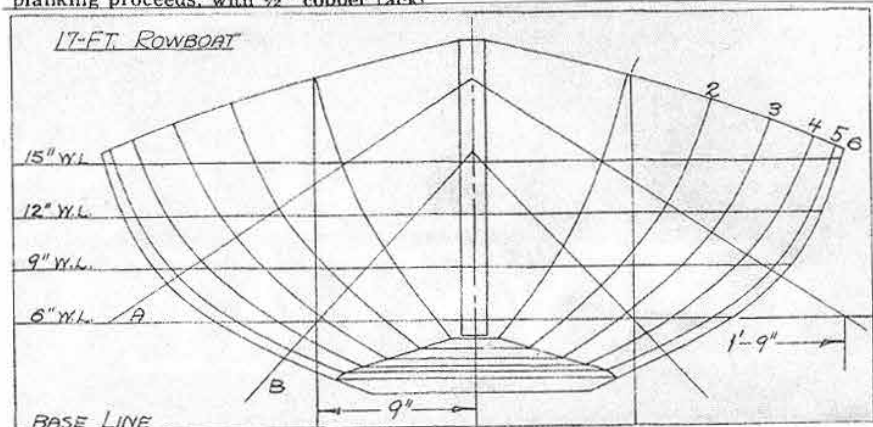
The boat will be planked bottom-up on a ladder-frame setup with molds on 16" centers to correspond to an 8" frame spacing. As the planks are put on, they

will be temporarily secured to the molds with long, slim, resin-coated nails through the laps. The nail heads are padded with round washers of thick leather slightly smaller than a dime. These press firmly on the lap without marring the wood permitting the nails to be easily pulled with nippers when the molds are later removed for timbering after planking has been completed. This method, developed for the construction of the four-oared gig General Lafayette, at Mystic Seaport worked out very well for that boat.

Between the timbers, set on 8" centers the laps, after a flexible adhesive has been applied, will be fastened together as planking proceeds, with 1/2" copper tacks,

driven from the outside and clinched over into the wood on the inside. This is similar to the method used for fastening guide-boat laps, except that guide-boat laps require two rows of tacks, one put in from the outside, the other from the inside.

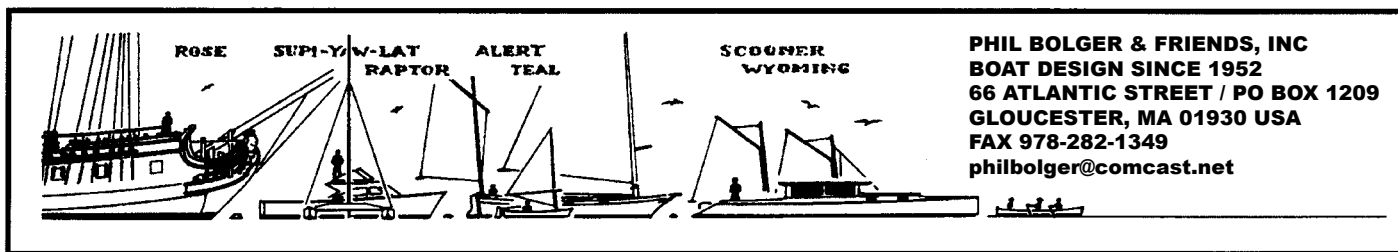
Frames can be steamed white oak bent in and riveted after the boat is planked and has been turned right-side up. Or ribs can be glued laminations of thin strips of spruce. In locations where suitable oak bending stock is not available, laminated ribs are another way to go, and could be easier, lighter and just as strong as steam-bent oak.



17-FT. DOUBLE-ENDED ROWBOAT ADAPTED FROM HERRESHOFF  
OFFSETS TO INSIDE OF PLANKING AND BOTTOM, FEET, INCHES, EIGHTHS.

HEIGHTS		STEM	1	2	3	4	5	6
	SHEER	1-9-7	1-7-7	1-6-4	1-5-3	1-4-4	1-3-7	1-3-5
HALF-BREADTHS	INSIDE BOTTOM	0-5-3	0-4-7	0-4-2	0-3-6	0-3-2	0-2-7	0-2-5
	9" BUTTOK	1-7-7	—	0-9-6	0-6-3	0-4-6	0-3-6	0-3-1
HALF-BREADTHS	BOTTOM	0-0-6	0-1-3	0-3-1	0-5-0	0-6-3	0-7-4	0-8-0
	6" W.L.	0-0-6	0-2-0	0-5-0	0-8-4	0-11-2	1-1-5	1-2-6
HALF-BREADTHS	9" W.L.	0-0-6	0-4-3	0-8-3	0-11-7	1-3-0	1-5-1	1-6-1
	12" W.L.	0-0-6	0-6-1	0-10-6	1-2-3	1-5-3	1-7-2	1-7-7
HALF-BREADTHS	15" W.L.	0-0-6	0-7-5	1-0-3	1-4-1	1-6-7	1-8-4	1-9-0
	SHEER	0-0-6	0-8-7	1-1-6	1-5-0	1-7-2	1-8-5	1-9-1
HALF-BREADTHS	DIAGONAL A	0-0-7	0-8-7	1-1-2	1-4-1	1-6-5	1-8-2	1-8-7
	DIAGONAL B	0-1-1	0-7-4	0-10-5	1-0-7	1-2-3	1-3-4	1-4-1
DIAGONAL A UP 1-7-6 ABOVE B.L. AND OUT 1-9-0 ON 6" W.L.								
DIAGONAL B UP 1-3-4 ABOVE B.L. AND OUT 9" ON 6" W.L.								





## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design Design Column No 563 in MAIB

On Rowing - Phil's Perspective  
 With a Few Examples of Rowing Craft From 5'6" to 38'

With a number of articles in this issue emphasizing matters related to oar power, rowing, moving boats with our arms, we here present Phil's perspective on the subject with a few examples out of our archive offering a selection of designs for oar powered craft across a very broad range of purposes and ambitions.

Phil Bolger on Rowing: Chapter 7 of *Small Boats*, published 1973: "Twenty years or so ago the *National Geographic Society* sponsored an expedition to investigate a meteor crater down back of beyond in Labrador. The crater lake was to be sounded so they took along a canoe and, naturally, an outboard motor to drive the canoe. How else? That motor was flown at fabulous expense to the vicinity and packed miles across nightmarish boulder terrain and down the precipitous wall of the crater with hardship and hazard complained of in the official account of the expedition.

After arriving at the water's edge, I suppose they spent a half hour hooking it up and pulling on the starting cord before they sputtered bravely out to the middle of the lake, which was all of a mile and a half in diameter, took their soundings and proceeded to reverse the whole process until the motor arrived in good order back in Montreal. Being careful men, I expect that they also took some paddles along in case the motor broke down.

Apart from illustrating that well regarded scientists don't necessarily have any sense, this piece of lunacy is only an exaggerated example of a very common tendency. There are actually thousands of people using motors (and sails, for that matter) to do jobs that could be done quicker and easier, to say nothing of cheaper, with oars. Almost while I was writing this I saw a television ad for an electric outboard motor, guaranteed not to wake up your neighbors when you go fishing early in the morning, the thought is appreciated, but anybody could row the boat faster and farther, still in silence, than that motor could drive it.

I'm a great admirer of modern outboard motors, I should say, I've owned several and used them a lot, but the way some people use them is like trying to do your shopping by airplane when the market is in walking distance, not because you like flying so much, but because you don't realize that it's possible to walk. Even disregarding cost, it's folly to insist on a motor for very short distances because the trouble of bringing the motor to the starting point is out of all proportion to any that it saves when ready.

Motors enable a boat to make headway against swift streams or gale winds, or to cover a long distance quickly, or to keep

very heavy loads moving reliably, they're not needed or efficient for short distances, tight loads and pleasant weather and, in particular, they're not sensible when the thing sought is recreation for a given time rather than arrival over a certain distance.

The very fast rowing boats developed for racing and race training are not good for casual recreation because they're too fragile and slow turning to take into crowded places and narrow inlets or to launch and beach on most shores. Their seating is too inflexible to be pleasant for many hours at a time and, although the decked types are surprisingly good in rough water, for other reasons they need a more alert crew than seems good to me for a carefree excursion.

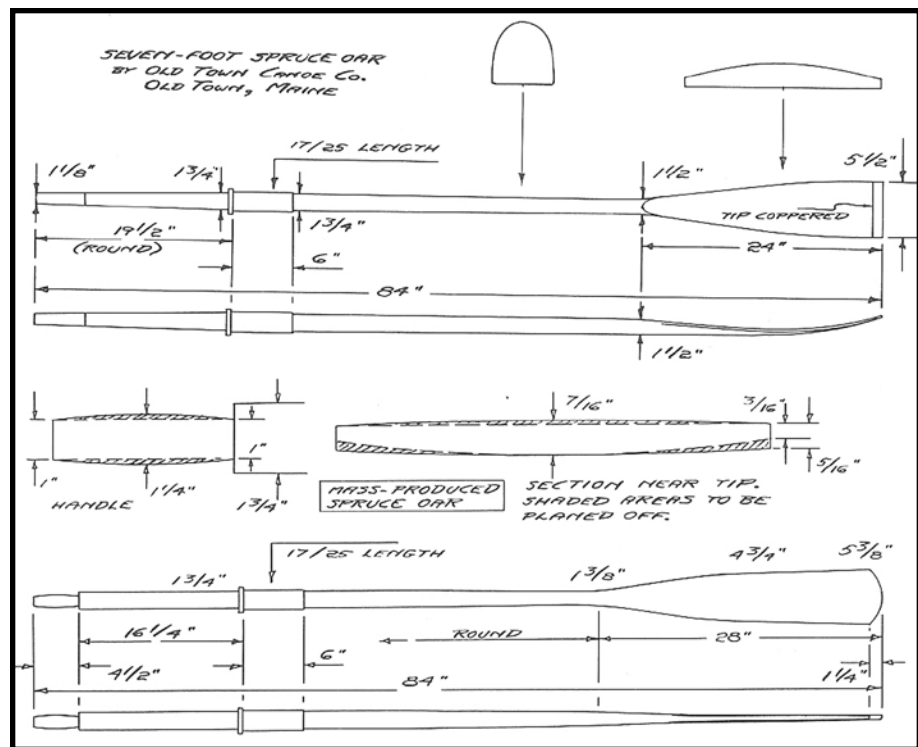
On the other hand, the stubby and shapeless dinghies of the common type are about as good as anything for enjoying a small and smooth anchorage but limit the range severely. In the earlier chapters I've presented several intermediate types and commented on their capabilities and limitations.

With the designs there are some recommendations on oar lengths. I've never been able to work out a satisfactory formula for this because freeboard comes into it as well as breadth. I have to diagram it by trial and error, trying to arrive at proportions that

enable the oar handles to just clear each other at the boat centerline with oars horizontal and eight twenty-fifths of the oar length inboard of the lock. In boats very high out of water you have to settle for some overlap of handles on the recovery or the handles will be too far apart on the stroke, in very low boats some separation of the handles on recovery does no harm. Generally speaking, a good deal less than twice the spread of the locks will serve and I'd prefer to have oars a little short of the ideal than much too long.

For the design of the oars themselves, the same kind of considerations come up as in selecting a boat. The perfect oar for straight-forward rowing is too fragile in the blade to stand use as a pole on shallow bottom or the banging against rocks that is bound to happen sometimes when you have to cramp close up against a bank to avoid a foul stream. Figure 1 is a drawing of an oar made by the Old Town Canoe Company of Old Town, Maine. It's one I've used for many years and never seen improved for clear water rowing, but it's a little weak in the blade for rough treatment and has become very expensive on account of the complex shape.

Figure 2 is an ordinary mass production oar generally available either in ash or spruce. For pleasure rowing the ash version



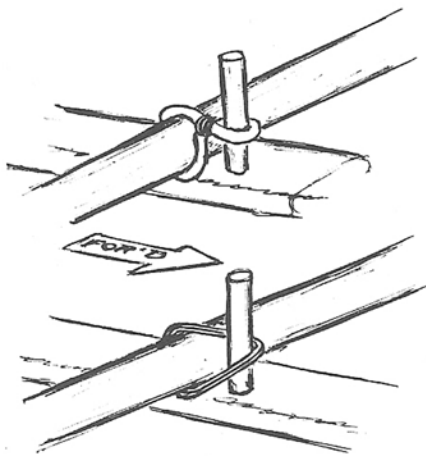
is no pleasure, the spruce oar is plenty strong and stiff and not terribly worse to use than the Old Town if you shave one side of the blade a little, as diagrammed, and take off the foolish swell in the handles with a spoke-shave to make them less prone to blister your palms. Any serious rowboat should have two pairs of oars (and rowlocks, a friend of mind nearly blew away toward Portugal once when he broke one of his only pair of locks off-shore) and it seems good to me to have one pair of each type.

I think a very good oar could be made along the lines of the Kotick paddle shown with that design but I haven't gotten around to trying a pair. The spoon shape, I don't think, is at all crucial though no doubt it's more helpful in an oar than a paddle.

With cheap oars there's a lot to be said for using them bare and replacing them when they begin to develop a wasp waist from wear at the locks. A protective wrapping of fiberglass and resin might also be a good device though I haven't tried it or seen it tried. I've tried about everything else I can think of for protection and found nothing much better all around than the traditional leathers, which stand up pretty well if given some lanolin now and then and, when worked in, have about the right kind of surface.

The soft and sticky rubber sleeves have much too much friction and tend to walk the oar inboard stroke by stroke in the most exasperating way when used with the common type of rowlock. The slick, hard, plastic collars are so slippery that it's almost impossible to hold the oar at the selected place in the lock, they do work very well if the button or other stop is placed exactly right and is the right size and shape for the lock.

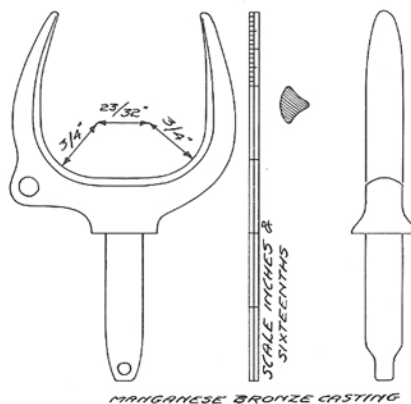
The oldest type of rowlock is the single thole pin with a slack lashing around the loom, described in the account of the battle of Salamis in *The Persians* of Aeschylus, who was there. This arrangement is still common in the Mediterranean and is a good one (see Figure 3).



The main drawback is that the lashing tends to bind and prevent the oar from being laid in or removed from the pin quickly, especially when several turns of light twine are used instead of a single loop of hard rope with a seizing between oar and pin. The arrangement on the same principal in which the oar is given a shoulder with a hole for the pin is slightly better this way but is more likely to break the pin. The North River rowlocks often seen, in which the oar pivots on a

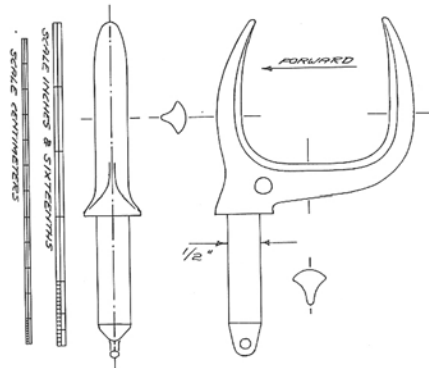
horizontal pin between horns, I haven't used much but think rather well of despite having been brought up to sneer at them because you can't feather the oar, a softwood oar used with them needs some reinforcement in way of the pin or it will break there sooner or later.

Figure 4 shows a slight modification of the standard bronze rowlock, in case somebody should feel like making his own, or a manufacturer should think of improving the design.



The only alteration is the change in the inside shape from a circular arc to part of an oblong to stop the oar from riding up the front of the lock as it takes the thrust of the stroke, a small nicety that wouldn't complicate manufacturing in any way.

Figure 5 is a more drastic modification, copied from a British design I once saw.



This has the advantage of the thole pin type in that the bearing of the oar doesn't swing around appreciably with the stroke and stand out of position through the recovery, which is the reason for the oar tending to walk inboard in the usual type of lock. The oar can be laid in further without taking it out of the lock and isn't restricted in how far it can be laid in as with double thole pins, which have to be much too far apart for convenience in other respects for this reason. On the other hand, there's no difficulty about taking the oar out of the lock and no undue friction if you choose to feather.

A lock like this will punish an unleathered oar much less than the usual symmetrical rowlock. This particular design will fit the standard 1/2" sockets and the trial pair were substituted for the original pair in my Thomaston Galley. The movable seat in the Galley made the slightly different relationship of oars and socket position no problem, but in a rowboat with fixed thwarts there would probably be enough margin

in the exact placement of one's bottom on the thwart to take care of the difference of slightly over an inch. These locks are available from Erik A.R. Ronnberg, Jr, 2 Summer St, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966, for the time being. (*S.A. This was written before 1973*).

When you start out for a row, resist the urge to start fast. Paddle gently away, preferably downwind. If the wind shifts you can have it with you both ways, if it holds you'll feel stronger to buck it later. Row with the arms only for the first few hundred yards, only very gradually starting to put your back into it. The shorter the oars you're using, the shorter the stroke must be to make efficient use of your strength. A full reach of the arms and swing of the back won't pay with oars under about seven feet at least, and a sliding seat won't pay with oars much under nine feet long, though there's a case to be made for it with shorter ones for keeping up good circulation in the legs.

After half or three-quarters of an hour of gentle rowing, say a mile and a half or so in good conditions, it's time to start stepping up the stroke. I find about 25 strokes per minute a good pace to maintain, once I'm warmed up, for a two or three hour pull without a break. That much rowing will blister most peoples' hands somewhere.

As far as I know, nothing will harden the hands except habitual rowing, pushing a lawnmower or using tools of some kind ought to help but it seems that every kind of use leaves a soft place somewhere. Gloves or bandages are not helpful. Opening the hands on each recovery does help and for this reason as well as the wear and tear on the wrists I never feather my oars except when trying to look elegant for a short distance.

The only real reason for feathering is to avoid catching the unfeathered blade in a crest and raising a cloud of spray to blow over you, in the very low sided racing type boats you must feather when there's any amount of chop because you can't raise the blade clear of the ordinary crest and must drag it through, which is a good reason for avoiding the use of such extreme boats. If you plan on feathering much of the time, have the oars looser in the locks than is otherwise best and use slippery leathers, or none.

The best way to avoid blisters on a long row is to take a break about 15 minutes out of each hour or, much better, to have two oarsmen rowing alternately. Done this way, six or eight hours of rowing will leave no scars at all on hands even slightly hardened. A particular case of a man and wife who take turns of 40 and 20 minutes respectively may be suggestive. Bucking a strong wind and sea for a short distance (and there is no future in doing it for a long one) they both pull together to get over the hard place quickly, but pulling double isn't economical of energy under ordinary circumstances unless you practice it so much that you can keep time completely automatically.

Backaches developed while rowing are usually caused by pulling round shouldered. If you snap your shoulders back straight whenever you think of it, and now and then grip a wrist behind your back and strain the shoulders back, an erect posture becomes habitual and may just avoid back troubles from things other than rowing. Various other stiffnesses complained of have been known to yield to slight adjustments in the height of the seat, position and angle of foot braces or even something as small as learning to look over your shoulder

out of the extreme corner of your eye and not trying to see further around than dead ahead on one turn of the head.

Rowing is a more complicated skill, to do well, than it looks and it's easy to develop bad habits from solitary practice as, for instance, I have an ingrained habit of hooking my thumb over the end of the handle of the oar, acquired from years of use of oars slightly too short for the boat. A girl who had rowed a lot in rough water had acquired the habit of "rowing over stumps," digging the oar deep and raising it high, and was wasting more energy than she realized in waving the blade of the oar up and down at times when there was no need of it.

I've written in the previous section about a scheme for a rowing exploit and in the ordinary way there's a strong tendency to try for impressive distances and speeds. I do it, too. "Had a nice pull around the Cape the other day," I say casually, alluding to a 17 nautical mile circuit. The intention, as far as it's any more than pure showing off, is to convey that if I, who don't look very athletic, can do that (and I have, several times) almost anybody can row a lot farther than they realize. Nevertheless, that's not really the way to enjoy rowing and it's not what rowboats are better at than power or sailboats. What the rowboat is ideal for is extracting the maximum enjoyment from a small area and for getting behind the scenes.

You can't very well follow an America's Cup race in a rowing boat, but in a pretty one, now that such are rare, you can prowl around under the stern overhang of a moored cup candidate and have her famous skipper come back to talk with you instead of sending a hard faced crewman to drive you away as would happen if you tried it in a motorboat. When somebody tells you that such and such a narrow creek just goes to the town dump, you can go and look and find that by pushing on through a culvert beyond the dump you come to a lovely isolated glade in a patch of woods, full of bird calls and with a clear brook splashing down into the end of the creek over a series of small waterfalls.

Reservoirs and semi private water, where any other type of intrusion won't be tolerated, are available to the oarsman implicitly or explicitly because he is trusted not to disturb his surroundings. On the other hand, he may picnic in shade and quiet among the supporting piles of a warehouse built over a commercial waterfront because in his lack of fear of entanglement and incentive to examine closely every inch of shores he would whisk past in a powerboat led him to the possibility."

Almost 50 years later, there is little to argue with what Phil wrote in Chapter 7 of *Small Boats* of 1973. Apart from studying what was out there since childhood and then pursuing his own designs since 1952 and, indeed, investing in a range of boats he would own, this growing body of experience, along with ever evolving thought, would inform design of rowing types for decades to come from hulls of 5'6" to 38'. Here we'll sample a few seminal types documenting that growing conceptual breadth from tiny and protected waters over inshore to offshore types and, indeed, amphibious assault under oars.

But first let's examine the core mechanics of rowing types, the oars and oarlocks. Figure 6 features three types Phil just mentioned plus a hard brass version of the rope geometry in Figure 3.



The shiny stainless circular type typically rides along on Shoe Box and Flying Cloud. The beautiful casting on the far left back on Figure 5 has always been on Spur-II. All these would want to see leather or equivalent on the oar's loom to protect it under steady and frequent rowing, not so urgent as rare emergency power on a sailing type.

Since Phil just mentioned the double paddle for his personal Design #240 Kotick kayak, Figure 7 shows a Smokers brand solid wood straight bladed 86" long type with its blades offset 90° to each other weighing in at 2lbs 11oz (1.225kg) next to one 86" by the late Bart Hathaway of very light fiberglass kayak fame, with this paddle having a wooden loom but quite elaborately shaped spoon type fiberglass blades in the 90° geometry, coming in at 3lbs 1.5oz (1.415kg).



The Smokers paddle goes from a 3/8" blade thickness at its tips over a 1.5"x1.125" root of the shaft that transitions over an oval shape of 1.375"x1.125" in your hands to perfectly round 1.25" at mid point to transition again across the oval section to the blade with a 12:1 tapered glue line in the middle to produce the 86" 90° twist out of two 48.5" sections, it uses two pieces of rope for the two drip collars.

The Hathaway has a straight 1.25" round shaft with the fiberglass blades slid on to with just multiple layers of self stick tape as a drip collar. I saw Phil paddle primarily with the Hathaway noticeably heavier, but perhaps more satisfying, with those more sculpted blades. The extra 6.5oz might be of relevance during longer paddles and touring, but Phil would be back home in a matter of an hour or an afternoon at most.

Figure 8 offers three types, with two commercially made 78" solid wood oars with a 2" loom cut down to 1.5" for the hands. We found the one with that copper reinforcement for the fragile thin tip afloat in the marsh.



Both of these have been used for plain utility on dinks and longer narrow hulls. The third was tailored for the Spur-II pulling boat to measure 97" in length with 1.25" round inboard ends, a rectangular rounded over 2"x1.5" tapering down to 1.5"x1.125" where the 2"x.25" laminated plywood layers, plus a lot of additional shaping by #50 grit machining allows a mild spoon blade with very thin end, obviously to be handled with care, better using a boat hook with a bronze end to push around hard bottom.

Figure 9 demonstrates both a rubber collar on the loom of one, but also plain wear into it on the other commercially made oars, with the stop on the Spur-II boat arrived at after experimentation to match with the offset pivot oarlocks shown above in Figures 6 and 5.





Figure 12 of Shoebox under oars at speed through light waves.



Hence the commonsense idea for one person to just kneel and double paddle her and you get to see where you are going. Once we are talking about Bolger on rowing, Figure 13 is indeed one of Phil's Light Dory designs, here Type V, still all light and plywood based for easy trailering and even cartopping but the one that does not have the dory characteristic tombstone transom, but rather a pointed one, with Figure 14 the photo of one on the Missouri in Montana in summer of 2004. See also *MAIB*, March 15, 2001, Vol 18 #21.

While it is good to know how to do even a reasonably elaborate Spur-II oar via table saw, router with round over bits, plywood, epoxy and heavy grinding, we clearly did not tend to use these oars in the sensible fashion you ought to, suggesting that these have been used by fair weather rowers only, not by serious folks doing many miles routinely, interested in not ruining these predictably, even carrying leather treatment for those hand stitched oar collars riding so smoothly against the bronze oarlocks.

Figure 10 is no joke but rather the crew placement of two light folks interested in making it safely across modest distances in protected waters aboard 5'6"x3'3" punt Design #539 Shoebox.

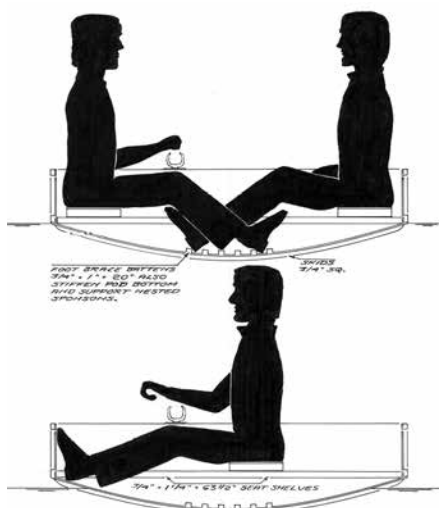


Figure 11 shows how Shoebox suddenly needs over 2x 78" of water width to get the oars to work, or the odd 134' for that 5'6" long hull with that distant shot in



Figure 15 goes way back to Design #167 of Spur-I, drawn and built in 1963 at Porto Pollenca on Mallorca, the Balearic Islands off Spain in the Mediterranean, when Phil spent a year there at the invitation of repeat client Stanley Woodward to act as house designer of a wooden boatyard Stanley had acquired and would keep for several decades. Spur-I was then shipped to the US, with her serving as Phil's pulling boat here in Gloucester out of Montgomery's Boatyard on the Annisquam tidal river.

Figure 16 shows Phil and sister-in-law and nephew leaving Montgomery's for a good time in the creeks through the salt marsh, perhaps Wingersheek Beach due north at the mouth of the River, facing Ipswich Bay.

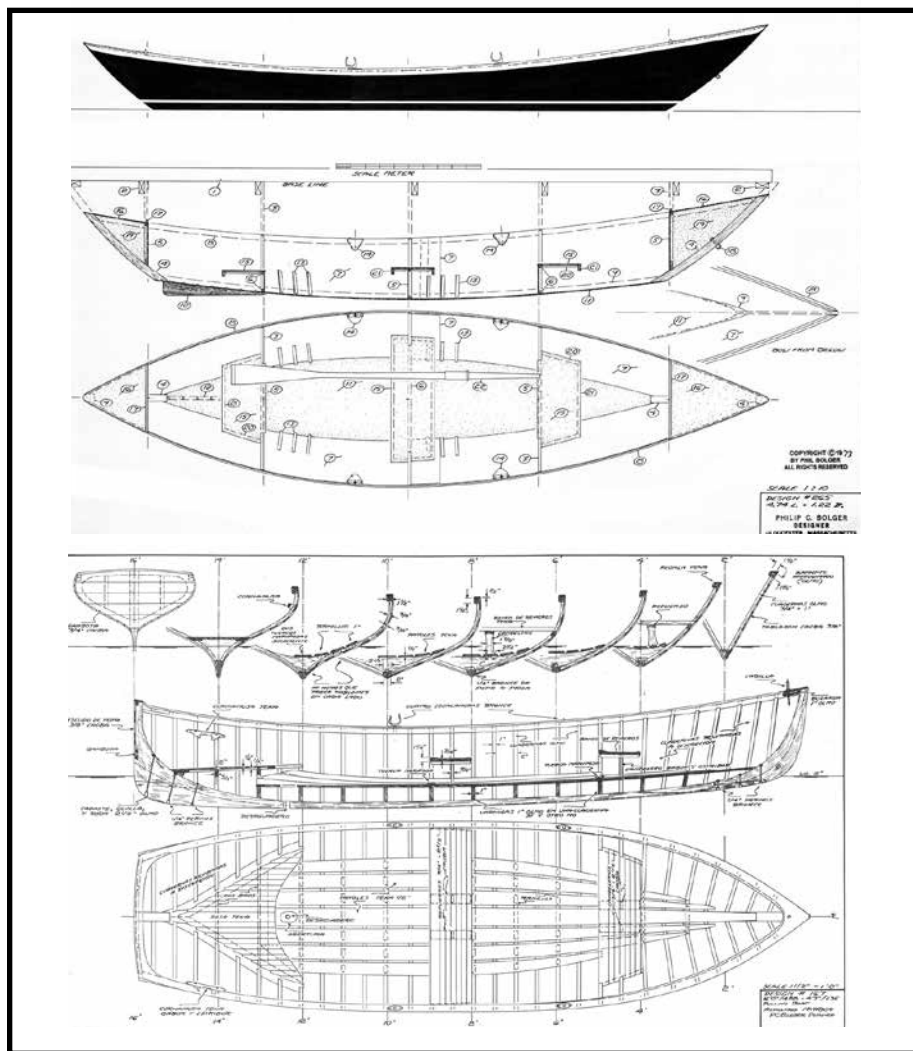
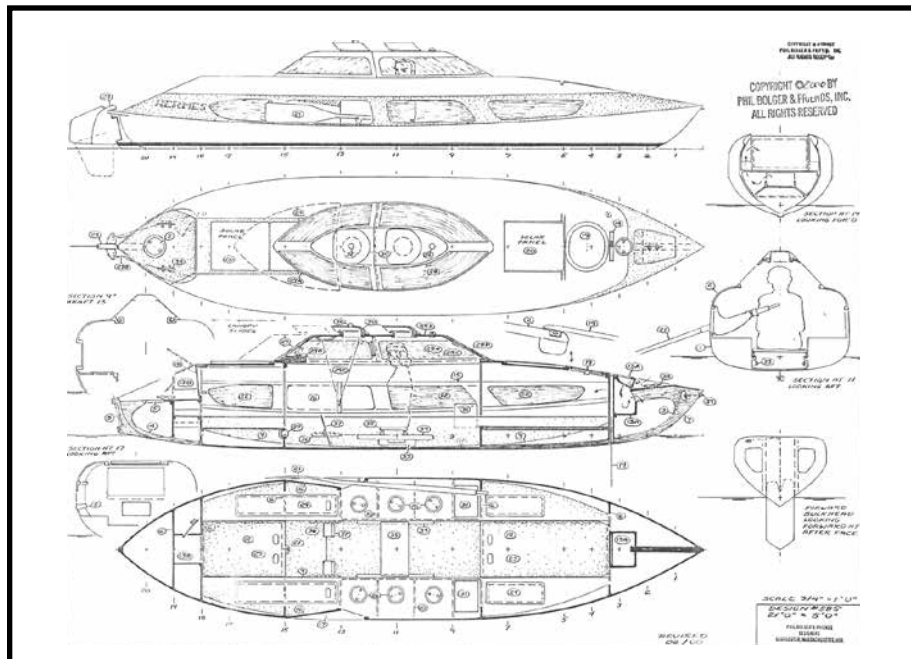


Figure 17 shows a very different type of rowing craft for indeed very different sporting ambitions, crossing the Atlantic single handedly. Design #585 Lun, at 21'x5'x2050lbs full load, was featured in *MAIB*, April 15, 2000, #23 of Vol 17, with the upgraded version named Hermes. She was built in California for a Chicago client, tested on Lake Michigan, with Figure 18 showing her upon launch and Figure 19 featuring her interior facing aft.



She left the US late spring of 2001 via Chatham on Cape Cod in Massachusetts and she would arrive a quarter mile off the steep cliffs of Ireland's west coast, however, without her skipper. With her ballast tanks found not to be flooded for additional stability facing a major storm, the hull was recovered by local fishermen, semi inverted with a hatch open facing downwards and no sign nor notice about the owner/rower Nenad Belic.

We came to conclude that without that water ballast to make up for depleted provisions and fresh water weight aboard, in gale conditions too severe for rescue services to immediately respond, she indeed inverted,

forcing him eventually to get out just to get air, with likely hypothermia or just blunt force trauma of body against hull the sea taking him. A marker was placed by his family atop those cliffs. That narrative was offered in *MAIB* of September 2010 and October 2010, Vol 28, No 5 and No 6.

Figure 20 shows the upper end indeed in this archive on boats for oar power, the mighty Design #572 Longship, 38'x8' beam, drawing 1'11\"/>

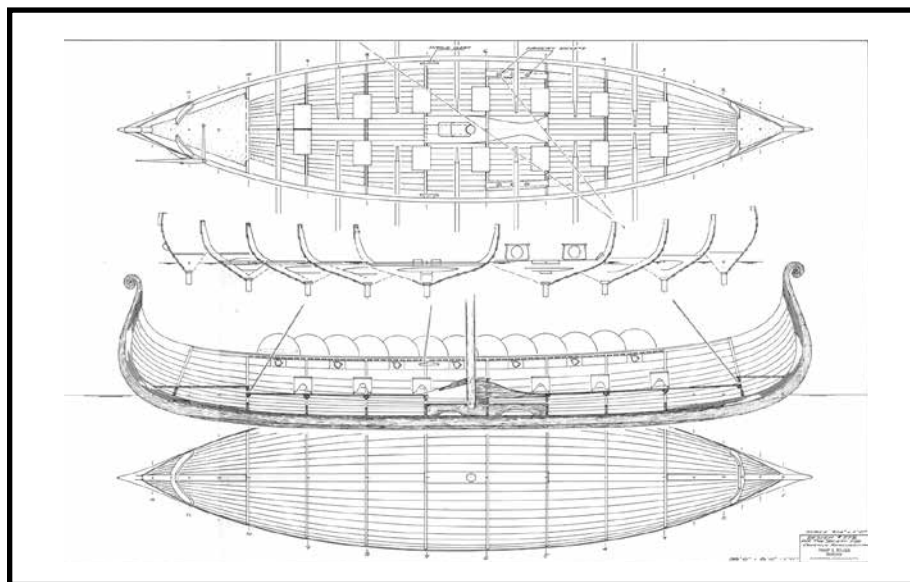


2002 issue of *MAIB*, Vol 20 No 4.

And since the Vikings got tired, too, and leveraged wind to power their craft across longer distances, plans for #572 offer a single square sail of 247sf proven to be reasonably effective on the day of her launching.

So there, a crash course on Rowing by Phil Bolger, both from experience and observations, and then the actual design work across well in excess of 30 designs for rowing with a few exemplary hull shapes and uses touched upon here in this format.

Finally, not just the Vikings set precedents for quite a few rowing types that can be reasonably sailed, whether just for get home power or even spirited episodes. However (a big 'however,' as Phil would emphasize) between the usually low sides for good oar



She was first featured in *MAIB* 30 years ago in July 15, 1991, Vol 9, No 5. With seven oars per side possible she would want up to 14 folks, plus coxswain and outlook to reenact Viking raids on unsuspecting rod and reel folks alongshore, Scouts' summer camps near that oxbow, or that nudist beach resort.

She was built in Muehlheim a.d. Ruhr, an industrial town in Germany on the river Ruhr. Figure 21 shows off her exquisite, cannot be improved upon even by Bolger, Viking hull lines, ready for launching on a sunny Sunday in 2001, as reported in the July 1,

placement to match our human anatomy leaving limited freeboard to manage gusts, adding complexity, weight and cost of rudder, centerboard or leeboard, mast and spars, sail, halyards and sheets can rapidly make a simple sporting proposition under oars become a rather different matter under sail, tempting in a number of ways but likely not as rewarding as if you started out with a more suitable hull geometry for greater sailing satisfaction to then add get home oar power to. And yet, yes, there are exceptions to that position in this Archive as well.t



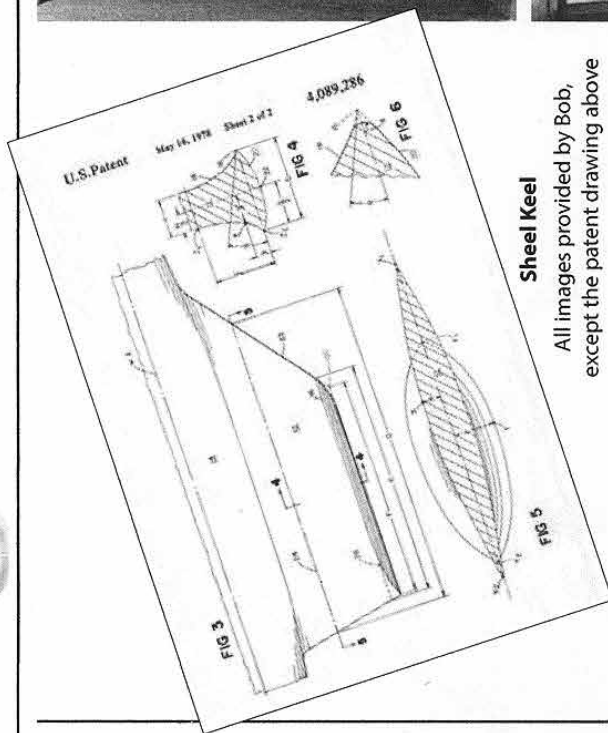
**Bob Johnson on Cape Cod:** "I'm up in Cape Cod and visited the Highland Lighthouse museum in Truro today. Lots of vintage models that might be of interest to the membership (or not?). Anyway, I'll send a few emails with some images that may inspire some model ideas."

Henry Sheel designed some sailboats in the 1970's and later...had a unique keel design called the "Sheel Keel". Did not know he was a painter as well.

Behind the model of the Arctic side-wheeler ship one can see an image of it foundering and being lost (sorry about the reflections on the glass case).

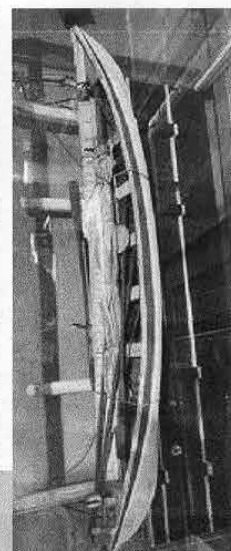
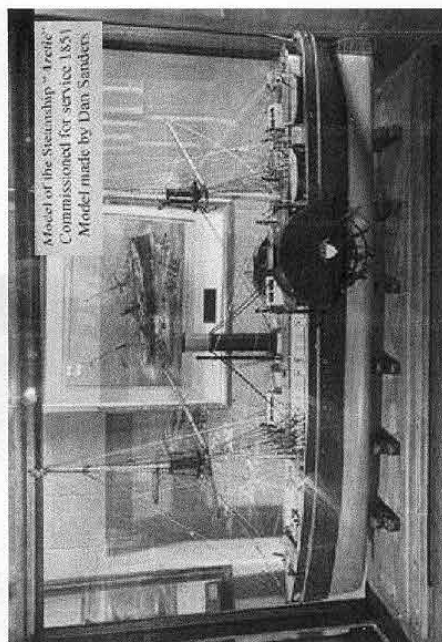
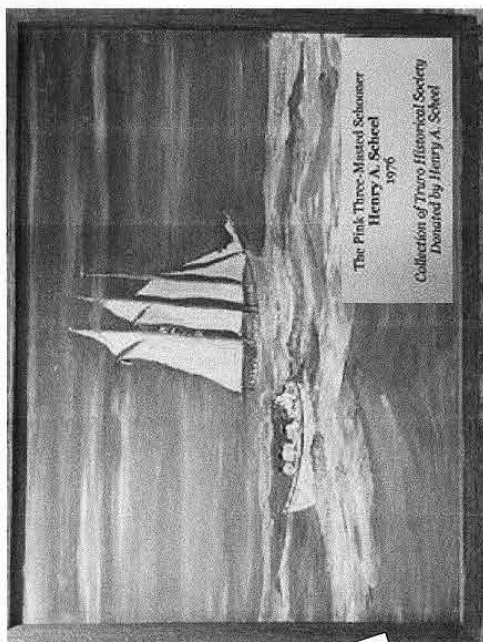
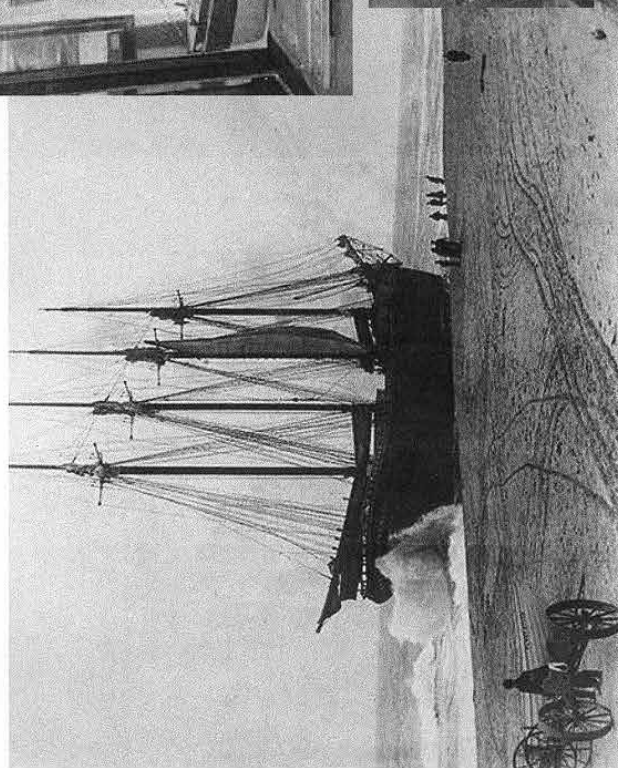
Classic whaleboat...can picture C. Ahab standing in bow with a harpoon ready for Moby Dick. ...a nicely done small model.

Not a model but great photo of a not-uncommon event on the Atlantic side. Bad day for this four masted schooner on a Cape Cod beach...likely not rescued. (Bob later added that she WAS refloated!)



## Sheel Keel

All images provided by Bob, except the patent drawing above



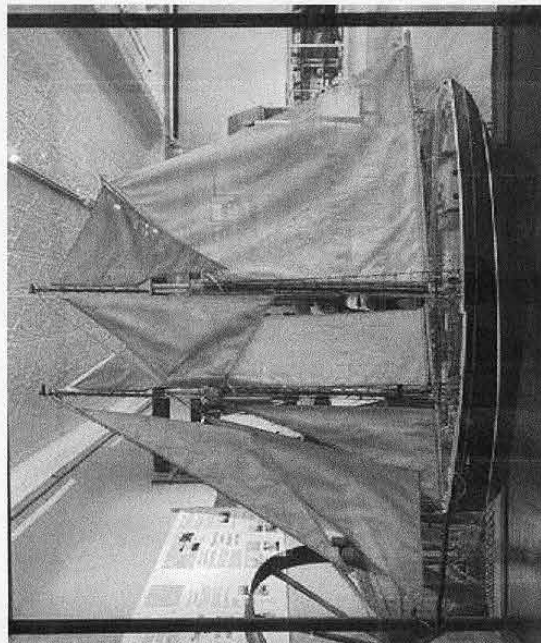
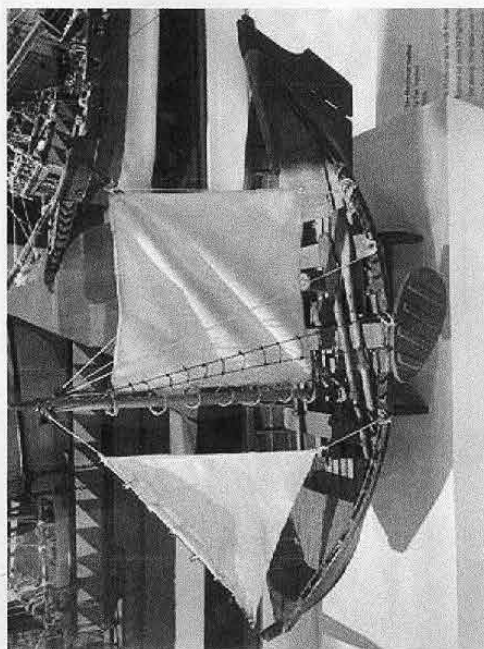
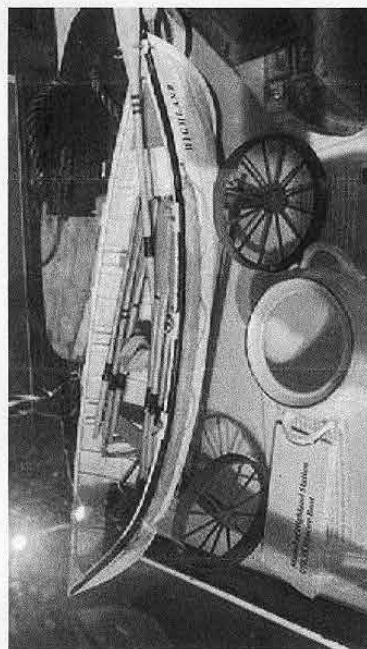


Lifesaving boat from Highland Light with its beach "dolly" allowing for quick launch and rescue operations. Nice subject.

Dutch influences on this leeboard fitted Shallop carried on the Mayflower (which, if I recall, was in Holland before leaving for what would become the British Colonies).

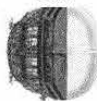
Handsome schooner. Impressive rigging!

These models (and many more) are in the Customs House Maritime Museum in Newburyport, Mass... a very interesting array of maritime artifacts, plus the actual place that the US Coast Guard began. Worth a visit.



Model of the Rose Dorotea  
Louis 'Spunky' Silva

Previously owned by Ken Silva and currently owned by Michael Griffiths.

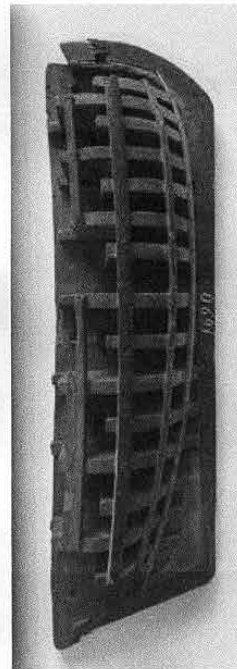
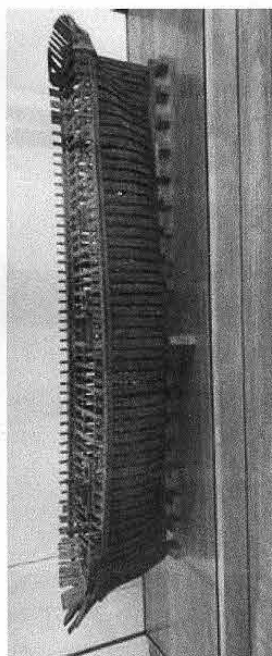
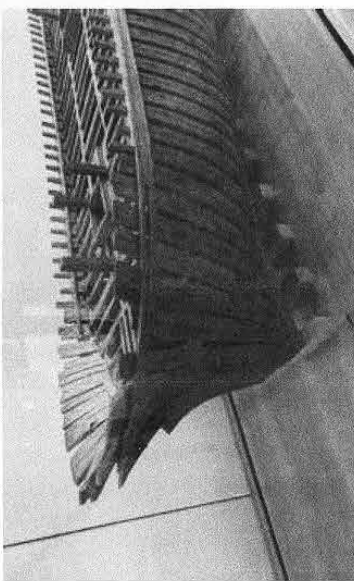
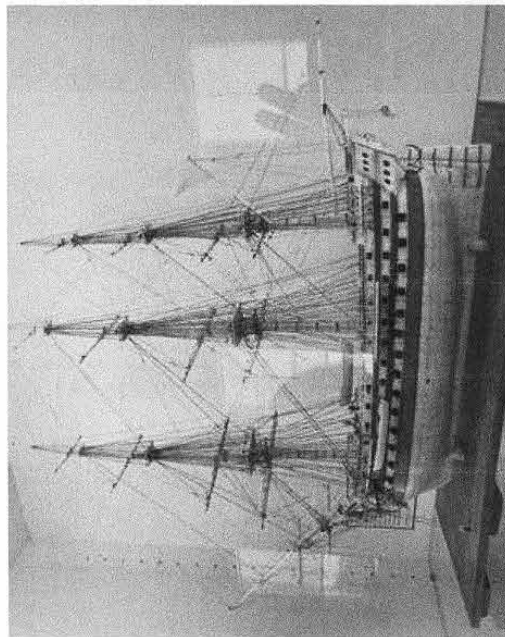


The "bone model" is superb... remarkable craftsmanship.

The wood "framing model" is likely from the mid-1800's and possibly created as a reference for the folks building the actual ship (Years ago I saw a large-scale framing model for the "apple-bow" sections of a sailing ship (c.1800?) at the maritime museum in Gothenburg, Sweden where (I think) I recall I learned it was for the builders as most (none?) were able to read a drawing (or perhaps because it was also difficult to draw these frames in two dimensions). Anyway, an interesting idea for models.

Showing a model foundering on the shore might be an interesting option for a display? Bad day for these magnificent ships that ran aground on the Atlantic side of Cape Cod. Info mentions 3000+ ships were lost on the Cape over the years.

The far right image is a half model of the framing for a rather bulky looking sailing vessel (1690)...but likely typical of ships of the day.

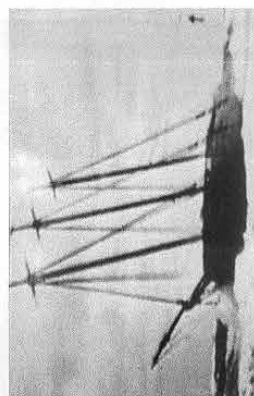
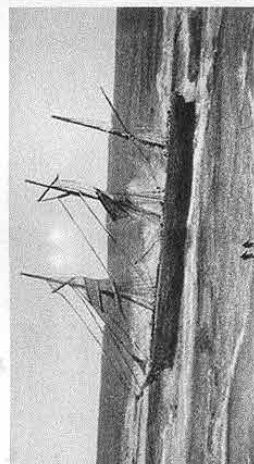
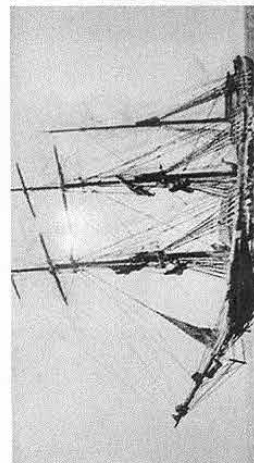
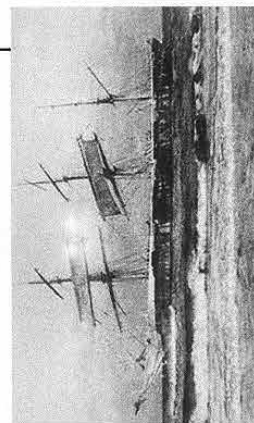


## Prisoner of War Bone Ship Model

Maker Unknown  
Bone, Wood, Thread  
19th century

During the Napoleonic Wars (1792-1815), French captives held in British prisons and ships produced ship models, typically made from the leftover bone from their staple diet of mutton stew. Gradually, after each meal, the prisoner would build up a collection of bone, which he would submerge for prolonged periods in wet clay to make it pliable, before working on its construction.

CHAM 1975.1.129



“Stop the boat!” is easier said than done. With a canoe, kayak or rowboat, the paddles/oars can be reversed to slow or stop the vessel. According to an article I read on the subject many years ago, aboard a coastal sailing vessel at a given distance from the intended location on the pier or wharf, the sail was lowered and the anchor released and a measured length of rode let out. The anchor caught and the vessel stopped just short of the pier. A line was cast to those on the pier and the vessel was slowly moved into position as the line to the anchor was let out. Once all was secured, the anchor was retrieved by a crew using a small boat.

Once steamships became common and much larger than most sailing vessels, reversing the paddles or propellers was a common practice but did not always stop the vessel in time. One solution was to install iron “shutters” that, when released, would open 90° to the hull and provide resistance to the vessel’s forward motion. For more on the idea, find a copy of the April issue of *Sea History* and turn to page 10.

Many years ago I read about an aluminum boat that had a hole in the bottom. The hole was not discovered until the barnacle covering the hole was scraped off. It was believed by the writer that the hole had been created by a hearing aid battery known to have been lost somewhere around the boat’s head that had landed positive side down in a somewhat inaccessible space and had been forgotten over time. Galvanic action had taken place and the small, round hole appeared.

A member of our yacht club had his former boat sink after the bottom was scraped by a diver as the new owner wanted the bottom cleaned. It seems that there was a metal plug in a old fitting on the bottom of the boat that had been covered with bottom paint over the years. In this case, the scraper damaged the plug and water came into the boat overnight. In the morning the boat was on the bottom. After hearing about the loss of the boat, I always went over our boat after the diver was through to make sure there were no leaks. A few minutes looking was worth the effort.



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

On the subject of holes on the boat, do you know where all the fittings exit through the hull and are they all still in use? I had holes in the hull of the Sisu 26 for the head that had been installed when the boat was built. The holes were “capped off” on the inside when the previous owner removed the head and installed a self contained unit. When I had the no longer working speed sensor and depth sounder transducers removed, I had the holes covered over on the inside and a fiberglass cover added to the outside. I also had the two holes for the head arrangement patched on the inside and then covered over with fiberglass on the outside which gave me fewer items to be concerned about.

According to an article in the February 2021 issue of *Science Focus* (p 41), a new lithium car battery, developed by StoreDot, is coming on the market. The new battery is reported to have a very fast charging capability to a full charge (5-10 minutes) while not overheating. While being developed as a battery for electric vehicles, it will probably have a “marine” version in a year to two.

For those sailing, as the wind picks up, the “pull” on the sheets increases. The amount of increase is based on the sail area and the strength of the wind. The load in pounds on the sheet(s) can be estimated with the formula ( $\text{Load} = \text{Sail area} * (\text{wind speed})^2 * 0.00411$ ). The hull speed of a displacement boat, in still water, can be calculated with one of two formulas. Either 1.25 or 1.36 times the square root of the waterline length of the vessel.

Another still water calculation that might be of interest is that for every knot of boat speed, the boat is moving about 1.7’ per second. If your vessel is moving at 6 knots,

it is covering about 10’ per second. What may be considered more important is the vessel’s actual speed over the ground which can depend on wind and current.

The May/June of *Good Old Boat* has a variety of articles on anchoring (anchors and rode/chain) that might be of interest to some of you. Since I only did coastal sailing and motoring in boats under 26’, an all chain system was not for me. What worked best was 6’ of chain attached to the anchor and the 1/2” nylon rode attached to the chain. If I wanted more catenary effect to the anchor, I either lengthened the amount of rode or lowered a sentinel to change the pull on the anchor.

After many years of cruising, the owners of a 27’ double ended sailboat decided to unload the boat and do a complete overhaul. As they pulled the “stuff” from the boat they weighed it. When the boat was completely unloaded they found that the total was 750lbs.

I doubt if your boat has that much in “extra” items on board. But are you sure? I unloaded our Sisu 26 one time just to find out what was actually on board and so I could put things back in reasonable, accessible locations. I do not know the weight of what was removed, but it covered most of the 10x30 foot float where the boat was berthed. Since weight can be a killer in terms of boat performance, even with a semi displacement hull, I did not put back a number things that had not been needed over the years. The naval architect, who did the design work on a vessel, also noted the acceptable load that could be put on the boat and have it still float on its lines and operate as designed. Larger engine, larger fuel and/or water tanks, etc can decrease the design performance. It is not the prop that could be the problem with poor performance, it is usually the extra items added that were not part of the design calculations.

Read an interesting item in the April issue of *National Fisherman* on page 46 about collapsible Blackcod traps called “CodCoil” that uses a webbing that blocks whale sonar. No information on the webbing, but material able to block some types of sonar sounds interesting.





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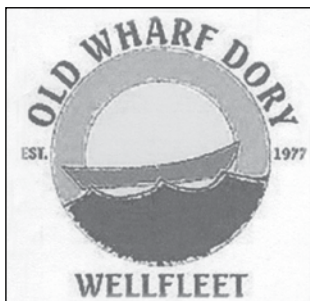


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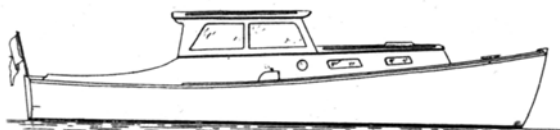
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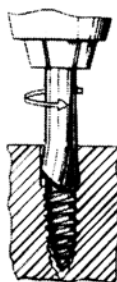
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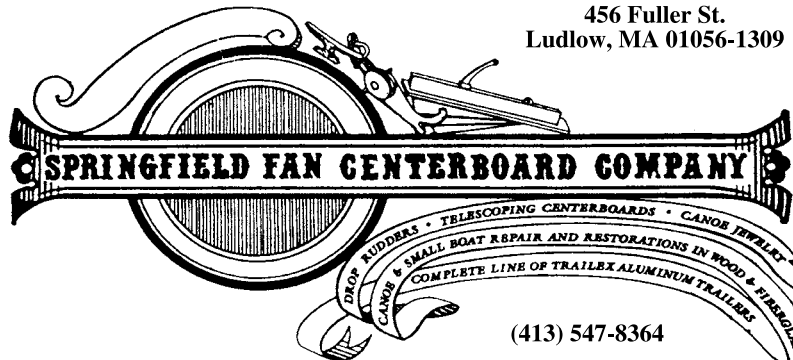
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Every time I've talked to Justin or Ian in the last 6 or 8 months all they want to talk about is their "new tool," or "their new machine." They talking about a CnC Router that they say has saved their business. They have continued the same tradition that began with Steve and myself of being naturally open, honest and genroux people. Then they realized they were being too open and too generous. We have seens 3 companies rise and disappear with our designs sustaining them as long as they lasted. One of them had real Pay Pal money behind it. My first pictures for this post showed the lovely jigs and fixtures they have built.

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